

1394  
Biography

Σ 141323



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY

By

JANE AUSTIN.



MEMOIR  
OF  
MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN was born on the 16th of December, 1775, at Steventon, in the county of Hants. Her father was rector of that parish upwards of forty years. There he resided in the conscientious and unassisted discharge of his ministerial duties until he was turned of seventy years. Then he retired with his wife, our authoress, and her sister, to Bath, for the remainder of his life, a period of about four years. Being not only a profound scholar, but possessing a most exquisite taste in every species of literature, it is not wonderful that his daughter Jane should, at a very early age, have become sensible to the charms of style, and enthusiastic in the cultivation of her own language. On the death of her father, she removed, with her mother and sister, for a short time, to Southampton; and finally, in 1809, to the pleasant village of Chawton in the same county. From this place she sent her novels into the world. Some of them had been the gradual performances of her previous life; for though in composition she was equally rapid and correct, yet

an invincible distrust of her own judgment induced her to withhold her works from the public, till time and many perusals had satisfied her that the charm of recent composition was dissolved. The natural constitution, the regular habits, the quiet and happy occupations of our authoress, seemed to promise a long succession of amusement to the public, and a gradual increase of reputation to herself. But the symptoms of a decay, deep and incurable, began to show themselves in the commencement of 1816. Her decline was at first deceitfully slow; but in the month of May, 1817, it was found advisable that she should be removed to Winchester for the benefit of constant medical aid, which none, even then, dared to hope would be permanently beneficial. She supported, during two months, all the varying pain, irksomeness, and tedium, attendant on decaying nature, with more than resignation—with a truly elastic cheerfulness. She retained her faculties, her memory, her fancy, her temper, and her affections, warm, clear, and unimpaired, to the last. Her last voluntary speech conveyed thanks to her medical attendant; and to the final question asked of her, purporting to know her wants, she replied, “I want nothing but death.” She expired shortly after, on Friday, the 18th of July, 1817, in the arms of her sister; and was buried, on the 24th of the same month, in the cathedral church of Winchester.

Of personal attractions she possessed a considerable share; her stature rather exceeded the middle height; her carriage and deportment were quiet, but graceful; her features were separately good; their assemblage produced an unrivalled expression of that

cheerfulness, sensibility, and benevolence, which were her real characteristics; her complexion was of the finest texture — it might with truth be said, that her eloquent blood spoke through her modest cheek; her voice was sweet; she delivered herself with fluency and precision; indeed, she was formed for elegant and rational society, excelling in conversation as much as in composition. In the present age it is hazardous to mention accomplishments; our authoress would probably have been inferior to few in such acquirements, had she not been so superior to most, in higher things.

It remains to make a few observations on that which her friends deemed more important, on those endowments which sweetened every hour of their lives. If there be an opinion current in the world that a perfectly amiable temper is not reconcilable to a lively imagination, and a keen relish for wit, such an opinion will be rejected for ever by those who had the happiness of knowing the authoress of the following work. Though the frailties, foibles, and follies of others, could not escape her immediate detection, yet even on their vices did she never trust herself to comment with unkindness. The affectation of candour is not uncommon, but she had no affectation. Faultless herself, as nearly as human nature can be, she always sought, in the faults of others, something to excuse, to forgive, or forget. Where extenuation was impossible, she had a sure refuge in silence. She never uttered either a hasty, a silly, or a severe expression. In short, her temper was as polished as her wit; and no one could be often in her company without feeling a strong desire of obtaining her friendship, and cherishing a hope of



having obtained it. She became an authoress entirely from taste and inclination. Neither the hope of fame nor profit mixed with her early motives. It was with extreme difficulty that her friends, whose partiality she suspected, whilst she honoured their judgment, could persuade her to publish her first work. Nay, so persuaded was she that the sale would not repay the expense of publication, that she actually made a reserve from her moderate income to meet the expected loss. She could scarcely believe what she termed her great good fortune, when "Sense and Sensibility" produced a clear profit of about 150*l*. Few so gifted were so truly unpretending. She regarded the above sum as a prodigious recompense for that which had cost her nothing. Her readers, perhaps, will wonder that such a work produced so little, at a time when some authors have received more guineas than they have written lines. But the public has not been unjust; and our authoress was far from thinking it so. Most gratifying to her was the applause which from time to time reached her ears from those who were competent to discriminate. When "Pride and Prejudice" made its appearance, a gentleman, celebrated for his literary attainments, advised a friend of the authoress to read it, adding, with more point than gallantry, "I should like to know who is the author, for it is much too clever to have been written by a woman." Still, in spite of such applause, so much did she shrink from notoriety, that no increase of fame would have induced her, had she lived, to affix her name to any productions of her pen. In the bosom of her family she talked of them freely; thankful for praise, open to remark, and submissive to criticism. But in public she turned away from any allusion to the cha-

acter of an authoress. In proof of this, the following circumstance, otherwise unimportant, is stated. Miss Austen was on a visit in London soon after the publication of *Mansfield Park*: a nobleman, personally unknown to her, but who had good reasons for considering her to be the authoress of that work, was desirous of her joining a literary circle at his house. He communicated his wish in the politest manner, through a mutual friend, adding, what his Lordship doubtless thought would be an irresistible inducement, that the celebrated Madame de Staël would be of the party. Miss Austen immediately declined the invitation. To her truly delicate mind such a display would have given pain instead of pleasure.

Her power of inventing characters seems to have been intuitive, and almost unlimited. She drew from nature; but, whatever may have been surmised to the contrary, never from individuals. The style of her familiar correspondence was in all respects the same as that of her novels. Every thing came finished from her pen; for on all subjects she had ideas as clear as her expressions were well chosen. It is not too much to say that she never despatched a note or letter unworthy of publication. The following few short extracts from her private correspondence are submitted to the public without apology, as being more truly descriptive of her temper, taste, and feelings, than any thing which the pen of a biographer can produce. The first is a playful defence of herself from a mock charge of having pilfered the manuscripts of a young relation. "What should I do, my dearest E., with your marly, vigorous sketches, so full of life and spirit? How could I possibly join them on to a little bit of ivory. two

wide, on which I work with a brush so fine, as to produce little effect after much labour?" The remaining extracts are from a letter written a few weeks before her death. "My medical attendant is encouraging, and talks of making me quite well. I live chiefly on the sofa, I am allowed to walk from one room to the other. I have been out once in a sedan chair, and am I repeat it, and be promoted to a wheel-chair as the [redacted] [redacted]. On this subject I will only say further, that my dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable [redacted], [redacted] been [redacted] by her [redacted] tions. As to what I owe to her, and to the [redacted] affection of all my beloved family on this occasion, I [redacted] only cry over it, and pray to God to [redacted] them [redacted] and more." She next touches with just and generous animadversion [redacted] subject of domestic disappointment. Of this, the particulars do [redacted] concern the public. Yet, in justice to her characteristic sweetness and resignation, the concluding observation of [redacted] [redacted] thores thereon [redacted] [redacted] suppressed. "[redacted] I am getting too near complaint. [redacted] been [redacted] appointment of God, however secondary [redacted] may have operated."

The above brief biographical sketch has been, in substance, already published with [redacted] Austen's posthumous novels. [redacted] [redacted] of deep regret [redacted] the writer. [redacted] materials for a more [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] talented a woman cannot be obtained; therefore, as a [redacted] [redacted] to her memory, he subjoins the following

Journal of the highest reputation :—

"Unlike of many writers, Miss Austen's has grown fastest since she died : there was no éclat about her first appearance : the public took time to make up its mind ; and she, not having staked her hopes of happiness on success or failure, was content to wait the decision of her claims. Those claims have long been beyond a question ; but the of first recognising them belongs to reviewers than to general readers. retired, so unmarked by literary notoriety, Miss Austen led, in any likeness taken of her, none ever been engraved.\* With regard to her genius, we must adventure a remark. She compares her productions to a bit of ivory, two inches wide, worked with a brush so fine, little effect is produced much labour. It is so : her portraits perfect likenesses, admirably finished, many of them but it is all painting ; and, satisfied with being in one line, she never essayed and oils ; at a majestic daub. "two inches of ivory" just describes her preparations of three volumes. A village — four interlopers, of whom spring a little tracasserie ;—and by of village or country town visiting and gossiping a real plot thicken, and "rear of darkness" scattered pages, plots are simple

\* No likeness ever was taken of Miss Austen ; which the editor much laments, as he is thereby precluded the gratification of prefixing her portrait to this edition.

in construction, yet development ; — the main characters, those that the reader feels sure are to love, marry, and mischief, are introduced in the first or second chapter ; the work is by half a dozen people ; no person, scene, or sentence, is ever introduced in the first chapter : — no tropes, discoveries, or surprises of a grand nature, are allowed — neither nor fortunes by accident — the of life — the reader breakfasts, dines, walks, gossips, with the various worthies, till a process of transmutation takes place in him, and he absolutely fancies himself one of the company. Yet the winding up of the plot involves a surprise : a few incidents entangled at the beginning in the simple natural manner, till the one feels quite sure how they are to be disentangled. tangled, however, they are, and that in a satisfactory manner. The secret is, Miss Austen a thorough mistress in the knowledge of human character ; how acted upon by education and circumstance ; how, when once formed, it shows itself through every hour of every day, in every speech in every person. Her conversations would be tiresome but for this ; and her personages, the fellows to whom may be met in or with an hour's notice, would excite interest ; but in Austen's we enter into hearts and hopes, their motives, struggles themselves ; and a sympathy is induced, which, if daily life, and the world large, reader a more amiable person ; the reader's own who her more charity in heart

unpretending, if prosing, worth; with a higher estimate of simple kindness, sincere good-will; with a quickened sense of duty of bearing forbearing, of intercourse, and of pleasure of adding the comforts of who beauties, — who, a word, more disposed benevolent. In posthumous tale ('Persuasion') there is a of a higher mood; exquisite delineation of common life, such life as we hear, and see, and make part of, of a finer, more poetic, yet equally of thought and actions principals. If Austen sparing in her introduction of nobler characters, it was because they are scattered sparingly in life. Her death has made a chasm in our light literature, — the domestic novel, with home-born incidents, its 'familiar matter of to-day,' slight array of names, and great cognisance of people and things, its confinement country life, and oblivion of costume, the great world, 'the mirror of fashion.' Every species of composition is, when good, to be admired in its way; but the revival of the novel would make a pleasant interlude in showy, sketchy novels of high

"Miss Austen has the merit (in our judgment most essential) of being evidently a writer: which is much enhanced, both the score of good and practical utility, by her religion being obtrusive. might defy the critic any of novels (as designated) a dramatic The subject to, that incidentally, than studiously brought upon. In fact, is more

sparing of ■ than would be thought desirable by some persons; perhaps ■ by herself, had ■ merely her own sentiments; but she probably introduced ■ as far as she thought would be generally profitable; for when the purpose of inculcating a religious principle is made too palpably prominent, many readers, ■ they do not throw aside the book with disgust, ■ apt ■ fortify themselves ■ respectful ■ of apathy ■ which they undergo a regular sermon, and ■ themselves ■ they ■ swallow a ■ of medicine, endeavouring ■ get it ■ large gulps, without tasting it more than ■ necessary."

\* \* \* \*

Perhaps these volumes may be perused by ■ readers who will feel ■ solicitude respecting the author—■ extending beyond the perishable qualities of temper, manners, taste, and talents.—We can assure all such (and the being able so to do gratifies us more than the loudest voice of human praise) that Jane Austen's hopes of immortality ■ built upon the Rock of ages ■ she deeply felt, and devoutly acknowledged, the insignificance of ■ worldly attainments, ■ the worthlessness of all human services, in the eyes of her heavenly Father. That ■ no other hope ■ mercy, pardon, ■ peace, but through the merits and sufferings of ■ Redeemer.

■ ■

The "The Novels" have happened in being in state, arrangements have been made for including several other of the works of Austen in the collection. Miss Austen is the founder of a school of novelists; and her followers are not confined to her time, but comprise in their number many able writers of considerable merit. The authoress of "Sense and Sensibility" had for her contemporaries several female novelists, whose works attained instant popularity — Madame D'Arblay, Edgeworth, Mrs. Opie, Miss Porter, and others, of whose novels preceded in order of time; but, notwithstanding the temptation which nearly all writers under (especially at the close) of their vocation) to imitate that which has commanded distinguished success, Miss Austen at once freed herself from such influence, and, with combined boldness and modesty, struck into a path of her own, of which she remains, to this day, the undisputed mistress. The truth, spirit, and refined humour of her conversations have rarely been equalled. She is, emphatically, the novelist of home. One of the chief traits of her genius is found in the power by which, without in the slightest degree violating the truth of portraiture, she has given the veriest every-day character of great interest. This is, indeed, turning lead into gold; and to detect the process.





# SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE family of Dashwood had been long settled in Sussex. Their estate was large, and their residence was at Norland Park, in the centre of their property, where, for many generations, they had lived in so respectable a manner as to engage the general good opinion of their surrounding acquaintance. The late owner of this estate was a single man, who lived to a very advanced age, and who, for many years of his life, had a constant companion and housekeeper in his sister. But her death, which happened ten years before his own, produced a great alteration in his home; for to supply her loss, he invited and received into his house the family of his nephew Mr. Henry Dashwood, the legal inheritor of the Norland estate, and the person to whom he intended to bequeath it. In the society of his nephew and niece, and their children, the old gentleman's days were comfortably spent. His attachment to them all increased. The constant attention of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dashwood to his wishes, which proceeded not merely from interest, but from goodness of heart, gave him every degree of solid comfort which his age could receive; and the cheerfulness of the children added a relish to his existence.

By a former marriage, Mr. Henry Dashwood had one son: by his present lady three daughters. The son, a steady respectable young man, was amply provided for by the fortune of his mother, which had been large, and half

of which devolved on him on his coming of age. By his own marriage, likewise, which happened soon afterwards, he added to his wealth. To him, therefore, the succession to the Norland estate was not so really important as to his sisters ; for their fortune, independent of what might arise to them from their father's inheriting that property, could be but small. Their mother had nothing, and their father only seven thousand pounds in his own disposal ; for the remaining moiety of his first wife's fortune was also secured to her child, and he had only a life-interest in it.

The old gentleman died : his will was read ; and, like almost every other will, gave as much disappointment as pleasure. He was neither so unjust, nor so ungrateful, as to leave his estate from his nephew ; but he left it to him on such terms as destroyed half the value of the bequest. Mr. Dashwood had wished for it more for the sake of his wife and daughters than for himself or his son : but to his son, and his son's son, a child of four years old, it was secured, in such a way, as to leave to himself no power of providing for those who were most dear to him, and who most needed a provision by any charge on the estate, or by any sale of its valuable woods. The whole was tied up for the benefit of this child, who, in occasional visits with his father and mother at Norland, had so far gained on the affections of his uncle, by such attractions as are by no means unusual in children of two or three years old, — an imperfect articulation, an earnest desire of having his own way, many cunning tricks, and a great deal of noise, — as to outweigh all the value of all the attention which, for years, he had received from his niece and her daughters. He meant not to be unkind, however, and, as a mark of his affection for the three girls, he left them a thousand pounds apiece.

Mr. Dashwood's disappointment was, at first, severe ; but his temper was cheerful and sanguine ; and he might reasonably hope to live many years, and by living economically, lay by a considerable sum from the produce of an estate already large, and capable of almost immediate improvement. But the fortune, which had been so tardy in coming, was his only one twelvemonth. He survived his

uncle no longer; and ten thousand pounds, including the late legacies, was all that remained for his widow and daughters.

His son was sent for as soon as his danger was known, and to him Mr. Dashwood recommended, with all the strength and urgency which illness could command, the interest of his mother-in-law and sisters.

Mr. John Dashwood had not the strong feelings of the rest of the family; but he was affected by a recommendation of such a nature at such a time, and he promised to do every thing in his power to make them comfortable. His father was rendered easy by such an assurance, and Mr. John Dashwood had then leisure to consider how ~~he~~ might prudently be in his ~~power~~ to do for them.

He was not an ~~ill~~ disposed young man, unless to be rather cold-hearted and rather selfish is to be ill-disposed; but he was, in general, well respected; for he conducted himself with propriety in the discharge of his ordinary ~~duties~~. Had he married a more amiable ~~woman~~, he might have been made still more respectable than he was; he might even have been ~~himself~~ himself; ~~but~~ he was very young when he married, and very fond ~~of~~ his wife. But Mrs. John Dashwood was a strong caricature of himself; more narrow-minded and selfish.

When he gave his promise to his father, he meditated within himself to increase the fortunes of his sisters by the present of a thousand pounds apiece. He then really thought himself equal to it. The prospect of four thousand a year, in addition to his present income, besides the remaining half of his own mother's fortune, warmed his heart, and made him feel capable of generosity. "Yes, ~~he~~ would give them three thousand pounds: it would be liberal and handsome! ~~it~~ would be enough to make them completely easy. Three thousand pounds! he could spare so considerable a sum with little inconvenience." He thought of it all day long, and for many days successively, and he did not repeat.

No sooner was his father's funeral over, than Mrs. John Dashwood, without sending any notice ~~to~~ her ~~husband~~ to her mother-in-law, arrived with her child and their attend-

ants. No one could dispute her right to come; the house was her husband's from the moment of his father's death; but the indelicacy of her conduct was so much the greater, and to a woman in Mrs. Dashwood's situation, with only common feelings, must have been highly displeasing; but in her mind there was a sense of honour so keen, a generosity so romantic, that any offence of the kind, by whomsoever given or received, was to her a source of immovable disgust. Mrs. John Dashwood had never been a favourite with any of her husband's family; but she had had no opportunity, till the present, of showing them with how little attention to the comfort of other people she could act when occasion required it.

So acutely did Mrs. Dashwood feel this ungracious behaviour, and so earnestly did she despise her daughter-in-law for it, that, on the arrival of the latter, she would have quitted the house for ever, had not the entreaty of her eldest girl induced her first to reflect on the propriety of going, and her own tender love for all her three children determined her afterwards to stay, and for their sakes avoid a breach with their brother.

Elinor, this eldest daughter whose advice was so effectual, possessed a strength of understanding, and coolness of judgment, which qualified her, though only nineteen, to be the counsellor of her mother, and enabled her frequently to counteract, to the advantage of them all, that eagerness of mind in Mrs. Dashwood which must generally have led to imprudence. She had an excellent heart; — her disposition was affectionate, and her feelings were strong; but she knew how to govern them: it was a knowledge which her mother had yet to learn, and which one of her sisters had resolved never to be taught.

Marianne's abilities were, in many respects, quite equal to Elinor's. She was sensible and clever; but eager in every thing: her sorrows, her joys, could have no moderation. She was generous, amiable, interesting; she was every thing but prudent. The resemblance between her and her mother was strikingly great.

Elinor saw, with concern, the excess of her sister's sensibility; but by Mrs. Dashwood it was valued and cher-

They encouraged each other now in the violence of their affliction. The agony of grief which overpowered them at first was voluntarily removed, was sought for, was created again and again. They gave themselves up wholly to their sorrow, seeking [redacted] of wretchedness in every reflection that could afford it, and resolved against ever admitting consolation in future. Eliza, too, was deeply afflicted; but still she could struggle, she could exert herself. She could consult with her brother, could receive her sister-in-law on her arrival, and treat her with proper attention; and could strive to rouse her mother to similar exertion, and encourage her to similar forbearance.

Margaret, the other sister, was a good-humoured, well-disposed girl; but as she had already imbibed a good deal of [redacted] romance, without having much of her sense, she did not, at thirteen, bid fair to equal her sisters at a more advanced period of life.

## CHAPTER II.

Mrs. JOHN DASHWOOD now installed herself mistress of Norland; and her mother and sisters-in-law were degraded to the condition of visitors. As such, however, they were treated by her with quiet civility; and by her husband with as much kindness as he could feel towards any body beyond himself, his wife, and their child. He really pressed them, with some earnestness, to consider Norland as their home; and, as no plan appeared so eligible to Mrs. Dashwood as remaining there till she could accommodate herself with a house in the neighbourhood, his invitation was accepted.

A continuance in a place where every thing reminded her of former delight was exactly what suited her mind. In seasons of cheerfulness, no temper could be more cheerful than hers, or possess, in a greater degree, that sanguine expectation of happiness which is happiness itself. But in

sorrow she must be equally carried away by her fancy, and as far beyond consolation as in pleasure she was beyond alloy.

Mrs. John Dashwood did not at all approve of her husband's intention to rob his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortune of their dear little boy would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to think again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, his only son too, of so large a sum? And what possible claim could the Dashwoods, who were related to him only by half blood, which she considered as no relationship at all, have on his generosity to so large an amount? It was very well known that no connection was ever supposed to exist between the families of any by different marriages; why then he should ruin himself, and their poor little Harry, by giving away so much money to his half sisters?

"It is my father's last request to me," replied her husband, "that I should assist his widow and daughters."

"He did not know what he was talking of, I dare say; ten or one he was light-headed at the time. Had he been in his right senses, he would not have thought of such a thing as begging you to give away half your fortune from your own child."

"He did not stipulate for any particular sum, my dear Fanny; he only requested me, in general terms, to assist them, and make their situation more comfortable than it was in his power to do. Perhaps it would have been as well if he had left it wholly to myself. We could hardly suppose I should neglect them. But as he required the promise, I could not do less than give it: at least I thought so at the time. The promise, therefore, was given, and must be performed. Something must be done for them whenever they leave Norland and settle in a new home."

"Well, then, let something be done for them; but that something need not be three thousand pounds. Consider," he added, "when the money is once parted with, it cannot be recalled. Your sisters will marry, and it will be gone for ever. If, indeed, it could ever be restored to our poor little boy——"

"Why, to be sure," said her husband, very gravely,

"I would make a great ~~difference~~. It may come when Harry will regret that so large a sum was parted with. If ~~we~~ have a ~~family~~, ~~instance~~, it would be a very convenient addition."

"To be sure it would."

"Perhaps, then, it would be better for all parties, if the ~~sum~~ were ~~one~~ half. ~~Five~~ hundred pounds would be a prodigious increase to their fortunes!"

"Oh! beyond any thing great! ~~What~~ brother on earth would do half so much for his sisters, even if *really* his sisters! And ~~as~~ it is—only half blood!—But you have such a generous spirit!"

"I would not wish to do any thing mean," ~~he~~ replied. "One had rather, on such occasions, do too much than too ~~little~~. No one, at least, can think I have not done enough for them: even themselves, they can hardly expect more."

"There is no knowing what *they* may expect," said the lady, "but we are not to think of their expectations: the question is, what you can afford to do."

"Certainly; and I ~~can~~ I may afford to give them five hundred pounds apiece. As it is, without any addition of mine, they will ~~have~~ have above three ~~pounds~~ pounds—~~their~~ their mother's death—a very comfortable fortune for any young women."

"To be sure it is; and, indeed, it strikes me that they can want no addition at all. They will have ten thousand pounds ~~divided~~ amongst them. If they marry, they ~~will~~ be sure of doing well, and ~~if~~ they do not, they ~~may~~ all live very comfortably together on the interest of ten ~~pounds~~ pounds."

"That is very true, and, therefore, I ~~can~~ know whether, upon the whole, it would ~~not~~ be more ~~advantageous~~ to do something for their mother while she lives, rather ~~than~~ for them—something of the annuity kind I mean. ~~My~~ sisters would feel the good effects of it as well as ~~her~~. ~~A~~ hundred a year would make them all perfectly comfortable."

His wife hesitated a little, however, in giving her consent to this plan.

"To be sure," said she, "it is better than parting with



fifteen hundred pounds at once. But, then, if Mrs. Dashwood should live fifteen years, we shall be completely taken in."

"Fifteen years! my dear Fanny; her life cannot be worth half that purchase."

"Certainly not; but if you observe, people always live for ever when there is any annuity to be paid them; and she is very stout and healthy, and hardly forty. An annuity is a very serious business; it comes over and over every year, and there is no getting rid of it. You are not aware of what you are doing. I have known a great deal of trouble of annuities; my mother was clogged with the payment of three to old superannuated servants by my father's will, and it is amazing how disagreeable she found it. Twice every year these annuities were to be paid; and then there was the trouble of getting it to them; and then one of them was said to have died, and afterwards it turned out to be no such thing. My mother was quite sick of it. Her income was not her own, she said, with such perpetual claims on it; and it was the more unkind in my father, because, otherwise, the money would have been entirely at my mother's disposal, without any restriction whatever. It has given me such an abhorrence of annuities, that I am sure I would not pin myself down to the payment of one for all the world."

"It is certainly an unpleasant thing," replied Mr. Dashwood, "to have these kind of yearly drains on one's income. One's fortune, as your mother justly says, is not one's own. To be tied down to the regular payment of such a sum, on every rent-day, is by no means desirable: it takes away one's independence."

"Undoubtedly; and, after all, you have no thanks for it. They think themselves secure; you do no more than what is expected, and it raises no gratitude at all. If I were you, whatever I did should be done at my own discretion entirely. I would not bind myself to allow them any thing yearly. It may be very inconvenient some years to spare a hundred, or even fifty pounds from our own expenses."

"I believe you are right, my love; it will be better that

there should be no annuity in the case: whatever I may give them occasionally will be of far greater assistance than a yearly allowance, because they would only enlarge their style of living if they felt sure of a larger income, and would not be sixpence the richer for it at the end of the year. It will certainly be much the best way. A present of fifty pounds, now ■■■ then, will prevent them even being ■■■■ tressed for money, and will, I think, be amply discharging my promise ■ my father."

"To be sure it will. Indeed, to say the truth, I am convinced within myself that your father had no idea of your giving them any money at all. The ■■■■■■■■■■ he thought of, I dare say, was only such as might be reasonably expected of you; for instance, such as looking out for a comfortable small house for them, helping them to move their things, and sending them presents of fish and game, and so forth, whenever they are in season. I'll lay my life that he meant nothing farther; indeed, it would ■■■ very strange and unreasonable if he did. Do but consider, my dear Mr. Dashwood, how excessively comfortable your mother-in-law and her daughters may live on the interest of seven thousand pounds, besides the thousand pounds belonging to each of the girls, which brings them in fifty pounds a year a piece, and, of course, they will pay their mother for their board out of it. Altogether, they will have five hundred a year amongst them, and what on earth can four women want for more than that? — They will live so cheap! Their house-keeping will be nothing at all. They will have no carriage, ■■■ horses, and hardly any servants; they will keep no company, ■■■■ have no expenses of any kind! Only conceive how ■■■■ they will be! Five hundred a year! I am sure I cannot ■■■■■■■■■■ how they will spend half of it; and as to your giving them more, ■■■ is quite absurd to think of it. They will be much more able to give you something."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Dashwood, "I believe you are perfectly right. ■■■ father certainly could mean nothing more by his request to me than what you say. ■■■ clearly understand ■■■ now, ■■■■ I will strictly ■■■■ my ■■■■ engagement by such acts of assistance and kindness to them

as you have [redacted]. When my mother removes [redacted] house my services shall be readily given to accommodate her as far as I can. Some little present of furniture too may be acceptable then."

"Certainly," returned Mrs. John [redacted]. "But, however, one thing must be considered. When your father [redacted] moved to Norland, though the furniture of Stanhill was sold, all the china, plate, and linen was saved, and is now left to your mother. Her house will [redacted] be almost completely fitted up as soon as she takes it."

"That is a material consideration undoubtedly. A valuable legacy indeed! And yet some of the plate would have been a very pleasant addition to our own stock here."

"Yes; and the set of breakfast china is twice as handsome as what belongs to this house. A great deal too handsome, in my opinion, for any place they can ever afford to live in. But, however, so it is. Your father thought only of them. And I must say this, that you owe me particular gratitude to him, not attention to his wishes; for we very well know that if he could, he would have left almost every thing in the world to them."

This argument was irresistible. It gave [redacted] his intentions whatever [redacted] decision was wanting before; and [redacted] finally resolved, that it would [redacted] absolutely unnecessary, [redacted] not highly indecorous, to do more for the widow and [redacted] of his father than such kind of neighbourly acts as his own wife pointed out.

### CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Dashwood remained at Norland several months; [redacted] any disinclination to move when the sight of every well known spot ceased to raise the violent emotion which [redacted] produced for a while; for when her spirits began to revive, and her mind became capable of some other [redacted] of heightening its [redacted] by melancholy remembrances, she was impatient to be gone, and

indefatigable in her enquiries as to the dwelling in the neighbourhood of Norland; for to remove from that beloved spot was impossible. She could hear once answered her notions of comfort and prudence of her daughter, whose judgment rejected several houses as large income, her mother would have approved.

She had been assured by her husband's promise the part of his son in favour, give comfort his last earthly reflections. She doubted the sincerity of the more than she had doubted himself, and she thought of it for her daughters' satisfaction, though for the persuasion of a much smaller provision than 7000*l.* would support her in affluence. For their brother's sake, too, for the of her own heart, she rejoiced; and she reproached herself for being unjust to his merit before, in believing incapable of generosity. Her attentive behaviour herself and his convinced her that their was him, and, a long time, firmly as the of intentions.

The contempt which had, very early in their acquaintance, felt for her daughter-in-law, very much increased by the knowledge of her character, which a year's had afforded; and, perhaps, in spite of every consideration of politeness or maternal affection on the part of the former, might have it impossible have lived together as long, had not a particular circumstance occurred to give still greater eligibility, according to opinions Mrs. Dashwood, to her daughters' continuance at Norland.

This circumstance was a growing attachment between her eldest girl and the brother of Dashwood, a gentlemanlike pleasing young man who introduced to their acquaintance soon after sister's establishment at Norland, and had since spent the greatest part of his time there.

Some mothers might have encouraged the intimacy from motives of interest, for Edward Ferrars was the eldest son of a man who had died very rich; some might

repressed it from motives of prudence, for, except a trifling sum, the whole of his fortune depended on the will of his mother. But Mrs. Dashwood was alike influenced by the same consideration. It was enough for her that he appeared to be amiable, that he loved her daughter, and that Elinor returned the partiality. It was contrary to every doctrine of hers that difference of fortune should keep a couple asunder who were attracted by resemblance of disposition; and that Elinor's merit should not be acknowledged by every one who knew her was to her comprehension impossible.

Edward Ferrars was not recommended to their good opinion by any peculiar graces of person or address. He was not handsome, and his manners required intimacy to make them pleasing. He was too diffident to do justice to himself; but when his natural shyness was overcome, his behaviour gave every indication of an open, affectionate heart. His understanding was good, and his education had given him solid improvement. But he was neither fitted by abilities nor disposition to answer the wishes of his mother and sister, who longed to see him distinguished — as — they hardly knew what. They wanted him to be a fine figure in the world in some manner or other. His mother wished to interest him in political concerns, to get him into parliament, or to see him connected with some of the great men of the day. Mrs. John Dashwood wished it likewise; but in the mean while, till one of these superior blessings could be attained, it would quieted her ambition to see him driving a barouche. Edward had no turn for great men or barouches. All his wishes centered in domestic comfort and the quiet of private life. Fortunately he had a younger brother who was more promising.

Edward had been staying several weeks in the house before he engaged much of Mrs. Dashwood's attention; for she was, at that time, in such affliction as rendered her careless of surrounding objects. She saw only that he was quiet and unobtrusive, and she liked him for it. He did not disturb the wretchedness of her mind by ill-timed conversation. She was first called to observe and approve

also farther, by a reflection which Elinor chanced one day to make on the difference between him and his sister. It was a contrast which recommended him most forcibly to her.

"It is enough," said she; "to say that he is unlike Fanny is enough. It implies every thing amiable. I love him already."

"I think you will like him," said Elinor, "when you know more of him."

"Like him!" replied her mother with a smile. "I can feel no sentiment of approbation inferior to love."

"You may esteem him."

"I have never yet known what it was to separate esteem and love."

Mrs. Dashwood soon took pains to get acquainted with him. Her manners were attaching, and soon banished his reserve. She speedily comprehended all his merits; her persuasion of his regard to Elinor perhaps increased her penetration; she really felt assured of his worth: and even that quietness of manner, which was against her established ideas of what a young man's address ought to be, was no longer uninteresting, when she knew his heart to be warm and his temper affectionate.

No sooner did she perceive any symptom of love in his behaviour to Elinor than she considered their serious attachment as certain, and looked forward to their marriage as rapidly approaching.

"In a few months, my dear Marianne," said she, "Elinor will, in all probability, be married. You shall miss her; but she will be happy."

"Oh, how shall we miss her?"

"My love, you will be scarcely a separation. We shall live within a few miles of each other, and shall meet every day of our lives. You will gain a brother, a real, affectionate brother. I have the highest opinion in the world of Edward's heart. But you look upon Marianne; you disapprove your sister's choice?"

"Perhaps," said Marianne, "I may consider it with some surprise. Edward is very amiable, and I love him tenderly. But yet—he is not the kind of young man—

There is a something wanting—his figure is not striking ; he has none of that grace which I should expect in the man who could seriously attract my sister. His eyes are all spirit, and fire, which is his greatest virtue and intelligence. And all this, I am afraid, does not make him real. Music seems scarcely to interest him ; and, though he admires Elinor's drawings very much, he is not at all of a person who can estimate their worth. It is evident, in spite of his frequent attention to her while she draws, that, in fact, he knows nothing of the matter. He is a lover, not a connoisseur. It satisfies me, however, that we must be united. I could not be happy with a man whose taste did not in every point coincide with my own. He enters into all my feelings : he loves the same books, the same music, the same charm us both. Oh, mamma, how spiritless, how dull was Edward's reading the last night ! I felt for my sister severely. Yet she bore it with so much composure, she scarcely noticed it. I can hardly keep my tongue To hear those beautiful lines which have frequently almost driven me wild, pronounced with that impenetrable calmness, such dreadful indifference !”

“He would certainly have done more justice to simple and elegant prose. I thought so at the time ; but you will give him Cowper.”

“Nay, mamma, if he is not to be animated by Cowper !—we must allow for difference of taste. It is not my feelings, and, therefore, he may overlook it, and be happy with him. But he would have broken my heart, had I loved him, to hear him read with so little sensibility. Mamma, the more I know of the world the more am I convinced I shall never see a man whom I can really love. I require so much ! He must have all Edward's virtues, his powers and manners must ornament his goodness with every possible charm.”

“Remember, my love, you are not yet married. It is yet too early in life to despair of such a happiness. Why should you be less fortunate than your mother ? In one thing only, my Marianne, may you resemble her !”

IV.

WHAT a pity it is, Elinor," said Marianne, "that ~~she~~ should ~~not~~ taste for drawing."

"No ~~one~~ drawing!" replied Elinor, "why ~~should~~ you think so? He does not draw himself, indeed, but he has great pleasure in seeing the performances of other people; and I assure you he is by no means deficient in natural taste, though he has not ~~many~~ opportunities of improving it. Had ~~he~~ ever been in the way of learning, I think he ~~could~~ have drawn very well. ~~He~~ distrusts his ~~own~~ judgment in such matters so much, that he is always unwilling to give his opinion on any picture; but he has an innate propriety and simplicity of taste, which, in general, direct him perfectly right."

Marianne was afraid of offending, ~~and~~ said ~~in~~ ~~the~~ subject; but the kind of approbation ~~which~~ described ~~her~~ excited in him by the drawings of other people very far ~~from~~ that rapturous delight, which, in her opinion, could alone be called taste. Yet, though smiling ~~at~~ herself at ~~his~~ mistake, she honoured her ~~own~~ that ~~his~~ partiality to ~~the~~ produced it.

"I hope, Marianne," continued Elinor, "you ~~do~~ consider ~~him~~ as deficient in general ~~talent~~. Indeed, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~very~~ ~~likely~~ ~~that~~ you cannot, for your behaviour ~~to~~ him is perfectly cordial, and if ~~that~~ were your opinion, I am sure you could never be civil to him."

~~She~~ hardly knew what ~~to~~ say. ~~She~~ would ~~not~~ wound the feelings of her ~~friend~~ on any account, and yet ~~she~~ what ~~she~~ did ~~she~~ believe was impossible. ~~At~~ length she replied,—

"Do not be offended, Elinor, if my praise of ~~him~~ is not ~~in~~ every thing equal to your sense of his merits. I have not had so many opportunities of estimating the minutest propensities of his mind, his inclinations and tastes, as you have; but I have the highest opinion in the world of his



goodness and sense. I think him every thing that is worthy and amiable."

"I am sure," replied Elinor, with a smile, "that his dearest friends could not be dissatisfied with such commendation as that. I do not perceive how you could express yourself more warmly."

Marianne was rejoiced to find her sister so easily pleased.

"Of his  and his goodness," continued Elinor, "no one can, I think, be in doubt, who has seen him often enough to  in unreserved conversation.  of his understanding and his principles are  concealed only by that shyness which  keeps him . You know enough of him to do justice to his solid worth. But of his minuter propensities, as you call them, you have, from peculiar circumstances, been kept more ignorant than myself. He and I have been at times thrown a good deal together, while you have been wholly engrossed on the most affectionate principle by my mother. I have seen a great deal of him, have studied his sentiments and heard his opinion on subjects of literature and taste; and, upon the whole, I venture to pronounce that his mind is well-informed, his enjoyment of books exceedingly great, his imagination lively, his observation just and correct, and his taste delicate and pure. His abilities in every respect improve as much upon acquaintance as his manners and person.  first sight, his address is certainly  striking; and  person can hardly be called handsome, till the expression of his eyes, which are uncommonly good, and the general sweetness of his countenance, is perceived. At present, I know him so well, that I think him really handsome; or, at least, almost so. What say you, Marianne?"

"I shall very soon think him handsome, Elinor, if I do not now. When you tell me to love him as a brother, I shall no more see imperfection in his face than I now do  his heart."

started at this declaration, and was sorry for the warmth she had been betrayed into, in speaking of him. She felt that Edward stood very high in her opinion. She believed the regard to be mutual; but she required greater

certainly of it ■■■ ■■■ conviction ■■■ their ■■■  
 ■■■ agreeable to her. She knew that ■■■ Marianne  
 and her mother conjectured one moment, they believed the  
 next — that with them, to wish was to hope, and to hope  
 was to expect. She tried to explain ■■■ ■■■ of ■■■  
 case to her ■■■.

"I ■■■ attempt ■■■ deny," said she, "that I ■■■  
 very highly ■■■ him — that I greatly esteem, that I ■■■  
 him."

■■■ burst ■■■ with indignation —

"■■■ him! Like him! Cold-hearted Elinor! ■■■  
 ■■■ cold-hearted! Ashamed of being otherwise.  
 Use ■■■ ■■■ again, ■■■ I will leave the ■■■ ■■■ mo-  
 ment."

■■■ ■■■ not help laughing. "Excuse me," said  
 she; "and be assured that I meant no offence to you, by  
 speaking, in so quiet a way, of my own feelings. Believe  
 them to be stronger than I have declared; believe them, in  
 short, to be such as his merit, and the suspicion — the  
 hope of his ■■■ for ■■■ may warrant, without impru-  
 dence or folly. ■■■ farther than this you ■■■ ■■■ believe.  
 I am by ■■■ means assured of his regard for me. There  
 ■■■ moments when the extent of it ■■■ doubtful; and ■■■  
 his sentiments ■■■ fully known, you ■■■ wonder at my  
 wishing to avoid any encouragement of my ■■■ partiality,  
 by believing or calling it more than ■■■ is. In my heart I  
 feel little — scarcely any doubt of his preference. But ■■■  
 are other points ■■■ considered besides his inclination. He  
 is very far from being independent. What his mother  
 really ■■■ we ■■■ know; but, from Fanny's occasional  
 mention of ■■■ conduct and opinions, we have never been  
 disposed to think her amiable; and I am very much mis-  
 taken if Edward is not himself aware ■■■ there would be  
 many difficulties in his way, if he were to wish to marry  
 a ■■■ who ■■■ not ■■■ a great ■■■ ■■■ high  
 rank."

Marianne was ■■■ to ■■■ ■■■ much ■■■ imagin-  
 ation of her mother and herself had outstripped ■■■ ■■■

"■■■ ■■■ really are not engaged to him!" said ■■■  
 "Yet ■■■ certainly ■■■ will happen. ■■■ ■■■ advantages

will proceed from ~~the~~ delay. I shall not ~~be~~ you so ~~and~~ and Edward will have greater opportunity of improving ~~his~~ taste ~~in~~ your favourite pursuit ~~which~~ ~~may~~ be so indispensably necessary to your future felicity. ~~But~~ if he should be so far stimulated by your genius as to learn to ~~himself~~ himself, how delightful it would be!"

Elinor had given her real opinion to her sister. ~~But~~ ~~not~~ ~~common~~ her partiality for Edward ~~in~~ so prosperous a state as Marianne had believed it. There was, ~~at~~ times, ~~a~~ ~~kind~~ of spirits about ~~which~~ which, if ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~de-~~ ~~pendent~~ indifference, spoke ~~a~~ something almost ~~as~~ unpromising. A ~~man~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ regard, supposing him to feel it, need not give ~~more~~ ~~than~~ inquietude. ~~It~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ be likely ~~to~~ produce ~~the~~ dejection of ~~which~~ ~~she~~ frequently ~~was~~ ~~aware~~. ~~A~~ ~~man~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ reasonable cause might be found in the dependent situation which ~~she~~ the indulgence ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~mother~~. She knew that his mother neither behaved to him so as to make his home comfortable at present, nor to give him any ~~idea~~ that ~~he~~ might ~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~man~~ ~~of~~ himself, ~~but~~ strictly attending to her views for ~~his~~ grandseamant. With such ~~a~~ knowledge ~~as~~ this, it was impossible for Elinor to feel easy on the subject. She was far from depending on that result of his preference of her, which her mother and sister still considered as certain. Nay, the longer they were together the more ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~aware~~ the nature of his regard; and sometimes, for a few painful minutes, she believed it to be no more than friendship.

But, whatever might really ~~be~~ its limits, ~~it~~ ~~was~~ enough, when perceived by his sister, to make her uneasy, and ~~in~~ the same time (which was ~~not~~ ~~common~~) ~~to~~ make her uncivil. She took ~~the~~ ~~first~~ opportunity ~~of~~ affronting ~~her~~ mother-in-law ~~on~~ occasion, talking ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~possibility~~ of her ~~great~~ great expectations, of ~~Mr~~ ~~Ferrars's~~ resolution that both her sons should marry well, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~danger~~ attending any ~~man~~ ~~who~~ ~~tempted~~ to ~~be~~ ~~in~~, that ~~Mr~~ ~~Dashwood~~ could neither pretend to be unconscious, nor endeavour to be calm. ~~She~~ gave her an answer which marked ~~her~~ contempt, ~~and~~ instantly ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~resolving~~ that, whatever might ~~be~~

the inconveniences or expence of so sudden a removal, her beloved Elinor should not be exposed another week to such insinuations.

At this state of her spirits, a letter was delivered to her by Mr. post, which contained a proposal particularly well timed. It was the offer of a small house, on very easy terms, belonging to a relation of her own, a gentleman of consequence and property in Devonshire. The letter was written by the gentleman himself, and written in a spirit of friendly accommodation. He understood that she was in need of a dwelling; and though the house he now offered her was merely a cottage, he offered her every thing which she might find necessary, and he offered to please her. He earnestly pressed her, after giving the particulars of the house and garden, to come with her daughters to Barton Park, the place of his residence, from whence she might judge, herself, whether Barton Cottage, for the houses were in the same parish, could, by any alteration, be made comfortable to her. He was really anxious to accommodate her; the whole of his letter was written in so friendly a style as not fail of giving pleasure to his cousin; especially at a moment when she was suffering under the cold and feeling behaviour of her nearer connections. He needed no further deliberation or enquiry. His resolution was formed as she read. The situation of Barton, in a county so far distant from Sussex as Devonshire, which, but a few hours before, would have been a sufficient objection to weigh every possible advantage belonging to the place, was now a recommendation. To quit the neighbourhood of Norland was no longer an evil; it was an object of desire; it was a blessing, in comparison to the misery of continuing her daughter-in-law's guest: to remove ever from that beloved place would be painful than to leave it or visit it. A woman who was instantly wrote Mr. post her acknowledgments of his kindness, and her acceptance of his proposal; and then hastened to show both letters to her daughters, that she might be secure of their approbation before her answer was sent.

Mr. Nor had always thought it would be more prudent for them to settle at some distance from Norland than immediately amongst their present acquaintance. On that head, therefore, it was not for her to oppose her husband's intention of removing into Devonshire. The house, too, as described by Sir John, was on so simple a scale, and the rent so uncommonly moderate, as to leave her no right of objection on either point; and, therefore, though it was not a plan which brought any charm to her fancy, though it was a removal from the vicinity of Norland beyond her wishes, she must so attempt to soothe her mind from sending a letter of acquiescence.

## CHAPTER V.

No sooner was her answer despatched, than Mrs. Dashwood indulged herself in the pleasure of announcing to her son-in-law and his wife that she was provided with a house, and should incommode them no longer than every thing were ready for her inhabiting it. They heard her with surprise. Mrs. John said nothing; but her husband civilly hoped that she would be well settled in her new abode. She had great satisfaction in replying she was going into Devonshire.—Edward turned hastily towards her, on hearing this, and, in a voice of surprise and concern, required an explanation. She, repeated, "Devonshire! Are you, indeed, going there? How far hence! How is the part of it?" He explained the situation. It was within four miles northward of Exeter.

"It is but a cottage," she continued, "but I hope we are many of my friends in it. A room or two can easily be added; and if my friends find any difficulty in travelling so far to see me, I am sure I will find none in accommodating them."

She was a very kind woman. Mr. Dashwood to visit her at Barton; and Ed.

still greater affection. Though her late daughter-in-law had her resolve on remaining no longer was unavoidable, she had produced the smallest effect on her mind point to which it principally tended. To separate Edward and Elinor was as far from being her object as ever; she pointed to her brother, how totally he disregarded her disapprobation of the match.

John Dashwood his mother again again how exceedingly sorry he was that he had been so long such a distance from Norland as to prevent his being of any service to her in removing her furniture. He really conscientiously vexed on the occasion; he very exertion to which he limited the performance of his promise to his father was by the arrangement rendered impracticable. — The furniture was all round by water. It chiefly consisted of household linen, plate, china, and books, with a handsome piano-forte of Marianne's. Mrs. John Dashwood saw the packages depart with a sigh; she could not help feeling it that, Mrs. Dashwood's income would be a trifling comparison with their own, she should have any handsome article of furniture.

Mrs. Dashwood took the house for a twelvemonth; it was ready furnished, and she might have immediate possession. No difficulty arose on either side of the agreement; she waited only for the disposal of her share in Norland, and to determine her future household, she set off for the west; and this, as she was exceedingly rapid in her performance of every thing that concerned her, was soon done. — The horses which were left her by her husband had been sold soon after his death, and an opportunity now offering of disposing of her carriage, she agreed to sell that likewise, on the earnest advice of her eldest daughter. For the comfort of her children, had she consulted only her own wishes, she would have kept it; but the discretion of Elinor prevailed. Her wisdom, too, limited the number of their servants to three; two maids and a man, they were speedily provided with who formed at

The man and one of the maids were sent off immediately into Devonshire, the house the arrival; Lady Middleton was entirely Mrs. Dashwood, she preferred going directly to being a visiter at Barton Park; and she relied so undoubtedly on the description of the house, as to no curiosity it herself till she entered it as her own. Her be gone from Norland was preserved from diminution by the evident of her daughter-in-law in prospect of her removal; which was but feebly attempted to concealed under a cold invitation to her to defer her departure. Now was when her son-in-law's promise might particular propriety fulfilled. neglected coming to the estate, quitting the house might be looked on as the most period for its accomplishment. But Mrs. Dashwood began, shortly, give over every hope of the kind, and to be convinced, from the general of the discourse, that his assistance extended farther than months Norland. He so frequently of the increasing expenses of housekeeping, and of the perpetual demands upon his purse, which a man of any consequence in the world was beyond calculation exposed to, that he seemed rather to stand in need of more money himself to have any design of giving money away.

In a very few weeks, from the day which brought the first letter to Norland, every thing was so in the future abode as Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters begin their journey.

Many were the tears shed by them in their last adieus to a place so much beloved. "Dear, dear Norland!" said Marianne, as she wandered alone before the house, on the last evening of their being there; "when shall I cease to regret you!—when learn to feel a home elsewhere!—Oh! happy house, could you know what I suffer in now viewing you this spot, from whence, perhaps, I may view you no more!—you, ye well-known trees!—but you will continue the same. No leaf will decay because we are removed, any branch become motionless although we can

[REDACTED] you no longer !—No ; you will continue the same ; unconscious of the pleasure or the regret you occasion, and insensible of any change in those who walk under your shade ! — But who will [REDACTED] to enjoy you ?”

## CHAPTER VI.

THE first part of their journey was performed in too melancholy a disposition to be otherwise than tedious and unpleasant. But as they drew towards the end of it, their interest in [REDACTED] appearance of a country which they were to inhabit [REDACTED] their dejection, and a view of Barton Valley, as they entered it, gave them cheerfulness. It [REDACTED] a pleasant fertile spot, well wooded, and rich in pasture. After winding along it for more than a mile, they reached their own house. A small green court was the whole [REDACTED] its demesne in front ; and a neat wicket gate admitted them [REDACTED] it.

As a house, Barton Cottage, though small, was comfortable and compact ; but as a cottage it was defective, for the building was regular, the roof was tiled, the window shutters were [REDACTED] painted green, nor were the walls covered with honeysuckles. [REDACTED] narrow passage led directly through the house into the garden behind. On each side of the entrance was a sitting room, about sixteen feet square ; and beyond them were the offices and the stairs. Four bed-rooms and two garrets formed the rest of the house. [REDACTED] had not [REDACTED] built many years, and was in good repair. In comparison [REDACTED] Norland, [REDACTED] was poor and small indeed ! — but the tears which recollection called forth as they entered [REDACTED] house were soon dried away. They were cheered by the joy of the servants on their arrival, and each for the sake of the others resolved to appear happy. It was very early in September ; the season was fine ; and from first seeing the place under the advantage of good weather, they received



an impression in its favour which was of material service in recommending it to their lasting approbation.

The situation of the house was good. High hills rose immediately behind, and at no great distance on each side; some of ~~which~~ were open downs, the ~~other~~ cultivated and woody. The village of Barton was chiefly on one of these hills, and formed a pleasant view from the cottage windows. ~~The~~ prospect ~~in~~ front was more extensive; it commanded the whole of the valley, and reached into the country beyond. The hills which ~~terminated~~ the cottage terminated the valley in ~~this~~ direction; under another name, and in another course, it branched out again between two of the steepest of them.

With the ~~new~~ ~~and~~ furniture of the house Mrs. Dashwood was upon the whole well satisfied; for though her former style of life rendered many additions to the latter indispensable, yet to add and improve was a delight to her; and she had at this time ready money enough to supply all that was wanted of greater elegance to the apartments. "As for the house itself, ~~be~~ sure," said she, "~~it~~ is too small for ~~our~~ family, ~~but~~ we will ~~make~~ ourselves tolerably comfortable for the present, as ~~it~~ is too late in the year for improvements. Perhaps in the spring, if I have plenty of money, as I dare say I shall, we may think about building. These parlours are both too small for such parties of our friends as I hope to see often collected here; and I have some thoughts of throwing the passage into one of them, ~~perhaps~~ perhaps a part ~~of~~ the other, and so leave the remainder of that other for an entrance; this, with a ~~drawing-room~~ drawing-room which may ~~be~~ easily added, and a bed-chamber and garret above, will make ~~it~~ a very snug little cottage. I could wish the stairs were handsome. ~~But~~ must not expect every thing; though I suppose it would be ~~a~~ difficult matter to widen them. I shall see how much I am before-hand with the world in the spring, and we will plan our improvements accordingly."

In the mean time, till all these alterations could be made from the savings of an income of five hundred a year by a woman who never saved in her life, they were wise enough to be contented with the house as it was; and each of them was busy in arranging their particular concerns, and endeavouring, by

placing around them their books and other possessions, to form themselves a home. Marianne's piano-forte was unpacked and properly disposed of; and Elinor's drawings were affixed to the walls of their sitting room.

In such employments as these they were interrupted soon after breakfast the next day by the entrance of their landlord, who called to welcome them to Barton, and to offer them every accommodation from his own house and garden which theirs might at present be deficient. John Middleton was a good looking man about forty. He had formerly been a Stanhill, but it was too long ago for his name to be remembered. His manners were thoroughly good-humoured; and his manners were as friendly as the style of his letter. Their arrival gave him great satisfaction, and he was anxious to be an object of real solicitude to them. He was much of his desire of their living in the most sociable terms with his family, and pressed them so cordially to dine at his Park every day till they were better settled at home, that, though his civility were carried to a point of perseverance beyond civility, they did not give offence. His civility was not confined to words; for within an hour after he left them, a large basket full of garden stuff and fruit arrived from the park, which was followed before the end of the day by a present of game. He insisted, moreover, on conveying all their letters to and from the post for them, and would not be denied the satisfaction of sending them his newspaper every day.

Lady Middleton had sent a very pressing note by him, denoting her intention of waiting on Mrs. Dashwood as soon as she could be assured that her visit would be no inconvenience; and as the note was answered by an answer equally polite, her ladyship was engaged to them the next day.

They were, of course, very anxious to see a person whom so much of their comfort at Barton must depend; and the elegance of her appearance was favourable to their welcome. Lady Middleton was not more than six or seven and twenty; her face was handsome, her figure tall and striking, and her address graceful. Her manners had all the

elegance which her husband's wanted. But they would have been improved by some share of his frankness and warmth; and her visit was long enough to [redacted] [redacted] thing from [redacted] [redacted] admiration, by showing that, though perfectly well bred, she was reserved, cold, and had nothing [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] beyond [redacted] [redacted] common-place enquiry or [redacted].

Conversation, however, was [redacted] wanted, [redacted] Sir John was very chatty, and Lady Middleton [redacted] [redacted] the wise precaution [redacted] bringing with [redacted] their eldest child, a fine little boy about six years old; by which means there was one subject always [redacted] [redacted] recurred [redacted] by the [redacted] in case of extremity, [redacted] they [redacted] [redacted] enquire [redacted] name and age, address [redacted] beauty, and [redacted] [redacted] questions [redacted] [redacted] answered for him, while he hung about her and held down his head, to the great surprise of her ladyship, who wondered [redacted] his being so shy before company, as he could make noise enough at home. On every formal visit a child ought [redacted] be of the party, by way of provision for discourse. In the present case it took up ten minutes to determine [redacted] the boy were most like his father or mother, and in what particular he resembled either, for of course every body differed, and every body was astonished at the opinion of the others.

An opportunity was soon to be given to the Dashwoods of debating on the rest of the children, as Sir John would not leave [redacted] home without securing their promise of dining at the Park the next day.

## CHAPTER VII.

BANTON PARK was about half a mile from the cottage. The ladies had passed near it in their way along the valley, but [redacted] was screened from their view at home by the projection of a hill. The house was large and handsome; and the Middletons lived in a style [redacted] equal hospitality and

elegance. The former was for Sir John's gratification, the latter for that of his lady. They were scarcely ever without some friends staying with them in the house, and they kept more company of every kind than any other family in the neighbourhood. It was necessary to the happiness both; for however dissimilar in temper and outward behaviour, they strongly resembled each other in that of talent and taste which confined their employments, and such as society produced, within a very narrow compass. Sir John was a sportsman, Lady Middleton's mother. He hunted and shot, and she had children; and these were their only resources. Lady Middleton had the advantage of being able to spoil her children all the year round, while Sir John's independent employments were in existence only half the time. Continual pleasures at home and abroad, however, supplied the deficiencies of nature and education; supported the good spirits of Sir John, and gave exercise to the good breeding of his wife.

Lady Middleton piqued herself upon the elegance of her table, and of all her domestic arrangements; and from this kind of vanity was her greatest enjoyment in any of their parties. Sir John's satisfaction in society was much more real; he delighted in collecting about him more young people than his house would hold, and the noisier they were the better was he pleased. He was a blessing to all the juvenile part of the neighbourhood; for in summer he was for ever forming parties to eat cold ham and chicken out of doors, and in winter his private balls were numerous enough. A young lady who was suffering from the unsatiable appetite of

The arrival of a new family in the country was always a matter of joy to him; and in every point of view he was charmed with the inhabitants he had now procured for his cottage at Barton. The Miss Dashwoods were young, pretty, and sensible. It was enough to secure his good opinion; for to be unaffected was all that a pretty girl could want to make her mind as captivating as her person. The friendliness of his disposition made him happy in accommodating them, whose situation might be considered, in

comparison ——— past, ——— unfortunate. In showing kindness to his cousin, therefore, he had the real satisfaction of a good heart; and in settling a family of females only in his cottage, he had all the satisfaction of a sportsman; for a sportsman, though he esteems only those of his sex who are sportsmen likewise, is not often desirous of encouraging their taste by admitting them to a residence within his own manor.

Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters were met at the door of the house by Sir John, who welcomed ——— to ——— Park with unaffected sincerity; and as he attended them to the drawing-room repeated to the young ladies the concern ——— ——— subject ——— drawn ——— ——— day before, ——— being unable to get any smart young men to meet them. They would see, he said, only one gentleman there besides himself; a particular friend who was staying at the Park, but who was neither very young nor very gay. He hoped they would all excuse the smallness of the party, and could assure them it should never happen so again. He had been to several families that morning, in hopes of procuring some addition to their number, but it was moonlight, and every body was full of engagements. Luckily Lady Middleton's mother had arrived at Barton within the last hour; and as she was a very cheerful, agreeable woman, he hoped the young ladies would not find it so very dull as they might imagine. The young ladies, as well as their mother, were perfectly ——— with having ——— ——— strangers of the party, and wished for no more.

Mrs. Jennings, Lady Middleton's mother, was a good-humoured, ——— fat, elderly woman, who talked a great deal, ——— very happy, and rather vulgar. She was full of jokes and laughter, and before dinner was over had said many witty things on the subject of lovers and husbands; hoped they had not left their hearts behind them in Sussex, and pretended to see them blush whether they did or not. Marianne was vexed ——— it for her sister's sake, and turned her eyes towards Elinor to see how she bore these attacks, with an earnestness which gave Elinor far more pain than could arise from such common-place railery as Mrs. Jennings's.

Colonel Brandon, the friend of Sir John, seemed no

adapted by resemblance of manner to his friend, Lady Middleton, to be his wife, or Mrs. Jennings be Lady Middleton's. He was silent and grave. His appearance, however, was not displeasing, in spite of his being, in the opinion of Marianne and Margaret, an absolute bachelor, for he was on the wrong side of five-and-thirty; though he was not handsome, he was sensible, and his manners particularly gentlemanlike.

There was nothing in any of the party which could commend him as companions to the Dashwoods; the insipidity of Lady Middleton was so particularly repulsive, in comparison of the gravity of Mr. Brandon, that even the conversation of the latter, his mother-in-law, was interesting. Lady Middleton seemed to be roused to enjoyment only by the noise of her four noisy children at dinner, who pulled her about, and her clothes, and put an end to every sort of discourse except what related to themselves.

In the evening, as Marianne was discovered to be musical, she was invited to play. The instrument was unlocked, every body prepared to be charmed, and Marianne, who sang very well, their request went through the chief of the songs which Lady Middleton had brought to the family on her marriage, and which, perhaps, had lain since in the same position on the piano-forte; her ladyship had been contented by giving up music, although, by her mother's account, she had played extremely well, and by her own was very fond of it.

Marianne's performance was highly applauded. John was loud in his admiration at the end of every song, and as loud in his conversation with the others. He lasted. Lady Middleton frequently wondered how any one's attention could be so long for a moment, and asked Marianne to sing a particular song which Mr. Brandon had just sung. Colonel Brandon alone, of all the party, heard her without being in rapture. He paid her only the compliment of attention and she felt a respect for him on the occasion, which the others had reasonably forfeited by their want of

pleasure in music, though it not to that ~~secret~~ delight which alone could sympathise with her own, was estimable when contrasted against the ~~horrid~~ insensibility of the others; and she was reasonable enough to allow that a man of five-and-thirty might well have outlived all acuteness of feeling, and every exquisite power of enjoyment. ~~She~~ perfectly disposed ~~to~~ every allowance for the colonel's ~~present~~ state of life which humanity required.

## VIII.

Mrs. Jennings was a widow with an ample jointure. ~~She~~ had only two daughters, both of whom she had lived to see respectably married, and she had now, therefore, nothing to do but to marry all the rest of the world. In the promotion of this object she was zealously active, as far as her ability reached; and missed no opportunity of projecting weddings among all the young people of her acquaintance. She was remarkably quick in the discovery of attachments, and had enjoyed the advantage of raising the ~~pride~~ and the vanity of many a young lady by insinuations of her power over such a young man; and this kind of discernment enabled her, soon after her arrival at Barton, decisively to pronounce that Colonel Brandon was very much in love with ~~Mrs.~~ Dashwood. She rather suspected it to be so, on the very first evening of their being together, from his listening so attentively while she sang to them; ~~when~~ when the visit was returned by the Middletons dining at the cottage, the fact was ascertained by his listening to her again. ~~It~~ must be so. She was perfectly convinced ~~it~~ it would be an excellent match, for he was rich, and ~~she~~ was handsome. Mrs. Jennings had been anxious to see ~~Colonel~~ Brandon well married, ever since her ~~connection~~ connection with Sir John first brought him to her knowledge; and she was always anxious to get a good husband for every pretty girl.

The immediate advantage to herself was by no means inconsiderable, as she supplied her with endless jokes against them both. At Park she laughed at the colonel, and in the cottage at Marianne. To the former her raillery was probably, as far as it regarded only himself, perfectly sensible; when the object was understood, she hardly knew how to laugh at his absurdity, or his impertinences; but she could not resist an unfeeling reflection on the colonel's advanced years, and on his appearance as an old bachelor.

Mrs. Dashwood, who could not think a man five years younger than herself as exceedingly ancient as he appeared to the youthful fancy of her daughter, ventured to tell Mr. Jennings from the probability of wishing to throw ridicule on his age.

"But at least, mamma, you deny the absurdity of the accusation, though you may not think it intentionally ill-natured. Colonel Brandon is certainly younger than Mrs. Jennings, but he is old enough to be my father; and he is animated enough to be in love, must have long outlived every sensation of the kind. It is ridiculous! When is a man to be safe from such wit, if age and infirmity do not protect him?"

"Infirmity!" said Elinor, "do you think Colonel Brandon infirm? I can easily suppose that his age may appear much greater to you than to my mother; but you can hardly deceive yourself as to his having the use of his limbs!"

"Did you hear him complain of the rheumatism? and is not that the commonest infirmity of declining life?"

"My dear child," said her mother, laughing, "at this rate you must be in continual terror of my decay; and it must seem to you a miracle that my life has been so long of sixty."

"Mamma, you are not doing me justice. I know very well that Colonel Brandon is not old enough to make my friends yet apprehensive of losing him in the course of



nature." "He may live twenty years longer. But thirty-five has nothing to do with matrimony."

"Perhaps," said Elinor, "thirty-five and seventeen had better not have any thing to do with matrimony together. But if there should by any chance happen to be a woman who is single at seven-and-twenty, I am sure Colonel Brandon's being thirty-five is no objection to his marrying her."

"A woman of seven-and-twenty," said Marianne, pausing a moment, "can never hope to feel or inspire affection again, and if her home be uncomfortable, or her fortune small, I can suppose that she might bring herself to submit to the office of a nurse, for the sake of the provision and security of a wife. In his marrying such a woman, therefore, there would be nothing unsuitable. It would be a compact of convenience, and the world would be satisfied. In my eyes it would be no marriage at all, but that would be nothing. To me it would seem only a mutual exchange, in which each would be benefited at the expense of the other."

"It would be impossible, I know," replied Elinor, "to convince you that a woman of seven-and-twenty could feel for a man of thirty-five any thing near enough to love, to make him a desirable companion to her. But I must object to your dooming Colonel Brandon and his wife to the constant confinement of a sick chamber, merely because he chanced to complain yesterday (a very cold damp day) of a slight rheumatic feel in one of his shoulders."

"But he talked of flannel waistcoats," said Marianne; "and with me a flannel waistcoat is invariably connected with aches, rheumatism, and every species of ailment that can afflict the old and the feeble."

"Had he been only in a violent fever, you would not have despaired him half so much. Confess, Marianne, is not there something interesting to you in the flushed cheek, hollow eye, and quick pulse of a fever?"

Soon after this, Mr. Brandon leaving, "Mamma," said Marianne, "I have an alarm on the subject of illness which I cannot conceal from you. I am sure Edward Ferrars is not well. We have now been here almost a

fortnight, and yet he does not come. Nothing real indisposition could occasion extraordinary delay. What else can detain him at Norland?"

"Had you any idea of his coming so soon?" said Mrs. Dashwood. "I had none. On the contrary, if I felt any anxiety on all on the subject, it has been in recollecting that he would want of pleasure in accepting my invitation, and I am not coming to expect him already?"

"I never mentioned it to her, and she must."

"I rather think you are mistaken, for when I was talking to her yesterday of getting a new grate for the spare bedchamber, she observed that she was in immediate hurry. It, was not likely she the room would be wanted in time."

"How strange this is! what can be the meaning of it! The whole of their conduct is as if each other has been unaccountable! How cold, how composed were their adieus! How languid their conversation the last evening of being together! How little there was of distinction between Elinor and me: it was the good wishes of an affectionate brother to both. Twice did I leave them purposely together in the morning of the last morning, and each time did I most unaccountably follow out the room. And Elinor, in quitting Norland and Edward, as I did. Even now her self-command is inviolable. When she is dejected or melancholy! When she tries to society, or appear in it?"

#### CHAPTER III.

THE DASHWOODS now were with comfort to themselves. The house and the garden, with all the objects surrounding them, were so familiar, the ordinary pursuits which had given to Norland half

engaged in again far greater enjoyment than Norland had been able to afford since the loss of their father. Sir John Middleton, who called on them every day for the first fortnight, and who was not in the habit of seeing much occupation at home, could not conceal his amazement on finding them always employed.

visitors, except those from Barton Park, were many; for, in spite of Sir John's urgent assurances that they would mix more in the neighbourhood, and repeated assurances of his carriage being always at their service, the independence of Dashwood's spirit and her wish of society for her children; and she was resolute in declining any family beyond a distance. There were but few who could be so classed; it was not all of them that were attainable. About a mile and a half from the cottage, along the narrow winding valley of Allenhurst, which from that of Barton, as they described, the girls had, in one of their earliest walks, discovered an ancient respectable-looking mansion, which, by reminding a little of Norland, interested their imagination and made them wish to be better acquainted with it. But they learnt, on enquiry, that its possessor, an elderly lady of very good character, was unfortunately too infirm to mix with the world, and never stirred from home.

The whole country about them abounded in beautiful walks. The high downs, which invited them from almost every window of the cottage to seek the exquisite enjoyment of air on their summits, were a happy alternative when the dirt of the valleys beneath was superior beauties; and towards one of these hills did Marianne and Margaret on the morning steps, by the partial sunshine of a showery sky, and unable longer to bear the confinement which the set-in of the two preceding days had occasioned. The weather was not tempting enough to draw the two others from their pencil and their book, in spite of Marianne's declaration that the day would be lastingly fair, and that every threatening cloud would be drawn off from their hills; and the two girls set off together.

They gaily ascended the down, rejoicing in their own penetration at every glimpse of blue sky ; and when they caught in their faces the animating gales of a high south-westerly wind, they pitied the poor birds who prevented them from sharing such delightful sensations.

"Is            a felicity            the world,"            Marianne,  
"superior            this?—Margaret, we                                              
two hours."

Margaret agreed, and they pursued ~~the~~ way again ~~the~~ wind, resisting ~~it~~ with laughing delight ~~for~~ ~~about~~ twenty minutes longer, when suddenly ~~the storm~~ ~~swayed~~ ~~the~~ ~~heads~~, and a driving ~~rain~~ set fall in their face. Chagrined and surprised, they were obliged, though unwillingly, to turn back, for no shelter was nearer than their own house. One consolation, however, remained for them, ~~in~~ which ~~the~~ exigence of the moment gave more than usual propriety,—it was that of running with all possible speed down the steep side of the hill which led immediately to their garden gate.

They fell off. [redacted] at [redacted] the advantage, but a false step brought her suddenly to the ground; and Margaret, unable to stop herself to assist her, [redacted] involuntarily hurried along, and reached the bottom [redacted] safety.

A gentleman carrying a gun, with two pointers playing round him, was passing up the hill, and ■■■■ a few yards off Marianne, when her accident happened. He put down his gun and ran to her assistance. She had raised herself from the ground, but her foot had been twisted in the fall, and she was scarcely able to stand. The gentleman ■■■■ services; and perceiving that her modesty ■■■■ what her ■■■■ rendered necessary, took her up ■■■■ without farther delay, and carried her down ■■■■ hill. Then passing through the garden, ■■■■ gate of which had been left open by Margaret, he bore her directly into the house, whither Margaret was just arrived, ■■■■ quitted ■■■■ his hold till he had seated her in a chair in the parlour.

Elinor and her mother rose up in amazement at their entrance; and while [redacted] [redacted] of both were fixed on him with an evident wonder and a [redacted] [redacted] which equally sprung from his appearance, [redacted] apologised [redacted] his

intrusion, by relating its cause, in a manner so frank and so graceful, that his person, which was uncommonly handsome, received additional charms from his voice and expression. Had he been even old, ugly, and vulgar, the gratification which he had been able to give, would have been secured by any act of attention to her child; but the influence of youth, beauty, and elegance, gave an additional force to the action which came home to her feelings.

She thanked him again and again; and, with a sweetness of address which always attended her, invited him to be seated. But this he declined, as he was dirty and wet. Mrs. Dashwood then begged to know to whom she was obliged. His name, she replied, was Willoughby, and his present home was at Allenhurst, from whence he hoped she would allow him the honour of calling on her to enquire after Miss Dashwood. The honour was readily granted, and he then departed, to make himself more interesting, in the midst of a heavy rain.

His manly beauty and more than common gracefulness instantly the theme of general admiration; and the laugh which his gallantry raised against Marianne received particular spirit from his exterior attractions. Marianne herself had seen less of his person than the rest, for the confusion which crimsoned over her face, on his lifting her, had robbed her of the power of regarding him after their entering the room. But she had seen enough of him to join in all the admiration of the others, and an energy which always adorned her praise. His person and air were equal to what her fancy had ever drawn for the hero of a favourite story; and in his carrying her into the house, so previous formality there was a rapidity of thought which particularly recommended the action to her. Every circumstance belonging to him was interesting. His name was good, his residence was in their favourite village, and she soon found out that of all manly dresses a shooting-jacket was the most becoming. His imagination was busy, her reflections were pleasant, and the pain of a sprained ankle was disregarded.

Mr. John called on them as soon as the next interval of fair weather that morning allowed him to get out of doors;

and Marianne's accident being related to him, he was eagerly whether he knew any gentleman of the name of Willoughby at Allenhurst.

"Willoughby!" cried Sir John; "what, is he in the country? That is good news however; I will ride over to-morrow, to dine on Thursday."

"You know him, then," said Mrs. Dashwood.

"Know him! to be sure I do. Why, he is down here every year."

"And what sort of a young man is he?"

"As good a kind of fellow as ever lived, I assure you. A very decent shot, and there is not a bolder rider in England."

"And is that all you can say for him?" said Marianne, indignantly. "But what are his manners on more intimate acquaintance? What his pursuits, his talents, and genius?"

John was rather puzzled.

"Upon my soul," said he, "I do not know much about him as to all that. But he is a pleasant, good-humoured fellow, and has got the nicest little black bitch of a pointer I ever saw. Was she out with him to-day?"

But Marianne could more satisfy him as to the colour of Mr. Willoughby's pointer, than he could her the shades of his mind.

"But who is he?" said Elinor. "Where does he come from? Has he a house at Allenhurst?"

On point John give more intelligent; and he told them that Mr. Willoughby had no property of his own in the country; that he resided there only when visiting the lady at Allenhurst Court, to whom he was related, and whose possessions he was to inherit; adding, "Yes, yes, he is very well worth catching, I can tell you, Miss Dashwood; he has a pretty little estate of his own, in Somersetshire besides; and if I were you, I would not give him up my younger sister, in spite of all this tumbling down hills. Miss Marianne must not expect to have all the men to herself. Brandon will be jealous, she does not take care."

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Dashwood, with a good-humoured smile, "that Mr. Willoughby will be jealous."

moded by the attempts of either of my daughters, towards what you call *outdoing him*. It is not an employment to which they have been brought up. Men are very safe with us, let them be ever so rich. I am glad to find, however, that he is a respectable young man, and that his acquaintance will not be ineligible."

"He is as good a sort of fellow, I believe, as ever lived," repeated Sir John. "I remember Christmas, at a little hop in the Park, he danced from eight o'clock till four without once sitting down."

"Is he, indeed?" said Marianne, "sparkling eyes; and with elegance, with spirit?"

"Yes; and he was up again at eight to ride to covert."

"That is what I like; that is what a young man ought to be. Whatever be his pursuits, his eagerness in them should know no moderation, and leave him no sense of fatigue."

"Ay, ay, I see how it will be," said Sir John, "I see how he will be. You will be setting your cap on him now, and never think of poor Brandon."

"That is an expression," said John, "said Marianne, warmly, "which I particularly abhor. I abhor every common-place phrase by which wit is intended; and 'setting one's cap at a man,' or 'making a conquest,' are the most odious of all. Their tendency is gross and illiberal; and if their construction could ever be deemed clever, time has long ago destroyed all its ingenuity."

Sir John did not much understand this reproof; he laughed as heartily as if he did, and replied,—

"Ay, you will make conquests enough, I dare say, one way or other. Poor Brandon! he is quite gone already; and he is very well worth setting your cap at, I can assure you, in spite of all this tumbling about and spraining of ankles."

CHAPTER X.

MARIANNE'S preserver, as Margaret, with some elegance and precision, styled Willoughby, called on her early in the morning, to make his personal enquiries. He was received by Mrs. Dashwood with more politeness; with a kindness which John's friends him and her own gratitude prompted; and every thing that passed during the visit tended to show her of the sense, elegance, mutual affection, and domestic comfort of the family, to whom accident had now introduced him. Her personal charms he had not required a second interview to be convinced.

Mr. Dashwood had a delicate complexion, regular features, and a remarkably pretty figure. Marianne was handsomer. Her form, though not so tall as her sister's, in having the advantage of height, was more striking; and her face was so lovely, that when, in the common course of praise, she was called a beautiful girl, truth was violently outraged than usually happens. Her hair was very brown, but, from its transparency, her complexion uncommonly brilliant; her features were all good; her smile was sweet and attractive; and in her eyes, which were very dark, there was a life, a spirit, as if they could hardly be seen without delight. From Willoughby their expression was first held back, by the embarrassment which the remembrance of his presence created. But when this passed away, when her spirits became collected, when she saw that to the perfect good breeding of the gentleman, she united frankness and vivacity, she declared, that on many occasions dancing he was passionately fond, she gave him such a look of approbation, as secured the largest share of his stay.

It was only necessary to mention any favourite amusement to engage her to talk. She could not be silent when points were introduced, she had neither shyness



reserve in discussion. They speedily discovered that their enjoyment of dancing and music was mutual, and that it arose from a general conformity of judgment in all that related to either. Encouraged by this to a further discussion of opinions, she proceeded on the question on the subject of books: her favourite authors were brought upon her so rapturous a delight, that any young man of five-and-twenty might indeed, to become an expert in the criticism of such works, however disregarded. Their merits were strikingly equal. The same books, were idolised by each; and if any appeared, any objection arose, it was longer than till the force of her arguments and the brightness of her eyes displayed. He acquiesced in all her decisions, caught her enthusiasm; and long before his visit concluded, they conversed with the familiarity of a long-established acquaintance.

"Well, Marianne," said Elinor, "as he had left them, "for one morning I think you were pretty well. You have already ascertained Mr. Willoughby's opinion in almost every matter of importance. You know what he thinks of Cowper and Scott; you are certain of his estimating their beauties as he ought, and you have received every assurance of his admiring Pope no more than I. How is your acquaintance to be long supported, under such extraordinary despatch in every subject for discourse? You soon have exhausted each favourite topic. Another meeting will suffice to explain your sentimental picturesque beauty, and second marriages, and you have nothing farther to ask."

"Elinor," cried Marianne, "is this fair? Is it just? are my ideas so scanty? But I see what you mean. I have been too much at my ease, too happy, too frank. I have acted against every common-place notion of decorum; I have been open and sincere where I ought to have been reserved, spiritless, dull, and deceitful:—had I talked only of the weather and the roads, and had I spoken only once in ten minutes, you reproach me have spared."

"My love," said her mother, "you need not be so

John — Elinor — she was only in jest. "I should soon  
her myself, if she were capable of wishing to check the  
delight of your conversation with our new friend." Ma-  
rienne was left in a moment.

Willoughby, on his side, gave every proof of his pleasure  
in the acquaintance, and an evident improving  
it could be. He was with them every day. To enquire  
Marianne was at first his excuse; but his encourage-  
ment of his reception, and every day greater  
kindness, such an unnecessary had  
possible, by Marianne's perfect recovery. He  
for some days to the house; he had any  
irksome. Willoughby was a young  
man of good abilities, quick imagination, lively spirits,  
He was exactly formed to  
Marianne's heart; for with this, he joined not only  
a captivating person, but a natural ardour of mind which  
roused and by the example of her own,  
and recommended him to affection beyond every  
thing else.

His society became gradually her most exquisite enjoy-  
ment. They read, they talked, they sang together; his  
talents considerable; and he read with all  
sensitivity and spirit which Edward had unfortunately  
wanted.

In Mrs. Dashwood's estimation he was as faultless as in  
Marianne's; and saw nothing to censure but  
a propensity, in he strongly peculiarly  
delighted sister, of saying too much he thought  
on every occasion, without attention to persons or circum-  
stances. In hardly forming and giving his opinion of other  
people, sacrificing general politeness to the enjoyment  
attention where heart was engaged, in  
slighting too easily the forms of worldly propriety, dis-  
played a want of caution which Elinor not  
spite all that and could say its  
port.

Marianne began now to perceive that the desperation  
which had her at sixteen and a half, of ever seeing  
a man who satisfy her ideas of perfection, was

unjustifiable. Willoughby all her fancy had interested in her unhappy hour, and in every brighter period, as capable of attaching her; and his behaviour declared his wishes to be in that respect as earnest as his abilities strong.

Her mother, too, in whose mind ~~not~~ was speculative thought of their marriage had been raised, by his prospect of riches, was led before the end of a week to hope and expect it; and secretly to congratulate ~~him~~ on having gained ~~him~~ sons-in-law ~~as~~ Willoughby.

Brandon's partiality to Marianne, ~~was~~ so early ~~perceptible~~ by ~~her~~ friends, ~~as~~ ~~was~~ perceptible to Elinor, when it ceased ~~to be~~ noticed by them. ~~Her~~ attention ~~was~~ wit ~~was~~ drawn ~~to~~ ~~her~~ more fortunate rival; and ~~her~~ raillery which the other ~~had~~ incurred before any partiality ~~was~~ removed when his feelings began really to call for the ridicule so justly annexed to sensibility. ~~He~~ ~~was~~ obliged, though unwillingly, ~~to~~ believe that ~~the~~ ~~partiality~~ Mrs. Jennings had assigned ~~for~~ ~~her~~ own satisfaction were ~~not~~ actually ~~shared~~ by her sister; and that however a general resemblance of disposition between the parties might forward the affection ~~of~~ Mr. Willoughby ~~an~~ equally striking opposition of character was no hinderance to the regard of Colonel Brandon. She ~~was~~ it ~~not~~ concern; for what could a silent man ~~of~~ five-and-thirty hope, when opposed by a very lively one of five-and-twenty? and as she could not even wish him successful, she heartily wished him indifferent. ~~She~~ liked him — in spite of his gravity and reserve, she beheld in him an object ~~of~~ ~~interest~~. His manners, though serious, were mild; and his reserve appeared rather the result of ~~an~~ oppression of spirits ~~than~~ of any ~~real~~ gloominess ~~of~~ temper. ~~John~~ had dropped hints ~~of~~ ~~her~~ injuries ~~and~~ disappointments, which justified her belief of his being an ~~unfortunate~~ man, and she regarded him with respect and compassion.

Perhaps she pitied and esteemed him the ~~more~~ ~~because~~ he was slighted by Willoughby and Marianne, who, prejudiced against ~~him~~ for being neither lively nor young, ~~did not~~ ~~value~~ his merits.

"Brandon is just the kind of man," Willoughby one day, when they were talking of him together, "whom every body speaks well of, and nobody cares about; whom all are delighted to see, and nobody remembers to talk to."

"That is exactly what I think of him," cried Marianne.

"Do not boast of it, however," said Elinor, "for it is an injustice to him of you. He is highly esteemed by all the family at the Park, and I never see him myself without taking pains to converse with him."

"That he is patronised by you," replied Willoughby, "is certainly in his favour; but as for the esteem of the others, it is a reproach in itself. Who would submit to the indignity of being approved by me, or as Lady Middleton would say, by the Jennings, who could command in any body else?"

"But perhaps the same of such people as yourself. Marianne will make amends for the regard of Lady Middleton to her mother. If their praise or censure, your opinion may be praised, they are all undilating, than we are prejudiced and unjust."

"If you protect your protégé you can be saucy."

"My protégé, as you call him, is a sensible man; he is always very attractive to me. Yes, Marianne, even in a man between thirty and forty. He has seen a great deal of the world; has been abroad, has read, and has a thinking mind. I have found him capable of giving me much information on various subjects; and he has always answered my enquiries with the liberality of good breeding and good nature."

"That is to say," cried Marianne contemptuously, "he has told you, that in the East Indies the climate is hot, and the people are troublesome."

"He would have told me so, I don't not, had I made any enquiries, but they happened to be points on which I had been previously informed."

"Perhaps," Willoughby, "his observations may have extended to the existence of nabobs, gold mohrs, and palanquins."

"I may venture to say that his observations have stretched

farther than your candour. But why should you dislike him?"

"I do not dislike him. I consider him, on the contrary, as a very respectable man, who has every body's good word, and nobody's notice; who has more money than he can spend, more time than he knows how to employ, and two new coats every year."

"Add to which," cried Marianne, "that he has genius, taste, and spirit. That his understanding is no brilliancy, his feelings are ardent, and his voice no presumption."

"You decide on his imperfections so much in the mass," replied Elinor, "and so much on the strength of your own imagination, that the particulars I see are give him a comparatively dull and insipid. I can only pronounce him to be a sensible man, well-bred, well-informed, of gentle address, and, I believe, possessing an amiable heart."

"Miss Dashwood," cried Willoughby, "you are now using me unkindly. You are endeavouring to disarm me by reason, and to convince me against my will. But it will not do. You shall find me as stubborn as you can be artful. I have three unanswerable reasons for disliking Colonel Brandon: he has threatened me with ruin when I wanted it to be fine; he has found fault with the hanging of my curriole, and I cannot persuade him to buy my mare. If it will be any satisfaction to you, however, to be told, that I believe his character to be in other respects irreproachable, I am ready to confess it. And in return for an acknowledgment, which must give me some pain, you cannot deny me the privilege of disliking him as much as ever."

[redacted] had [redacted] Dashwood or her daughters imagined,  
 [redacted] they [redacted] into Devonshire, [redacted] so [redacted]  
 [redacted] [redacted] to [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] shortly  
 presented themselves, or that they should have [redacted] fre-  
 quent invitations and such [redacted] visitors [redacted] to leave  
 them [redacted] leisure for [redacted] employment. Yet [redacted] was  
 [redacted] case. When Marianne was recovered, [redacted] [redacted]  
 [redacted] [redacted] home and abroad, which [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]  
 previously forming, [redacted] put [redacted] execution. The private  
 balls [redacted] the Park then began; and parties on the water  
 were [redacted] accomplished as often [redacted] a showery Octo-  
 ber would allow. In every meeting of [redacted] [redacted] Wil-  
 loughby [redacted] included; and the ease and familiarity which  
 [redacted] naturally attended [redacted] parties were exactly calculated to  
 give increasing intimacy to his acquaintance with the  
 Dashwoods, [redacted] [redacted] him opportunity [redacted] witnessing [redacted]  
 excellencies of Marianne, of marking his animated admir-  
 ation of her, and of receiving, in her behaviour [redacted] himself,  
 the most pointed assurance of her affection.

Elmer could not be surprised at their attachment. He only wished that it were less openly shown; and once or twice did venture to suggest the propriety of some self-command to Marianne. But Marianne abhorred all concealment where no real disgrace could attend unreserve; and to aim at the restraint of sentiments which were in themselves illaudable, appeared to her not merely an unnecessary effort, but a disgraceful subjection to reason to common-place mistaken notions. Willoughby thought the same; and her behaviour, at all times, was an implicit confirmation of his opinions.

When he was present she had no eyes for any one else. Every thing he did was right. Every thing he said was clever. If their evenings at the Park were concluded with cards, he cheated himself and all the rest of the party to get her a good hand. If dancing formed the amuse-

ment of the night, they were partners for half the time; and when obliged to separate for a couple of dances, were careful to stand together, and scarcely spoke a word to any body else. Such conduct made them, of course, most exceedingly laughed at; but ridicule ~~was~~ not shame, ~~and~~ seemed hardly to provoke them.

~~But~~ Dashwood entered into ~~all~~ their feelings with a warmth which left her no inclination for checking this excessive display ~~in~~ them. To her it was ~~but~~ ~~the~~ natural consequence of a strong affection in a young and ~~open~~ mind.

This was the season of happiness to Marianne. Her heart was devoted to Willoughby; ~~and~~ the fond attachment to Norland, which she brought with her from Sussex, was more likely to be softened than she had thought it possible before, by the charms which his society bestowed on her present home.

Elinor's happiness was not so great. Her heart was not so ~~fixed~~ at ~~will~~; nor ~~did~~ satisfaction in their ~~amusements~~ ~~is~~ pure. They afforded her no companion that could make amends for what she had left behind, nor that could teach her to think of Norland with less regret than ever. Neither Lady ~~and~~ nor Mrs. Jennings could supply to her ~~the~~ conversation she missed; although the latter was an everlasting talker, and from the ~~first~~ had regarded her with a kindness which ensured her a large share of her ~~attention~~. She had already repeated her own history to ~~Elinor~~ three or four times; and had ~~Elinor's~~ memory been equal to her means of improvement, ~~she~~ might have known, very early in her acquaintance, all the particulars of Mr. Jennings's last illness, and ~~what~~ he said to his ~~last~~ ~~in~~ minutes ~~before~~ he died. Lady ~~and~~ was ~~an~~ agreeable ~~to~~ ~~her~~ mother only ~~being~~ more silent. ~~Elinor~~ needed ~~her~~ observation ~~to~~ perceive that her ~~was~~ ~~a~~ mere calmness of ~~temper~~ ~~and~~ ~~which~~ ~~women~~ had nothing ~~to~~ do. Towards her ~~father~~ and mother she was the same as to them; and intimacy was, therefore, neither to be looked for nor desired. She had nothing to say one day that she had not said the day before. ~~The~~ insipidity was invariable, for even her spirits were always

the same ; and though she did not oppose the parties arranged by her husband, provided every thing were conducted in style, and her two eldest children attended her, she never appeared to receive more enjoyment from them than she might have experienced in sitting at home ; and so little did her presence add to the pleasure of the others, by her conversation, that they were only reminded of her being amongst them by her remarks about her favourite boys.

Colonel Brandon alone, of her new acquaintance, was a person who could, in any degree, respect of abilities, her friendship, or give pleasure as a companion. Willoughby was of the question. Her admiration and regard, her sisterly regard, was his own ; but he was a lover ; his attentions wholly Marianne's, and a far less agreeable man might have been more generally pleasing. Colonel Brandon, unfortunately for himself, was such encouragement to think only of Marianne, and in conversing with her the greatest consolation for the total loss of her sister.

Elton's compassion for her increased, she had reason to suspect that the misery of disappointed love had already been known to him. This suspicion was given by some words she accidentally dropped to him when sitting at the Park, when they were sitting down together by mutual consent, the others were dancing. His eyes were fixed on Marianne, and, after a silence of some minutes, he said, with a faint smile, " Your sister, I understand, does not approve of second attachments."

" No," replied Elton, " her opinions are all romantic."

" I rather, as I believe, she considers them impossible to exist."

" I believe she does. How she contrives without reflecting on the character of her father, who was a man of such wiles, I know not. A few years, however, will settle her opinions on the reasonable basis of common sense and observation ; and then they may be more easy to justify than they now are, by any body but herself."



"I will, probably, be the case," he replied; "yet there is something so amiable in the prejudices of a young mind, that one is sorry to see them give way to the reception of more general opinions."

"I agree with you there," said Elinor. "are attending as Marianne's, all the charms of ignorance the world atone for. The systems all the unfortunate tendency of setting propriety at naught; and a acquaintance with the world is what I had thought to be her greatest possible advantage."

After a short pause he resumed the conversation by saying,—

"Is your sister no distinction in her objections against a attachment? or is it equally criminal in every body? Are those who have been disappointed in their choice, whether the inconstancy of its object, or the perversion of circumstances, be equally indifferent during the rest of their lives?"

"Upon my word, I am not acquainted with the minutiae of her principles. I only know that I never yet her admit any instance of a attachment's being pardonable."

"This," said he, "cannot hold; but a change, a total change of sentiments—No, no, it is not; for when the romantic refinements of a young mind are obliged to give way, how frequently are they succeeded by such opinions as are but too common and too dangerous! I speak from experience. I once knew a lady who in temper and mind greatly resembled your sister, who thought and judged like her, who was enforced change—from a series of unfortunate circumstances——" Here he stopped suddenly; appeared to think that he had said too much, and by his rise conjectured which might not otherwise have entered his mind. The lady probably have passed without suspicion had he convinced her what ought not to escape his lips. As it was, it required but a slight effort of fancy to connect his emotion with the tender past regard. He attempted more

But Marianne, in her place, could have been so little. The whole story would have been speedily under her imagination; and every thing in her melancholy order of

## XII.

As Elinor and Marianne were walking together the next morning the latter communicated a piece of news to her sister, which, in spite of all that she knew before of Mr. Willoughby's imprudence and want of thought, surprised her by its extravagant testimony of both. Marianne told her, with the greatest delight, that Willoughby had given her a horse, one that he had bred himself on his estate in Somersetshire, and which would exactly correspond to carry a servant, considering that it was not in her mother's plan to keep any horse, that if she were to alter her resolution in favour of this gift, she must buy another for the servant, and keep a servant to ride it, and after all, build a stable to receive them, she had accepted the present without hesitation, and told her sister of it in raptures.

"He has put his name into the book immediately for it," she added, "and when it arrives we will ride every day. You shall share its use with me. Imagine yourself, my dear Elinor, the delight of galloping on these downs."

Most unwilling was she to awaken her sister a dream of felicity to comprehend all the unhappy truth which attended the affair; and for some time she refused to submit to them. As to an additional servant, the expense would be a trifle; mamma she was sure would never object to it; and any horse would do for Miss; he might always get one at the Park; as to a stable, the nearest shed would be sufficient. Elinor had ventured to doubt the propriety of her receiving such a present from a man so little, or at least so lately, known to her. This was too much.

"You are mistaken, Elinor," she, warmly, "in supposing I know very little of Willoughby. I have not known him long indeed; but I am much better acquainted with him than I am with any other creature in the world, except yourself and ~~himself~~. It is not time or opportunity that ~~is~~ to determine intimacy; it is disposition ~~that~~. Seven years would be insufficient to make some people acquainted with each other, and seven days are more than enough for others. I should hold myself guilty of greater impropriety in accepting a horse from my brother than ~~from~~ Willoughby. ~~For~~ ~~I~~ know very little, though we ~~have~~ lived together for years; ~~and~~ of Willoughby my judgment has long been formed."

~~She~~ thought ~~it~~ wisest ~~to~~ touch ~~on~~ point ~~as~~ more. ~~She~~ knew her sister's temper. Opposition ~~on~~ ~~as~~ tender ~~a~~ subject would only attach her the more to her ~~own~~ opinion. ~~She~~ by an appeal to her affection for her mother, by representing the inconveniences which that indulgent ~~mother~~ must draw ~~on~~ herself, if (as would probably ~~be~~ the ~~case~~) ~~she~~ consented to this increase of establishment, ~~she~~ was shortly subdued; and ~~she~~ promised not to ~~advise~~ her mother to such imprudent kindness by mentioning the offer, and ~~she~~ tell Willoughby, when she ~~met~~ him next, that ~~he~~ must be declined.

~~She~~ was faithful to her word; and when Willoughby called at the cottage, the same day, Elinor heard her express her disappointment to him in a low voice on being obliged to forego the acceptance of his present. The reasons for this alteration were at the same time related, ~~and~~ they were such as to make further entreaty on his side impossible. ~~His~~ concern, however, was very apparent; and ~~she~~ expressing it with earnestness, ~~she~~ added, in the same low voice, "But, Marianne, ~~the~~ horse ~~is~~ still yours, though you cannot use it now. I shall keep ~~it~~ only till you can claim it. When you leave Barton to form your own ~~settlement~~ in a more lasting home, Queen Mab shall receive you."

This was ~~she~~ overheard by Miss Dashwood; and in the whole of the sentence, in his manner of pronouncing it, and in his addressing her sister by her Christian name

alone, she instantly saw an intimacy so decided, a meaning so direct, as marked a perfect agreement between them. From that moment she doubted not of their being engaged to each other; and the belief of it created no other surprise than that she, or any of their friends, should be left by temper so frank, to discover it by accident.

Margaret related something of her own day, placed the matter in a clearer light. Willoughby spent the preceding evening with them; and Margaret, by being present in the parlour with only him and Marianne, had the opportunity for observations, which, in an important face, she communicated to her sister, when they were next by themselves.

"Oh, Elinor!" she cried, "I have such a story to tell you about Marianne. I am sure you will be interested in Mr. Willoughby very soon."

"You have said so," replied Elinor, "almost every day since they were on Highchurch Down; and they had known each other a week, I believe, before you saw that Marianne wore his picture round her neck; but it turned out to be only the miniature of her uncle."

"But indeed this is quite another thing. I am sure they will be married very soon, for he has got a lock of her hair."

"Take care, Margaret. It may be only the hair of her great uncle of his."

"But, indeed, Elinor, it is Marianne's. I am almost sure it is, and I saw him cut it off. Last night, after tea, when you and Marianne went out of the room, they were whispering and talking together as fast as could be, and she was begging something of her, and presently he took up her scissors and cut off a long lock of her hair, for it was all tumbled down her back; and he kissed it, and folded it in a piece of white paper; and put it into his pocket-book."

From these particulars, stated on such authority, Elinor could not withhold her credit; nor was she disposed to it, for the circumstance was in perfect unison with what she had heard of the young man.

Margaret's sagacity was not always displayed in a way so satisfactory to her sister. When Mrs. Jennings attacked her one evening at the Park, to give the name of the young man who was Elinor's particular favourite, which had long a matter of great curiosity to her, Margaret answered by looking at her sister, and saying, "I must not tell, I, Elinor?"

This of course made every body laugh; and Elinor tried to laugh too. But the effort was painful. She was convinced that Margaret had fixed on a person whose name she could not compose to herself as a standing joke with Mrs. Jennings.

Marianne felt for her most sincerely; but she did more harm than good to the cause, by turning very red, and saying in an angry manner to Margaret, —

"Remember that whatever your conjectures may be, you have no right to repeat them."

"I never had any conjectures about it," replied Margaret; "it was you who told me of it yourself."

This increased the mirth of the company, and Margaret was eagerly pressed to say something more.

"Oh, pray, Margaret, let us know all about it," said Mrs. Jennings. "What is the gentleman's name?"

"I can't tell, ma'am. But I know very well what it is; and I know where he is too."

"Yes, yes, we can guess where he is; at his own house in Norland to be sure. He is the curate of the parish, I dare say."

"No, that he is not. He is of no profession at all."

"Margaret," said Marianne, with great warmth, "you know that all this is an invention of your own, and that there is no such person in existence."

"Well, then, he is lately dead, Marianne, for I am sure there was such a man once, and his name begins with an F."

Most grateful did Elinor feel to Lady Middleton for observing, at this moment, "that it rained very hard," though she believed the interruption to proceed less from any attention to her, than from her ladyship's great dislike of all inelegant subjects of railery as delighted her husband

and mother. The idea, however, started by her, was immediately pursued by Colonel Brandon, who was on every occasion mindful of the feelings of others; much was said on the subject of rain by both of them. Willoughby opened the piano-forte, and asked Marianne to sit down to it; and thus amidst the various amusements of the people to quit the topic fell to the ground. But so easily did Elinor recover from the alarm into which she had thrown her.

A party was formed this evening for going on the following day to see a very fine place about twelve miles from Barton, belonging to a brother-in-law of Colonel Brandon, without whom it would not be possible to go. The proprietor, who was then abroad, had left strict orders on that head. The grounds were declared to be highly beautiful; and John, who was particularly warm in their praise, might be allowed to be a tolerable judge, for he had formed parties to visit them, at least, twice every summer for the last ten years. They contained a noble piece of water, — a sail on which was to form a great part of the morning's amusement: cold provisions were to be taken, open carriages only to be employed, and every thing conducted in the usual style of a complete party of pleasure.

To a few of the company it appeared rather a bold undertaking, considering the time of year, and that it had rained every day for the last fortnight; but Mrs. Dashwood, who had already a cold, was persuaded by the others to stay at home.

## CHAPTER VIII

THEIR intended excursion to Whitwell turned out very differently from what Elinor had expected. She was prepared to be wet through, fatigued, and frightened; but the event was still more unfortunate, for they did not go at all.

By ten o'clock the whole party were assembled at the

Park, where they were to breakfast. The morning was rather favourable, though it had rained all night, as the clouds were then dispersing across the sky, and the sun frequently appeared. They were all in high spirits and good humour, eager to be happy, and determined to submit to the greatest [ ] and hardships [ ] be other-

While they were [ ] the [ ] were brought in. Among the rest there was one for Colonel Brandon:—he took it, looked [ ] the direction, changed colour, and immediately [ ] room.

"[ ] [ ] Brandon?" said [ ] John.

Nobody could tell.

"I hope he has had no bad news," said Lady Middleton. "I [ ] something extraordinary [ ] make Colonel Brandon leave my breakfast [ ] suddenly."

In about five minutes [ ] returned.

"No bad news, Colonel, I hope?" said Mrs. Jennings, as soon [ ] entered the room.

"[ ] at all, ma'am, I [ ] you."

"Was it from Avignon? I hope [ ] is not to say that your sister is worse?"

"No, ma'am. It came from town, and is merely a letter [ ] business."

"But how came the hand [ ] discompose you so much, [ ] it was only a letter of business? Come, come, [ ] won't do, Colonel; so let us hear the truth of it."

"My dear madam," said Lady Middleton, "recollect what you are saying."

"Perhaps [ ] tell you that your cousin Fanny is married?" [ ] Jennings, without attending [ ] daughter's reproof.

"No, indeed, [ ] not."

"Well, then, I know who it is from, Colonel. And I hope she is well."

"Whom [ ] you mean, ma'am?" [ ] he, colouring a little.

"Oh! [ ] know [ ] mean."

"I [ ] particularly sorry, ma'am," [ ] he, addressing

Lady Middleton, "that I should receive this letter to-day, requires immediate attendance in town."

"In town!" said Mrs. Jennings. "Can you have to do in town at this time of year?"

"My own loss is great," he continued, "in being obliged to leave so agreeable a party; but I am the more concerned, as I fear my presence is necessary to gain your admittance at Whitwell."

What a blow upon them all was this!

"Can you write a housekeeper, Brandon," Marianne, eagerly, "will it be sufficient?"

He shook his head.

"We must go," said Sir John. "It must be put off when we are so near it. You cannot go to-morrow, Brandon, that is all."

"I wish it could be so easily settled. But it is not in my power to delay my journey for one day!"

"If you would but let us know what your business is," said Mrs. Jennings, "we might see whether it could be put off or not."

"You would not be six hours later," said Willoughby, "if you were to defer your journey till our return."

"I cannot afford to lose one hour."

Ellnor then heard Willoughby say, in a low voice to Marianne, "there are some people who cannot enjoy a party for pleasure. Brandon is one of them. He was afraid of catching cold, I dare say, and invented this trick for getting out of it. I would lay fifty guineas on his letter was of his own writing."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Marianne.

"There is no persuading you to change your mind, Brandon, I know of old," said Sir John, "when once you are determined on any thing. But, however, I hope you will think better of it. Consider: these are the three Miss Careys come over from Newton, the three Miss Dashwoods walked up from the cottage, and Mr. Willoughby got up two hours before his usual time, on purpose to go to Whitwell."

Colonel Brandon again repeated his sorrow at being the



cause of disappointing the party; but at the same time declared it to be unavoidable.

"Well, then, when will you come back again?"

"I hope we shall see you at Barton," added her ladyship, "as soon as you can conveniently leave town; and we must put off the party to Whitwell till you return."

"You are very obliging. But it is so uncertain when I may have ■ in my power to return that I dare not engage for ■ at all."

"Oh! he must and shall come back," cried Sir John. "If he is not here by the end of the week, I shall go after him."

"Ay, so do, Sir John," cried ■■■ Jennings, "and ■■■ perhaps you may find out what his ■■■■■ is."

"I do not want to pry into other men's concerns. I suppose ■ is something he is ashamed of."

Colonel Brandon's horses were announced.

"You do not go to town on horseback, do you?" added ■ John.

"No. Only to Honiton. I shall then go post."

"Well, as you are resolved to go, I wish you a good journey. But you had better change your mind."

"I assure you it is not in my power."

He then took leave of the whole party.

"Is ■■■ no chance of my seeing you and your sisters in town this winter, Miss Dashwood?"

"I am afraid, none at all."

"Then I must bid you farewell ■ a longer time than I should wish to do."

To Marianne, he merely bowed and said nothing.

"Come, Colonel," said Mrs. Jennings, "before you ■ do let us know what you are going about."

He wished her a good morning, and, attended by Sir John, left the room.

The complaints and lamentations which politeness had hitherto restrained now burst forth universally; and they all agreed again and again how provoking ■ was to be so disappointed.

"I can ■■■ what ■■■ business is, however," said Mrs. Jennings exultingly.

Can you, ma'am?" said almost every body.

"Yes; it is about Miss Williams, I am sure."

"And who is Miss Williams?" asked Marianne.

"What! do not you know who Miss Williams is? I am sure you must have heard of her before. She is a relation of the Colonel's, my dear; a very near relation. We will not say how near, for fear of shocking the young ladies." Then, lowering her voice a little, she said to Elzior, "She is his natural daughter."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, yes; and as like him as she can stare. I shall say the Colonel will leave her all his fortune."

When Sir John returned, he joined most heartily in the general regret on so unfortunate an event; concluding, however, by observing, that as they were all got together, they might do something by way of being happy; and after some consultation it was agreed, that although happiness could only be enjoyed at Whitwell, they might procure a tolerable composure of mind by driving about the country. The carriages were then ordered; Willoughby's was first, and Marianne never looked happier than when she got into it. He drove through the park very fast, and they were soon out of sight; and nothing more of them was seen till their return, which did not happen till after the return of all the rest. They both seemed delighted with their drive; but said only in general terms that they had kept in the lanes, while the others went on the downs.

It was settled that there should be a dance in the evening, and that every body should be extremely merry all day long. Some more of the Careys came to dinner; and they enjoyed the pleasure of sitting down nearly twenty to table, which Sir John observed with great contentment. Willoughby took his usual place between the two elder Miss Bennets. Miss Jennings sat on Elzior's right-hand; and they had not been long seated, before she leant behind her and Willoughby, and said to Marianne, loud enough for them both to hear, "I have found you out in spite of all your tricks. I know where you spent the morning."

Marianne coloured, and replied very hastily, "Where, pray?"

"Did ~~not~~ you know," said Willoughby, "that we had been out in ~~my~~ curriole?"

"Yes, yes, ~~the~~ Impudence, I know that very well, and I was determined to find out where you had been to. I hope you like your house, Miss Marianne. It ~~is~~ a very large one, I know; and when I come ~~to~~ see you, I hope you ~~will~~ have new-furnished it, for it ~~was~~ ~~very~~ much when I was there ~~some~~ years ago."

~~Some~~ away ~~in~~ great ~~delight~~. Mrs. Jennings laughed heartily; and ~~some~~ ~~delight~~ ~~in~~ her resolution to know where they had been, ~~and~~ ~~had~~ actually made her own woman enquire of Mr. Willoughby's groom; and that she had by that method been informed that they had gone to Allenham, and spent a considerable time there ~~in~~ walking about the garden, and going all over the house.

Elinor could hardly believe this to be true; as it seemed very unlikely that Willoughby should propose, or Marianne consent, to enter the house while Mrs. Smith was ~~in~~ it, ~~and~~ ~~some~~ ~~delight~~ ~~in~~ had not the smallest acquaintance.

As soon as they left the dining-room, Elinor enquired of her about it; and great was her surprise when she found that every circumstance related by Mrs. Jennings was perfectly true. Marianne was quite angry with her for doubting it.

"Why ~~should~~ you imagine, Elinor, that we did not go there, or that we did not see the house? ~~It~~ ~~is~~ ~~what~~ you have often wished to do yourself?"

"Yes, Marianne, but I would ~~not~~ go while Mrs. Smith was there, and with ~~any~~ other companion ~~than~~ Mr. Willoughby."

"~~Some~~ Willoughby, however, is the only person who can have a right to show that house; and as ~~he~~ went in an open carriage, it was impossible to have any other ~~delight~~ ~~in~~ panion. I never spent a pleasanter morning in my ~~delight~~ ~~in~~."

"I am afraid," replied Elinor, "that ~~the~~ pleasantness of an employment does not always evince ~~the~~ propriety."

"On the contrary, nothing can be a stronger proof of it, Elinor; for if there had been any real impropriety in what I did, I should have been sensible of ~~it~~ at the time,

for we always know when we are acting wrong, and a conviction I could have no pleasure."

"But, my dear Marianne, as it has already exposed very impertinent remarks, do you begin to of your own conduct?"

"If impertinence of Mr. Jennings are the proof of impropriety in conduct, we are all offending every moment of our lives. I value not her censure any more I her commendation. I am sensible having any thing wrong walking grounds, or in seeing her house. They will day Willoughby's, and."

"If they were one day to be your own, Marianne, you be justified in what you have done."

She blushed hint; but it was even visibly gratifying to her; and after a ten minutes' interval of thought, she came her sister again, and with great good humour, "Perhaps, Elinor, it rather ill-judged in go Allenhurst; but Mr. Willoughby wanted particularly to show me the place; it is a charming house I you. There is one remarkably pretty sitting up stairs; of a nice comfortable size for constant use, and with modern furniture it would be delightful. It is a corner room, and has windows on two sides. On one side you look across the bowling-green, behind the house, to a beautiful hanging wood, and on the other you have a view of the church and village, and, beyond them, of those fine bold hills that we have so often admired. I did not see it to advantage, for nothing could be more forlorn than the furniture; but if it were newly fitted up—a couple of hundred pounds, Willoughby says, would make it one of the pleasantest summer-rooms in England."

Could Elinor have listened to her without interruption others, would have described every room in the house with equal delight.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE sudden termination of Colonel Brandon's visit to the Park, with his steadiness in concealing its cause, filled the mind, and raised the wonder, of Mrs. Jennings for two or three days: she was a great wonderer, as every one must be who takes a very lively interest in all the comings and goings of all their acquaintance. She wondered, with little intermission, what could be the reason of it; was sure there must be some bad news, and thought over every kind of disaster that could have befallen him, with a fixed determination that he should not escape them all.

"Something very melancholy must be the matter, I am sure," said she. "I could see it in his face. Poor man! I am afraid his circumstances may be bad. The estate at Delaford was never reckoned more than two thousand a year, and his brother left every thing sadly involved. I think he must have been sent for about money matters, for what else can it be? I wonder whether it is so. I would give any thing to know the truth of it. Perhaps it is about Miss Williams — and, by the by, I dare say it is, because he looked so conscious when I mentioned her. May be she is ill in town; nothing in the world more likely, for I have a notion she is always rather sickly. I would lay any wager it is about Miss Williams. It is not so very likely he should be distressed in his circumstances now, for he is a very prudent man, and to be sure must have cleared the estate by this time. I wonder what it can be! May be his sister is worse at Avignon, and has sent for him over. His setting off in such a hurry seems very like it. Well, I wish him out of all his trouble, with all my heart, and a good wife into the bargain."

So wondered, so talked Mrs. Jennings. Her opinion varying every day with every conjecture, and every seeming equally probable as they arose. Eliza, though she felt really interested in the welfare of Colonel Brandon, could

not bestow **■** **■** wonder on his going so suddenly **■** which Mrs. Jennings was desirous of her feeling; for besides that the circumstance did not, in her opinion, justify such lasting **■** or variety of speculation, **■** wonder was otherwise disposed of. **■** was engrossed by the extraordinary silence of her sister and Willoughby on the subject, **■** they must know to **■** peculiarly interesting to **■** **■**. As this silence continued, every day **■** **■** appear more strange and more incompatible **■** the **■** position **■** **■**. Why they should **■** openly acknowledge to her mother and herself, what their constant behaviour to **■** other declared to have **■** place, **■** could not imagine.

She could easily conceive that marriage might not be immediately in their power; **■** though Willoughby was independent, there was no reason to believe him rich. **■** estate had been rated by Sir John at about six or seven hundred a year; but he **■** at an expense to which that income could hardly be equal, and he had himself often complained of his poverty. But for this strange kind **■** secrecy, maintained by them relative to their **■** which, in fact, concealed nothing at all, she could not account; and it was so wholly contradictory to their general opinions and practice, that a doubt sometimes entered her mind **■** **■** being really engaged, **■** **■** doubt **■** enough to prevent her making any enquiry of Marianne.

Nothing could be more expressive of attachment to them all than Willoughby's behaviour. To Marianne it had all the distinguishing tenderness which a lover's heart **■** give, and to the rest of the family **■** was the affectionate attention of a son and a brother. The cottage seemed to be considered and loved by him as his home; many more of his hours were spent there than at Allenhurst; and if no general engagement collected them at the Park, the exercise which called him out in the morning was almost certain of ending there, where the rest of the day was spent by himself **■** the side of Marianne, and by his favourite pointer at her feet.

One evening **■** particular, about a week after Colonel Brandon had left the country, his heart seemed more than

usually open to every feeling of attachment — the objects around him ; and on Mrs. Dashwood's happening to mention her design of improving the cottage in the spring, he warmly opposed every alteration of a place which affection had established as perfect with him.

"What !" he exclaimed — "improve this dear cottage ! That I will never consent to. Not a stone must be added to its walls, nor an inch to its size, if my feelings are regarded."

"Do not be alarmed," said Miss Dashwood, "nothing of the kind will be done ; for my mother will never have money enough to attempt it."

"I am heartily glad of it," he said. "May she always be poor, if she can employ her riches no better."

"Thank you, Willoughby. You may be assured that I would sacrifice one sentiment of local attachment of yours, or of any one whom I loved, for all the improvements in the world. Depend upon it that whatever unemployed sum may remain, when I make my journey in the spring, I would even rather lay it uselessly by than dispose of it in a manner so painful to you. But are you really so attached to this place as to see no defect in it ?"

"I am," said he. "To me it is faultless. Nay, more, I consider it as the only form of building in which happiness is attainable, and were I rich enough I would instantly pull Combe down, and build it up again in the exact plan of this cottage."

"With dark narrow stairs, and a kitchen that smokes, I suppose," said Elinor.

"Yes," cried he in the same eager tone, "with all and every thing belonging to it ; — in no one convenience or inconvenience would it, should the least variation be perceived. Then, and only, under such a roof, I might perhaps be as happy at Combe as I have been at Barton."

"I flatter myself," replied Elinor, "that, even under the disadvantage of better rooms and a broader staircase, you will hereafter find your own house as faultless as you now do this."

"There certainly are circumstances," said Willoughby, "which might greatly endear it to me ; but this place will

always have some claim on my affection, which I shall possibly share."

He then sat down with pleasure. Marianne, who had been standing, sat down expressively on Willoughby, and plainy looked at him.

"What did I wish," added he, "when I was at Barton twelve months, that Barton cottage were pressed within view of it without admiring the situation, and grieving that one could not see it? I then saw the very same news I saw from Mrs. Smith, when I came home to my country, that Barton cottage was taken; and I felt a satisfaction and interest in the event, and nothing but a sense of prescience of what happiness I should experience from it could account for. Must I have been Marianne?" speaking to her in a lowered voice. Then continuing in former tone, he said, "And yet this house you would spoil, Mrs. Dashwood? You would rob it of its simplicity by imaginary improvement! and the dear parlour in which our acquaintance first began, and in which so many happy hours have been spent by us together, you would degrade to the level of a common entrance, and every body would be obliged to pass through the passage which has hitherto contained within itself all the real modulation and comfort of any other apartment of the house. No dimensions in the world could possibly make it so."

Mrs. Dashwood again assured him of no alteration of the kind he attempted.

"What a good woman," he warmly replied. "Your promise makes me easy. Extend it a little farther, and it will make me happy. Tell me that only your person will remain the same, but that I shall ever see you and yours as unchanged as your dwelling; and that you will always remain with me with the same affection which has made every thing belonging to you so dear to me."

His promise was readily given, and Willoughby's behaviour during the whole of the evening declared at once the sincerity of his happiness.

"Will we see you to-morrow to dinner?" said Mrs. Dashwood, when he was leaving them. "I do not ask you



to come in this morning, for we must walk to the Park, to call on Lady Middleton."

He engaged to be with them by four o'clock.

## CHAPTER XV

Mrs. Dashwood's visit to Lady Middleton took place the next day, and two of her daughters went with her; but Marianne excused herself from being of the party, under some trifling pretext of employment; and her mother, who concluded that a promise had been made by Willoughby the night before of calling on her while they were absent, was perfectly satisfied with her remaining at home.

On their return from the Park they found Willoughby's father and mother in waiting at the cottage, and Mrs. Dashwood was convinced that her conjecture had been just. So far it was all as she had foreseen; but on entering the house she beheld what no foresight had taught her to expect. They were no sooner in the passage than Marianne rushed hastily out of the parlour apparently in violent affliction, with her handkerchief at her eyes, and without noticing them ran up stairs. Surprised and alarmed, they proceeded directly into the room she had just quitted, where they found only Willoughby, who was leaning against the mantel-piece with his back towards them. He turned round on their coming in, and his countenance showed that he strongly partook of the emotion which overpowered Marianne.

"Is any thing the matter with her?" cried Mrs. Dashwood, as she entered:—"is she ill?"

"I hope not," he replied, trying to look cheerful; and with a forced smile presently added, "It is I who may rather expect to be ill—for I am now suffering under a very heavy disappointment!"

"Disappointment!"

"Yes, for I am unable to keep my engagement with

you. Mrs. Smith this morning exercised the privilege of riches upon a poor dependent cousin, by sending me on \_\_\_\_\_ in London. I have just \_\_\_\_\_ my despatches, and \_\_\_\_\_ my farewell of Allenham; and by way \_\_\_\_\_ ex-  
\_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ now come \_\_\_\_\_ take my \_\_\_\_\_ of you."

"To London!—and \_\_\_\_\_ you going \_\_\_\_\_ morning?"

"Almost \_\_\_\_\_ moment."

"\_\_\_\_\_ is very unfortunate. \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Smith \_\_\_\_\_ is obliged; and her business will not detain you from \_\_\_\_\_ long, I hope."

He coloured as he replied, "You are very kind; \_\_\_\_\_ I have \_\_\_\_\_ of returning \_\_\_\_\_ Devonshire immediately. My visits \_\_\_\_\_ are never repeated within the twelvemonth."

"And \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Smith your only friend? Is Allenham the only house in the neighbourhood to which you will be welcome? For shame, Willoughby, can you wait for an invitation here?"

His colour increased; and, with \_\_\_\_\_ eyes fixed \_\_\_\_\_ ground, he only replied, "You are too good."

Mrs. Dashwood looked at Elinor \_\_\_\_\_ surprise. \_\_\_\_\_ felt equal amazement. For a few moments every one was silent. Mrs. Dashwood \_\_\_\_\_ spoke.

"I have only \_\_\_\_\_ add, my dear Willoughby, \_\_\_\_\_ at Barton cottage you will always be welcome; for I will not press you to return here immediately, because you only can judge how far that might be pleasing to Mrs. Smith; and on this head I shall be no more disposed \_\_\_\_\_ question your judgment than \_\_\_\_\_ doubt your inclination."

"My engagements \_\_\_\_\_ present," replied Willoughby, \_\_\_\_\_ fessedly, "are \_\_\_\_\_ such a nature—that—I \_\_\_\_\_ not \_\_\_\_\_ myself \_\_\_\_\_"

He stopt. \_\_\_\_\_ Dashwood was \_\_\_\_\_ much \_\_\_\_\_ speak, and another pause succeeded. This was broken by Willoughby, who said, with a \_\_\_\_\_ smile, "It is folly \_\_\_\_\_ linger in this \_\_\_\_\_ I will not torment myself \_\_\_\_\_ longer by remaining among friends whose society \_\_\_\_\_ is impossible \_\_\_\_\_ enjoy."

He then hastily took leave of them all, and left the room. They saw him step into his carriage, and in a minute \_\_\_\_\_ of sight.

\_\_\_\_\_ too much for speech, \_\_\_\_\_ instantly

quitted the parlour to give way in solitude to the concern and alarm which this sudden departure occasioned.

Elinor's uneasiness was at least equal to her mother's. She thought of what had just passed with anxiety and dis-  
 Willoughby's behaviour in taking leave of them, his embarrassment, ~~his~~ ~~of~~ cheerfulness, and, ~~all~~, his unwillingness to accept her mother's invitation, a backwardness so unlike a lover, so unlike himself, greatly disturbed her. ~~At~~ moment she feared that no serious design had ever been formed on his side; and the next that some ~~quarrel~~ quarrel had taken place between him and her sister: — the distress in which ~~Marianne~~ ~~had~~ ~~quitted~~ the room was such as a serious quarrel could most reasonably account for, though, when ~~she~~ ~~thought~~ ~~that~~ ~~her~~ ~~love~~ love for him was, a quarrel seemed almost impossible.

But whatever might be the particulars of their separation, ~~the~~ sister's affliction was indubitable; ~~she~~ thought with the tenderest compassion of that violent sorrow which Marianne was in all probability not merely giving way to as a relief, but feeding and encouraging as a duty.

In about half an hour her mother returned, and though her eyes were red, her countenance was not uncheerful.

"Our dear Willoughby is now some miles from Barton, Elinor," said she, as she sat down to work, "and with how heavy a heart does he travel?"

"It ~~is~~ all very strange. So suddenly to be gone! It seems ~~like~~ the work of a moment. And last night ~~he~~ was with us so happy, so cheerful, so affectionate? And now, ~~after~~ only ten minutes' notice, — gone, too, without intending to return! — Something more than what ~~we~~ owned to us must have happened. He did not speak, ~~he~~ did not behave like ~~himself~~. You must have seen the difference as well as I. What can it be? Can they have quarrelled? Why ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~he~~ have shown such unwillingness ~~to~~ accept your invitation here?"

"It was not inclination ~~that~~ he wanted, Elinor; ~~he~~ could plainly see ~~that~~. ~~He~~ had not the power of accepting ~~it~~. I have thought ~~it~~ all over, I assure you, and I can perfectly account for every thing that ~~he~~ first seemed strange to me as well as to you."

" Indeed?"

" Yes. I explained it myself in a more satisfactory way; you, Elmer, who are where you can — it will not satisfy you, I know; but you shall talk me out of my trust in it. I am persuaded that you suspect me regard for Marianne, disapproves it (perhaps because she has other views for him), and on account is eager to get him away; and that the business which sends him off to is invented as a disguise for him. It is what I believe to have happened. He is, moreover, aware that she disapproves his connection; he dares not therefore at present give in to her engagement with Marianne, he is obliged, from his dependent situation, to give in to her schemes, and absent himself from Devonshire for a while. You will tell me, I know, that this may or may not have happened; but I will listen to no cavil, unless you can point out any other method of understanding the affair as satisfactory as this. And now, Elmer, what have you to say?"

" Nothing, for you have anticipated my answer."

" Then you would have told me, that it might or might not have happened. Oh, Elmer, how incomprehensible are your feelings! You had rather take evil upon credit than good. You had rather look out for misery for Marianne, and guilt for poor Willoughby, than an apology for the latter. You are resolved to think him blamable, because he took leave of us with less than his usual behaviour has shown. And is an allowance to be made for his inadvertence, or his spirits depressed by recent disappointment? Are his probabilities to be accepted, merely because they are not certainties? Is nothing due to the man whom we have all so much reason to love, and no reason in this world to think ill of? To the possibility of motives unanswerable in themselves, though unavoidably secret for a while? And, after all, what is it you suspect him of?"

" I can hardly tell you myself. My suspicion is something unpleasant in the nature of an alteration as we have just witnessed in the truth, however, in what you have now urged

allowance which ought to be made for him, and it is my wish to be candid in my judgment of every body. Willoughby may, undoubtedly, have very sufficient reasons for his conduct, and I will hope that he has. He is more like Willoughby to acknowledge at once. Secrecy may be advisable; but still I help wondering at his being practised by him."

"Do not depart from him, however, in departing from his character, where deviation is necessary. But you really do not see the justice of what I have said in his defence? — I am happy — and he is acquitted."

"Entirely. It may be proper to conceal engagements (if they are engaged) from Mrs. Smith; and if that is the case, it is highly expedient for Willoughby to be little in Devonshire at present. This is no excuse for their concealing it from us."

"Concealing it from us! my dear child, do you accuse Willoughby and Marianne of concealment? This is strange, indeed, when your eyes have been reproaching them every day with incautiousness."

"I want no proof of their affection," said Elinor, "but of their engagement I do."

"I am perfectly satisfied of both."

"Yet not a syllable has been said to you on the subject by either of them."

"I have wanted syllables where they have spoken so plainly. Their behaviour to me, to all of us, at least the last fortnight, that he loved me considered her as his future wife, and our attachment of the relation? Have we not perfectly understood each other? Has not my consent been daily asked by his looks, his manner, his attentive respect? My Elinor, is it possible to doubt their engagement? How could such a thought occur to you? It is to be supposed that Willoughby, perceiving the nature of your sister's love, should leave her, and perhaps for months, telling her nothing of your sister's love, should leave her, — that they should part without an exchange of confidence?"

"I confess," replied Elinor, "every circumstance,

except one, is in favour of their engagement ; but that one is the total silence of both on the subject, and with me it almost outweighs every other."

"How strange it is ! You must think wretchedly indeed of Willoughby, if, after all that has openly passed between them, you can doubt the nature of the connection they are together. Is he not acting a part in his behaviour to your sister at this time ? Do you really think so ?"

"No, I do not think that. He must and does love her, I am sure."

"But with a strange kind of tenderness, if he can leave her with such indifference, such carelessness of her future as you attribute to him."

"You must remember, my dear mother, that I have never considered this matter as certain. I have had my doubts, I confess ; but they were fainter than they were, and they may now be entirely done away. If I find they correspond, every fear of mine will be removed."

"A mighty concession indeed ! If you were to see him at his altar, you would suppose they were going to be married. Ungracious girl ! But I require such proof. Nothing in my opinion has ever passed to justify doubt ; no secrecy has been attempted ; all has been uniformly open and unreserved. You cannot doubt your sister's wishes. It must be Willoughby, therefore, whom you suspect. But why ? Is he not a man of honour and feeling ? Has there been any inconsistency on his side to create alarm ? can he be so wicked ?"

"I hope not, I believe not," said she. "I love Willoughby, sincerely love him ; and suspicion of his integrity is more painful to yourself than it is to him. It has been involuntary, and I do not encourage it. I was startled, I confess, by the alteration in his manners the morning : but I do not speak of himself, but of his behaviour to your kindness with any cordiality. But all this may be explained by such a situation of his affairs as you have supposed. He had just parted from my sister, had seen her leave him in the greatest affliction ; and if he felt obliged, from a fear of offending Mrs. Smith, to resist the

temptation of returning here soon, and yet aware that by declining your invitation, by saying that he was going away for some time, he should seem to act an ungenerous, a suspicious part by our family, he might well be embarrassed and disturbed. In such a case, a plain and open avowal of his situation would have been more to his honour, I think, as well as more consistent with his general character; — I have no objections against any one's making a foundation, or a judgment in judgment myself, or a deviation from what I may think right consistent."

"You speak very properly. Willoughby certainly does not deserve to be suspected. Though we have not known him long, he is no stranger in this part of the world; who would have spoken to his disadvantage? Had he been in a situation to dependently and marry immediately, might have been odd that he should leave me without acknowledging every thing to me at once: but this is not the case. His engagement in respects not prosperously begun, for their marriage must be at a very uncertain distance; and even secrecy, as far as it can be observed, may be very advisable."

They were interrupted by the entrance of Margaret; and Elinor was then at liberty to think upon the representations of her mother, to acknowledge the probability of many, and hope for the justice of all.

They saw nothing of Mr. Willoughby at dinner-time, when she entered the room and took her place without saying a word. His eyes were red and swollen; and as his her tears were even then visible in his faculty. The looks of them all, could neither speak, and after some time, on her mother's silently pressing her hand with tender compassion, she small degree was quite overcome, she burst into tears and left the room.

Her violent oppression of spirits continued the whole evening. She was without power, she was without any command over herself. The slightest thing relative to Willoughby overpowered her in an instant; and though her family were present,

ously attentive to her comfort, it was impossible for them if they spoke at all, to keep clear of every subject which her feelings connected with him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MARIANNE would have thought herself very inexcusable had she been able to sleep at all the first night after parting from Willoughby. She would have been ashamed to look her family in the face the next morning, had she not risen from her bed in more need of repose than when she lay down in it. But the feelings which made such composure a disgrace, left her in no danger of incurring it. She was awake the whole night, and she wept the greatest part of it. She got up with a headach, was unable to talk, and unwilling to take any nourishment; giving pain every moment to her mother and sisters, and forbidding all attempt at consolation from either. Her sensibility was potent enough!

When breakfast was over she walked out by herself, and wandered about the village of Allensham, indulging the recollection of past enjoyment, and crying over the present reverse for the chief of the morning.

The evening passed off in the equal indulgence of feeling. She played over every favourite song that she had then used to play to Willoughby, every air in which their voices had been oftener joined, and sat at the instrument gazing on every line of music that he had written out for her, till her heart was so heavy that no farther sadness could be gained; and this nourishment of grief was every day applied. She spent whole hours at the piano-forte, alternately singing and crying; her voice often totally suspended by her tears. In books, too, as well as in music, she courted the misery which a contrast between the past and present was always of giving. She read nothing but what they had been used to read together.

Her violence of grief indeed could not be supported



for ever ; it sunk within a few days into a calmer melancholy ; but these employments, to which she daily recurred, her solitary walks and silent meditations, still produced occasional effusions of sorrow as lively as ever.

No [redacted] from Willoughby came ; and [redacted] seemed expected by Marianne. Her mother [redacted] surprised, and Elinor again became uneasy. But Mrs. Dashwood [redacted] could find explanations whenever she [redacted] them, [redacted] at least satisfied herself.

"Remember, Elinor," said she, "how very often Sir John fetches our letters himself from the post, [redacted] carries them to it. [redacted] have already agreed that secrecy may be necessary, and we must acknowledge that it could not be maintained if their correspondence were to pass through Sir John's hands."

Elinor could not deny the truth of this, and she tried to find in it a motive sufficient for their silence. But there was one method so direct, so simple, and in her opinion so eligible of knowing the real state of the affair, and of instantly removing all mystery, that she could not help suggesting it to her mother.

"Why do you [redacted] ask Marianne at once," said she, "whether she is or is not engaged to Willoughby ? From you, her mother, and so kind, so indulgent a mother, the question could not give offence. It would be the natural result of your affection for her. She used to be all unreserve, and to you more especially."

"I would not ask such a question for the world. Supposing [redacted] possible that they are [redacted] engaged, [redacted] distress would not such an enquiry inflict ! At [redacted] rate it would be most [redacted]. [redacted] should never deserve her confidence again, [redacted] forcing from her a confession of what is [redacted] [redacted] present to be unacknowledged to any one. I [redacted] Marianne's heart : I know that she dearly loves [redacted] and that I shall not be the last to whom the affair is made known, [redacted] circumstances make the revelation of it eligible. I would not attempt to force [redacted] [redacted] of any one ; of a child much less ; because a [redacted] of duty [redacted] prevent [redacted] denial which her [redacted] might direct."

thought this generosity overstrained, considering youth, urged farther, in vain; common sense, common care, common prudence, were all sunk in Mrs. Dashwood's romantic delicacy.

It was several days before Willoughby's name was mentioned before Marianne by any of her family; Sir John and Mrs. Jennings, indeed, were not so nice; their wittiness added pain to many a painful hour; one evening, Mrs. Dashwood, accidentally taking a volume of Shakspeare, exclaimed, —

— We have *Hamlet*, Marianne; but Willoughby went away before we could get through it. We will put it by, that when he comes again —; but it may be months, perhaps, before he happens."

"Months!" cried Marianne, with strong surprise. "No — nor many weeks."

Mrs. Dashwood was sorry for what she said; but it gave Elinor pleasure, as it produced a reply from Marianne expressive of confidence in Willoughby's knowledge of his intentions.

One morning, about a week after his leaving the country, Marianne was prevailed on to join her sisters in their usual walk, instead of wandering away by herself. Hitherto she had carefully avoided every companion in her rambles. If her sisters intended to walk on the downs, she directly went away towards the lanes; if they went to the valley, she was as speedy in climbing the hills, and the others set out. But at length she was secured by the exertions of Elinor, who greatly disapproved such seclusion. They went along through the valley, chiefly in silence, for Marianne's grief was controlled, Elinor, with gaining one point, attempted to divert her. Beyond the valley, where the country, though rich, was less fertile, more open, a long stretch of road which they had been coming to Barton lay before them; and reaching a point they stopped around them, and examine a prospect which formed the distance from their view from the cottage, from a spot which they had never happened to reach in any of their walks before.

Amongst the objects in the scene, they soon discovered an animated one; it was a man on horseback riding towards them. In a few minutes they could distinguish him to be a gentleman; and in a moment Marianne turiously exclaimed, —

"It is he — it is indeed; — I know it is!" and was hastening to meet him, when Elinor cried out, —

"Indeed, Marianne, I think you are mistaken. It is not Willoughby. The person is not tall enough for him, and has not his air."

"He has, he has," cried Marianne, "I am sure he has. His air, his coat, his horse. I knew how soon he would come."

She walked eagerly on as she spoke; and Elinor, to Marianne's particularity, was not at all certain of being Willoughby, quickened her pace and kept with her. They were soon within thirty yards of the gentleman. Marianne looked again; her heart sunk within her; and abruptly turning round, she was hurrying back, when the voices of both her sisters were raised to detain her; a third, almost as well known as Willoughby's, joined them in begging her to stop, and she turned round with surprise to see and welcome Edward Ferrars.

He was the only person in the world who could in a moment be forgiven for not being Willoughby; the only one who could have gained a smile from her; but she dispersed her tears to smile on him, and in her sister's happiness forgot for a time her own disappointment.

He dismounted, and giving his horse to his servant, went with them to Barton, whither he was purposely coming to visit them.

He was welcomed by them all with great cordiality, but especially by Marianne, who showed more warmth of regard in her reception of him than even Elinor herself. Marianne, indeed, the meeting between Edward and her sister was but a continuation of that unaccountable behaviour she had often observed at Norland in their mutual behaviour. Now, on this side, more particularly, there was a deficiency of all that a lover ought to look and say on such an occasion. He was confused, scarcely of pleasure

seeing them, looked ■■■■ rapturous ■■ gay, said ■■■■ but what was ■■■■ ■■■■ by questions, and distinguished Elinor by no mark of attention. ■■■■ saw and listened with increasing surprise. She began almost to feel a dislike ■ Edward; and it ended, as every feeling must ■■ with her, by carrying back her thoughts ■ Willoughby, ■■■■ manners ■■■■ ■■■■ sufficiently striking to ■■■■ of his ■■■■ elect.

■■■ a short silence which ■■■■ the first surprise and enquiries of meeting, ■■■■ asked Edward ■ he came directly from London. No, he had been in Devon- ■■■■ ■ fortnight.

"A fortnight!" she repeated, surprised ■■■■ being so long ■ the ■■■■ county ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ seeing her before.

He looked rather distressed as he added, that ■■■■ been staying with some friends near Plymouth.

"Have you ■■■■ lately in Sussex?" said Elinor.

"I ■■■■ at Norland about ■ month ago."

"■■■ ■■■■ does dear, dear Norland look?" cried Marianne.

"Dear, dear Norland," said Elinor, "probably looks much ■ it always does at ■■■■ time of year. The woods and ■■■■ thickly covered with dead leaves."

"Oh," ■■■■ Marianne, "with what transporting ■■■■ sations ■■■■ I formerly ■■■■ them fall! ■■■■ have I delighted, as I walked, to see them driven in ■■■■ about me by the wind! What feelings have they, the season, the air altogether inspired! Now there ■■■■ ■■■■ regard them. They are ■■■■ only as a nuisance, swept hastily off, ■■■■ ■■■■ as much ■ possible from ■■■■ sight."

"■■■ ■■■■ every one," said Elinor, "who has your passion ■■■■ ■■■■ leaves."

"No; ■■■■ feelings are not often shared, ■■■■ often understood. ■■■■ ■■■■ they are." As she said this, she ■■■■ ■■■■ a reverie for a few moments; but rousing herself again, "Now, Edward," ■■■■ she, calling ■■■■ attention to ■■■■ prospect, "here ■■■■ ■■■■ valley. Look up it, and be tranquil if you can. Look at those hills. Did you ever see their equals? To the left is Barton Park, amongst those

woods and plantations. You may see the end of the house. And there, ~~across~~ that farthest hill, which rises with such grandeur, ~~is~~ our cottage."

"It is a beautiful country," he replied; "but these bottoms must be dirty in winter."

"How can you think of dirt, ~~with~~ such objects before you?"

"Because," replied he, smiling, "among the rest of the objects before me, I see a very dirty lane."

"How strange!" ~~said~~ Marianne ~~to~~ herself, ~~as~~ ~~she~~ ~~went~~ ~~on~~.

"Have you an agreeable neighbourhood here? Are the ~~neighbours~~ pleasant people?"

"No, not all," answered Marianne; "we ~~are~~ ~~are~~ ~~are~~ more unfortunately situated."

"Marianne," cried her sister, "how ~~can~~ you say so? How can y~~ou~~ be so unjust? They are a very respectable family, Mr. Ferrars; and towards us have behaved in the friendliest ~~manner~~. Have you forgot, Marianne, how many pleasant days ~~we~~ have owed to them?"

"No," said Marianne, in a low voice, "nor how many painful moments."

Elinor took ~~no~~ notice of this; and directing her attention to ~~the~~ visitor, endeavoured to support something like ~~dis-~~  
~~com-~~ ~~fort~~ him, by talking ~~of~~ their present residence, ~~the~~ conveniences, &c. extorting from him occasional questions ~~and~~ remarks. ~~His~~ coyness and reserve ~~exas-~~ ~~perated~~ ~~her~~ severely; ~~and~~ ~~she~~ vexed and half angry; ~~and~~ resolving to regulate her behaviour to him by the past rather than the present, ~~she~~ ~~expressed~~ every ~~appearance~~ of ~~displeasure~~ ~~or~~ ~~dis-~~  
pleasure, ~~and~~ ~~viewed~~ him ~~as~~ she thought ~~he~~ ought to be treated from the family connection.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Dashwood was surprised only for a moment at seeing him; for his coming to Barton was, ~~in~~ her opinion, of all

things the most natural. Her joy and expressions of regard long outlived her wonder. He received the warmest welcome from her; her shyness, coldness, reserve could not stand against such a reception. They had begun to fail him before he entered the house, and they were quite overcome by the captivating manners of Mrs. Dashwood. Indeed a man could not very well be in love with either of her daughters, without extending the passion to her; and Elton had the satisfaction of seeing him soon become more so. His attentions seemed to re-animate towards all, and the family in their welfare again became perceptible. He was to the spirits, however; he praised the house, the prospect, was attentive and kind; but still he was to the spirits. The whole family perceived it; and Mrs. Dashwood, attributing it to some of her mother, lay down in a table indignant against all parents.

"What are Mrs. Ferrars's views on you, Edward?" said she, when she was over, and they had drawn round the fire; "are you still to be a great orator in spite of yourself?"

"No. I hope my mother is convinced that I have no more talents than inclination for a public life."

"But how is your fame to be established? for you must be to satisfy all your family; no inclination for expense, no affection for strangers, no profession, and you may find it a matter."

"I shall attempt it. I have no wish to be distinguished; and I have every reason to hope I never shall. Thank Heaven! I cannot be forced into genius and eloquence."

"I have no ambition, I well know. Your wishes are moderate."

"As moderate as those of the rest of the world, I believe. I wish, as well as every body else, to be perfectly happy; but, as every body else, I must do my way. I cannot make me an."

"Stranger if it were!" cried Mrs. Ferrars. "What have you or grandeur to do with happiness?"

"Grandeur has but little," said Elinor, "but wealth has much to do with it."

"Elinor, ■■■ shame!" said Marianne; "money can only give happiness where there is nothing else to give it. Beyond a competence, ■■■ can afford no real satisfaction, as far as mere self is concerned."

"Perhaps," said Elinor, smiling, "we may come to the same point. Your competence and my wealth are very much alike, I dare say; and without them, as the world goes now, we shall both agree that every kind of ■■■ comfort must be wanting. Your ■■■ are only more noble than mine. Come, what is your competence?"

"About eighteen hundred or two thousand a year; ■■■ more than that."

Elinor laughed. "Two thousand a year! One is my wealth! I guessed how it would end."

"And yet two thousand a year is a very moderate income," said Marianne. "■ family cannot well be maintained on a smaller. I am sure I am not extravagant in my demands. A ■■■ establishment of servants, ■■■riage, perhaps two, and hunters, cannot be supported on less."

Elinor smiled again, to hear her sister describing so accurately their future ■■■■■ at Combe Magna.

"Hunters!" repeated Edward—"but why must you have hunters? Every body does ■■■ hunt."

Marianne coloured as ■■■ replied, "But ■■■ people do."

"I wish," said Margaret, striking out a novel thought, "that somebody would give us all a large fortune apiece!"

"Oh ■■■ they would!" ■■■ Marianne, her eyes sparkling with animation, and her cheeks glowing with the delight of such imaginary happiness.

"We are all unanimous in that wish, I suppose," said Elinor, "in spite of the insufficiency of wealth."

"Oh dear!" cried Margaret, "how happy I should be! I wonder what I should do with it!"

Marianne looked as if she had no doubt on that point.

"I should be puzzled to spend a large fortune myself,"

said Dashwood, "if my children were all to be help."

"You begin your improvements on this house," Elinor, "your difficulties soon vanish."

"What magnificent orders would this family London," Edward, "in such an event! What a happy day for booksellers, music-sellers, and print-shops! You, Miss Dashwood, would give a general commission for every new print of merit to be sent you—and as for Marianne, I her greatness of soul, there enough London to her. And books!—Thomson, Cowper, Scott—she buy all again: she would buy up every copy, I believe, prevent their falling into unworthy hands; and would have every book that tells her how admire an old twisted tree. Should you, Marianne? Forgive me, if I am very saucy. But I willing show you that I had not forgot our old disputes."

"I love to reminded of the past, Edward—whother it be melancholy or gay, I love to recall it—and you will never offend me by talking of former times. You are very right in supposing how my money would spent—some of it, at least—my loose cash would certainly be employed in improving my collection of music and books."

"And the bulk of your fortune would be laid out in annuities on the authors or their heirs."

"No, Edward, I have something to do with it."

"Perhaps, then, you would bestow it as a reward on that person who wrote the ablest defence of your favourite maxim, that no one can ever be in love more once their life—for your opinion on that point is unchanged, I presume?"

"Undoubtedly. At my of my opinions are tolerably fixed. It is not likely that I should now see or hear any thing to change them."

"Marianne is as steadfast as ever, you see," said Elinor, "not at all altered."

"She is only grown a little more grave than she was."



"Nay, Edward," said Marianne, "you need not reproach me. You are not very gay yourself."

"Why should you think so?" replied he, with a sigh. "But gaiety never was a part of my character."

"Nor do I think it a part of Marianne's," said Elinor; "I should hardly call her a lively girl—she is very earnest, very eager in all she does—sometimes talks a great deal, and always with animation—but she is not often really merry."

"I believe you are right," he replied, "and yet I have always set her down as a lively girl."

"I have frequently detected myself in such kind of mistakes," said Elinor, "in a total misapprehension of character in some point or other: fancying people so much more gay or grave, or ingenious or stupid, than they really are, and I can hardly tell why, or in what the deception originated. Sometimes one is guided by what they say of themselves, and very frequently by what other people say of them, without giving one's self time to deliberate and judge."

"But I thought it was right, Elinor," said Marianne, "to be guided wholly by the opinion of other people. I thought our judgments were given us merely to be subservient to those of our neighbours. This has always been my doctrine, I am sure."

"No, Marianne," said Elinor, "my doctrine has been the subject of the understanding. All I have attempted to influence has been the behaviour. You must confound my meaning. I am guilty, I confess, having often wished you to be more acquainted in general with greater attention; but when I saw you adopt such a judgment or conform to such a judgment in serious matters?"

"You have not been able, then, to bring my sister over to your plan of general civility," said Elinor to Marianne. "Do you have no ground?"

"Quite the contrary," replied Elinor, looking expressively at Marianne.

"My judgment," he returned, "is all on your side of the question; but I am afraid my practice is much more

on your sister's. I never wish to offend, but I am so foolishly shy, that I often seem negligent, when I am only kept back by my natural awkwardness. I have frequently thought that I must have been reserved by nature to be fond of low company, I am so little in my ease among strangers in gentility!"

"I should not wish to excuse any reserve here," said Marianne.

"She knows her own worth too well for false shame," replied Edward. "Shyness is only the effect of a sense of inferiority in some way or other. If I could persuade myself that my manners were perfectly easy and graceful, I should not be shy."

"But you would not be reserved," said Marianne, "and that is worse."

Edward started — "Reserved! Am I reserved, Marianne?"

"Yes, very."

"I do not understand you," replied he, colouring. "Reserved! — how, in what manner? What can I tell you? What can you mean?"

Edwin looked surprised at his emotion; but trying to laugh off the subject, she said to him, "Do you know my sister well enough to understand what she means? Do not you know she calls every one reserved who does not talk as fast, and admire what she admires as rapturously as herself?"

Edward made no answer. His gravity and thoughtfulness returned on him in their fullest extent — and he sat in silence, time passing and dull.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Edwin saw, with great uneasiness, the low spirits of her sister. His visit afforded her but a very partial satisfaction, while her own enjoyment in it appeared so imperfect. It was evident that he was unhappy; and that it

were equally evident that he still distinguished her by the same affection which once she had felt no doubt of [redacted] spiring ; but [redacted] his [redacted] [redacted] preference seemed very uncertain ; and the reservedness of his manner towards her contradicted one moment what a more animated look had intimated the preceding one.

He joined her [redacted] [redacted] in the [redacted] the next morning before the others were down ; and Marianne, [redacted] was always eager to promote their happiness as far as she could, soon left them to themselves. But before she was half way up stairs she heard the parlour door open, and, turning round, was astonished to see Edward himself come [redacted]

" I am going into the village to see my horses," said he, " as you are not yet ready for breakfast ; I [redacted] be back again presently."

Edward returned to them with fresh admiration of the surrounding country : in his walk to the village he had seen many parts of the valley to advantage ; and the village itself, in a much higher situation than the cottage, afforded a general view of the whole, which had exceedingly pleased him. This was a subject which ensured Marianne's attention ; and she was beginning to describe her own admiration of these scenes, and to question him more minutely on the objects that had particularly struck him, when Edward interrupted her by saying, " You must not enquire too far, Marianne : remember I have no knowledge in the picturesque, and I shall offend you by my ignorance and want of taste if we come to particulars. I shall call hills steep, which ought to be bold ; surfaces strange and uncouth, which ought to be irregular and rugged ; and distant objects [redacted] sight, which ought only to be [redacted] through the soft medium of a hazy atmosphere. You must be [redacted] with such admiration as I can honestly give. I call it a very fine country, — the hills are steep, the woods seem full of fine timber, and the valley looks comfortable and snug, — with rich meadows and several neat farm houses scattered here and there. It exactly an-

sweers my ~~feet~~ of a fine country, because it unites beauty with utility—and I dare say it is a picturesque one too, because you admire it; I can easily believe it to be full of rocks and promontories, grey moss and brushwood, but these are all lost on me. I know nothing of the picturesque."

"I am afraid it is but too true," said Marianne; "but why should you boast of it?"

"I suspect," said Elmer, "that to avoid one kind of affectation, Edward here falls into another. Because he believes many people pretend to more admiration of the beauties of nature than they really feel, ~~and~~ is disgusted with such pretensions, he affects greater ~~moderation~~ ~~less~~ ~~moderation~~ viewing them himself than he possesses. He is fastidious, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ have an affectation of his own."

"It is very true," said Marianne, "that admiration of landscape scenery is become a mere jargon. Every body pretends to feel and tries to describe with the taste and elegance of him who first defined what picturesque beauty was. I detest jargon of every kind; and sometimes I have kept my feelings to myself, because I could find no language to describe them in but what was worn and hackneyed out of all sense and meaning."

"I am convinced," said Edward, "that you really feel all the delight in a fine prospect which you profess to feel. But, in return, your sister must allow me to feel no more than I profess. I like a fine prospect, but not on picturesque principles. I ~~do not~~ ~~and~~ crooked, twisted, blasted ~~and~~ I admire them much more if they are tall, straight, and flourishing. I do not ~~and~~ ruined, ~~watered~~ cottages. I am not fond of nettles or thistles, or heath ~~and~~ I have more pleasure in a ~~very~~ farm-house than a watch-tower,—and a troop of tidy, happy villagers please me better than the finest banditti in the world."

Marianne looked with amazement at Edward, with compassion at her sister. Elmer only laughed.

The subject was continued no further; and Marianne remained thoughtfully silent, till a new object suddenly ~~attracted~~ her attention. ~~and~~ ~~and~~ sitting by Edward, and,

In taking his tea from Mrs. Dashwood, his hand passed so directly before her, as to make a ring, with a plait of hair in the centre, very conspicuous on one of his fingers.

"I never saw you wear a ring before, Edward," she cried. "Is that Fanny's hair? I remember her promising to give you some. But I should have thought her hair had been darker."

Edward spoke inconsiderately what he really felt; but when she saw how much she had pained Edward, her own vexation at her want of thought could not be surpassed by his. He coloured very deeply, and, giving a momentary glance at Elinor, replied, "Yes; it is my sister's hair. The setting always makes a different colour on it, you know."

Edward had not his eye, and Elinor considered that. That the hair was her own, she instantaneously felt as well as Marianne; the only difference in her conclusions was, that what Marianne considered as a free gift from her sister, Elinor was conscious must have been procured by some theft or contrivance unknown to herself. She was not in a humour, however, to regard it as an affront; and affecting to take no notice of what passed, by instantly talking of something else, she internally resolved henceforward to catch every opportunity of eyeing the hair and of satisfying herself, beyond all doubt, that it was exactly the colour of her own.

Edward's embarrassment lasted some time, and he looked in an absence of mind still more settled. He was particularly so the whole morning. Marianne severely censured herself for what she had said; but her own forgiveness might have been speedy, had she known how much Edward had given her.

Before the middle of the day, they were visited by Sir John and Mrs. Jennings, who, having heard of the arrival of a gentleman at the cottage, came to take a survey of the guest. Sir John, the father of his mother-in-law, Sir John, was not long in discovering that the name of Ferrars began with an F. And this prepared a future mine of raffery against the devoted Elinor, which nothing but the newness of her acquaintance with him could have prevented from being immediately sprung. But, as it was only

learned, from some very significant looks, that his penetration, through Margaret's instructions, extended.

It never came in the Park that day, or to drink tea that evening. On the present occasion, for the better entertainment of their visitor, towards whom they were both anxious to contribute, they both.

"You must drink tea with us to-night," said he, "for we shall be quite alone; and to-morrow you must lute-ly dine with us, for we shall be a large party."

Miss Jennings enforced the necessity. "And who knows but you may have a dance?" said she. "And then we tempt you, Miss Marianne."

"A dance!" said Marianne. "Impossible! I am to dance?"

"Who! why yourselves, and the Careys, and Whitakers, to be sure. What! you thought nobody could dance because a certain person that shall be nameless is gone!"

"I will with all my soul," cried Sir John, "that Willoughby were among us again."

This, and Marianne's blushing, gave him suspicious Edward. "And who is Willoughby?" said he, in a low voice, to Miss Dashwood, by whom he was sitting.

She gave him a brief reply. Marianne's countenance was more communicative. He saw enough to comprehend, not only the meaning of others, but such of Marianne's expressions as had puzzled him before; and when their eyes met, he turned immediately round her, and said, in a whisper, "I have been guessing. Shall I tell you my guess?"

"What do you mean?"

"Shall I tell you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then; I guess that Mr. Willoughby hunts."

Marianne was surprised and confused, yet she could not help smiling at the quiet archness of his manner, and, in a moment's silence, said,—

"Oh, Edward! How can you?—But the time will come, I hope—I am sure you will like him."

"I do not doubt it," replied he, rather astonished at her earnestness and warmth; for had he not imagined E to be a joke for the good of her acquaintance in general, founded only on a something or a nothing between Mr. Willoughby and herself, he would not have ventured to mention it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

EDWARD remained a week at the cottage; he was earnestly pressed by Mrs. Dashwood to stay longer; but, as if he were bent only on self-mortification, he seemed resolved to be gone when his enjoyment among his friends was at the height. His spirits, during the last two or three days, though still very unequal, were greatly improved—he grew more and more partial to the house and environs—never spoke of going away without a sigh—declared his time to be wholly disengaged—even doubted to what place he should go when he left them—but still, go he must. Never had any week passed so quickly—he could hardly believe it to be gone. He said so repeatedly; other things he said, too, which marked the turn of his feelings, and gave the lie to his actions. He had no pleasure at Norland; he detested being in town; but either to Norland or London he must go. He valued their kindness beyond any thing, and his greatest happiness was in being with them. Yet he must leave them at the end of a week, in spite of their wishes and his own, and without any restraint on his time.

Elinor placed all that was astonishing in this way of acting to his mother's account; she was happy for her mother whose character was so imperfectly known to her, as to be the general excuse for every thing strange on the part of her son. Disappointed, however, and vexed as she was, and sometimes displeased with his uncertain behaviour to herself, she was very well disposed on the whole to regard his actions with all the candid allowances and generous qualifications, which had been

she painfully extorted from her, Willoughby's service, by her mother. His spirits, and consistency, most usually attributed to his independence, and his better knowledge of Ferrars's dispositions and designs. The shortness of his visit, and the necessity of his leaving them, origin. His own inclination, the inevitable necessity of temporizing with his mother. The old, well-established grievance of duty against will, parent against child, was the cause of all. She would have been glad to know when this opposition was to cease, this opposition was to yield, — when Ferrars would be reformed, when he would be at liberty to be happy. But from such vain wishes she was forced to turn for comfort to the renewal of her affection, the look or word which fell from him while at Barton, and above all, to the flattering proof which constantly round his finger.

"I think, Edward," said Dashwood, "they at breakfast the last morning, "you would be a happier man if you had any profession to engage your time and give interest to your plans and actions. Some inconvenience to your friends, indeed, might result from — you would be able to give them much of your time. But (with a smile) you would be materially benefited in one particular at least — you would know where to find them."

"I do know you," he replied, "I have long thought on this point as you think now. It has been, and is, probably will always be, a heavy misfortune to me, I have had no necessary business to engage me, no profession to give me employment, or afford me anything of independence. Unfortunately my poverty, and the nicety of my friends, have made me what I am, an idle, helpless being. We never could agree in our choice of a profession. I always preferred the church, as I still do. But I was not strong enough in my family. They recommended the army. That was a great deal too smart for me. The law was allowed to be genteel enough: many have been, who had been in the Temple, and



a very good appearance in the first circles, and in town in very knowing gigs. But I had no inclination for the law, even in the study of it, which my family approved. As the navy, I had fashion on its side, I was too old when the subject was first broached to enter it; and, in length, as there was no necessity for my having any profession at all, as I might be as dashing and expensive without a red coat on my back as with one, I was pronounced on the whole to be the most advantageous and honourable, as a young man of eighteen in general is earnestly bent on being busy as to what the satisfaction of his mind is to do nothing. I was entered at Oxford, and have been properly idle ever since."

"The consequence of which, I suppose, will be," said Mrs. Dashwood, "since leisure has not promoted your own happiness, your sons will be brought up as many pursuits, employments, professions and trades as Calumella's."

"They will be brought up," said he, in a serious accent, "to be as unlike myself as is possible. In feeling, in action, in condition, in every thing."

"Come, come; this is all an evasion of immediate duty of spirits, Edward. You are in a melancholy humour, and fancy that any one unlike yourself must be happy. Remember that the pain of parting will be felt by every body at times, whatever be their education or state. Know your own happiness. Have nothing but patience—or give it a more fascinating name, call it hope. Your mother will secure to you, in time, that independence you are so anxious for; it is her duty, and will, in long become her happiness to prevent your youth from being wasted in a few months do?"

"I think," replied Edward, "that I may defy many months to produce any good to me."

This desponding turn of mind, though not communicated to Mrs. Dashwood, gave additional pain to them all in the parting, which shortly took place, and the impression on Edward's feelings especially,

required some trouble and to But as it was her determination to subdue it, and to prevent herself from appearing to more than what all the family were going away, she did adopt so judiciously employed by Marianne, on a similar occasion, to augment her sorrow, by seeking silence, solitude, and Their as their objects, and equally advancement of

Elinor down in her drawing-table as was house, busily employed herself all day, sought nor avoided mention of her name, appeared herself as much as the general of the family; and if, by her conduct, she did not lessen her own grief, it was at least prevented from unnecessary increase, and her mother and were spared much solicitude on her account.

behaviour as this, so exactly the of her own, appeared meritorious Marianne, than her seemed faulty to her. The of self-command she settled very easily: — with strong affections it was impossible, with calm it could have merit. That her sister's affectionate calm, she dared not deny, though she blushed to acknowledge it; and of the strength of her own, she gave a very striking proof, by still loving and respecting her sister, in spite of this mortifying violation.

shutting herself up from her family, on leaving house determined solitude to avoid them, lying the night to indulge meditation, every day afforded her leisure enough of Edward, of Edward's behaviour, in every possible variety state of her spirits at produce, — with tenderness, pity, approbation, abundance, when, if not by the absence of her mother and sisters, least by of their employments, was forced among them, and every effect solitude was produced. inevitably at liberty; her thoughts could not be chained elsewhere; the past and the future, a subject so interesting, must be before her,

must force her attention, and engross her memory, her reflection, and her fancy.

From a reverie of this kind, as she sat at her drawing-table, she was roused one morning, soon after Edward's leaving them, by the arrival of company. She happened to be quite alone. The closing of the little gate, at the entrance of the green court in front of the house, drew her eyes to the window, and she saw a large party walking up to the door. Amongst them were Sir John and Lady Middleton and Mrs. Jennings, but there were two others, a gentleman and lady, who were quite unknown to her. She was sitting near the window; and as soon as Sir John perceived her, he left the rest of the party to the ceremony of knocking at the door, and stepping across the turf, obliged her to open the casement to speak to him, though the space was so short between the door and the window as to make it hardly possible to speak at one without being heard at the other.

"Well," said he, "we have brought you some strangers. How do you like them?"

"Hush! they will hear you."

"Never mind if they do. It is only the Palmers. Charlotte is very pretty, I can tell you. You may see her if you look this way."

As Elinor was certain of seeing her in a couple of minutes, without taking that liberty, she begged to be

"Where is Marianne? Has she run away because we are come? I see her instrument is open."

"She is walking, I believe."

They were now joined by Mrs. Jennings, who had not patience enough to wait till the door was opened before she told her story. She came hallooing to the window, "How do you do, my dear? How does Mrs. Dashwood do? And where are your sisters? What! all alone! you will be glad of a little company to sit with you. I have brought my other son and daughter to see you. Only think of their coming so suddenly! I thought I heard a carriage last night, while we were drinking our tea, but it never entered my head that it could be them. I thought of nothing but

whether it might not be Colonel Brandon come back again ; so I said to Sir John, I do think I ~~hear~~ a carriage ; ~~perhaps~~ ~~is~~ Colonel Brandon come back again —”

~~Mr. Palmer~~ was obliged to turn from her, in the middle of her story, to receive the rest of the party : Lady Middleton introduced the two strangers ; ~~Mr.~~ Dashwood and Margaret came down stairs at the same time, and they all sat down ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~parlour~~ another, while ~~Mr.~~ Jennings ~~continued~~ her story ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~parlour~~ through the ~~parlour~~ ~~the~~ the parlour, attended by Sir John.

~~Mr. Palmer~~ was several years younger than Lady Middleton, and totally unlike her in every respect. ~~She~~ was ~~small~~ and plump, had a very pretty face, and the finest expression of good humour in it that could possibly be. Her manners were by no ~~means~~ so elegant as her sister's, but they were much more prepossessing. She came in with a smile, smiled all the time of her visit, except when she laughed, and ~~when~~ when she ~~went~~ away. Her ~~husband~~ ~~was~~ a grave looking young man of five or six and twenty, with ~~more~~ of ~~more~~ ~~more~~ and sense than his wife, but ~~with~~ ~~more~~ willingness to please or be pleased. He entered the room with ~~a~~ ~~little~~ of self-consequence, slightly bowed to the ladies, without speaking a word, and, ~~after~~ briefly surveying ~~the~~ and their apartments, took up a newspaper from the table, and continued to read it as long as he stayed.

Mrs. Palmer, on the contrary, who was strongly ~~endowed~~ ~~by~~ nature with a turn for being uniformly civil and happy, was hardly seated before her ~~eyes~~ of ~~the~~ parlour and every thing ~~in~~ ~~the~~ burst forth.

“ ~~What~~ what a delightful room ~~it~~ is ! ~~How~~ ~~much~~ saw any thing ~~so~~ charming ! Only think, ~~how~~ ~~much~~ improved ~~it~~ I was here last ! I always thought ~~it~~ a sweet place, ma'am ! (turning to ~~Mr.~~ Dashwood) but you have made ~~it~~ so charming ! Only look, sister, how delightful every thing is ! How I ~~like~~ like such a ~~place~~ myself ! Should not you, Mr. Palmer ? ”

Mr. Palmer made her no answer, and did not even raise his eyes from the newspaper.

“ Mr. Palmer does not hear me,” said she, laughing ; “ he never does sometimes. It is so ridiculous ! ”

was quite a new idea to Mrs. Dashwood; she had never been used to find wit in the inattention of any and could not help looking with surprise at them both.

Mrs. Jennings, in the mean time, talked on as loud as she could, and continued her account of their surprise, the evening before, on seeing their friends, without ceasing till every thing was told. Mrs. Palmer laughed heartily at the recollection of their astonishment, and every body agreed, two or three times over, that it had been quite an agreeable surprise.

"You may believe how glad we all were to see them," added Mrs. Jennings, leaning forward towards them, and speaking in a low voice as if she meant to be heard by no one else, though they were seated on different sides of the room; "but, however, I can't help wishing they had not travelled quite so fast, nor made such a long journey of it, for they came all round by London upon account of some business, for you know (nodding significantly and pointing to her daughter) it was wrong in her. I wanted her to stay at home and rest this morning, she would come with us; she longed so much to see you all!"

Mrs. Palmer laughed, and said she would not do her any harm.

"She expects to be confined in February," Mrs. Jennings.

Lady Middleton could no longer endure such a conversation, and therefore exerted herself to tell Mr. Palmer if there was any news in the paper.

"No, none at all," he replied, and read on.

"Here Marianne," cried John. "Now, Palmer, you shall see a monstrous pretty girl."

He immediately went into the passage, opened the front door, and ushered her in himself. Mrs. Jennings asked her, as soon as she appeared, if she had not been to Allenhurst; and Mrs. Palmer laughed so heartily at the question, as to show she understood it. Mr. Palmer looked on entering some minutes, then returned to his seat. Mrs. Palmer's eye was

now caught by the drawings which hung [redacted] the room. [redacted] up to examine them.

"[redacted] dear, how beautiful these are! Well, [redacted] delightful! [redacted] look, mamma, how sweet! I [redacted] they are quite charming; I could look [redacted] for ever." And [redacted] sitting down again, she very soon forgot that there were any such things in the room.

[redacted] Lady [redacted] to [redacted] away, [redacted] rose also, laid down the newspaper, [redacted] himself, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] around.

"My love, have you been asleep?" [redacted] his wife, laughing.

He [redacted] no answer; [redacted] only observed, [redacted] again examining [redacted] room, [redacted] it [redacted] very low pitched, and that [redacted] ceiling [redacted] crooked. He then made his bow, [redacted] departed with the rest.

Sir John had been very urgent with them all to spend [redacted] next day at the Park. Mrs. Dashwood, who [redacted] choose [redacted] dine with them oftener than they [redacted] the cottage, absolutely [redacted] on her [redacted] account; her daughters might do as they pleased. But they had no curiosity to [redacted] how Mr. [redacted] Palmer ate their dinner, [redacted] expectation of pleasure from them [redacted] any other way. They attempted, therefore, [redacted] to [redacted] themselves; [redacted] weather [redacted] uncertain, and [redacted] likely 'to [redacted] good. [redacted] John would not be satisfied,—the carriage should [redacted] them, and they [redacted] Lady Middleton too, though [redacted] not [redacted] their mother, pressed them. [redacted] Jennings and [redacted] Palmer joined [redacted] treaties,—all seemed equally anxious to avoid a family party; and the young ladies were obliged to yield.

"Why should they ask us?" said Marianne, as soon as they were gone. "The rent of this cottage is said [redacted] be low; but we have it on very hard terms, if we are to dine at the Park whenever any one is staying either with them or with us."

"They mean no less to be civil and kind to us now," said Elinor, "by these frequent invitations than by those which we received from them [redacted] weeks ago. The al-

teration is not in them, if their parties are grown tedious and dull. We must look for the change elsewhere."

## CHAPTER XX.

As the Miss Dashwoods entered the drawing-room of the Park the next day, at one door, Mrs. Palmer came running in at the other, looking as good humoured and merry as before. She took them all most affectionately by the hand, and expressed great delight in seeing them again.

"I am so glad to see you!" said she, seating herself between Elinor and Marianne; "for it is so bad a day I was afraid you might not come, which would be a shocking thing, as we go away again to-morrow. We must go, for the Westons come to us next week, you know. It was quite a sudden thing our coming at all; and I knew nothing of it till the carriage was coming to the door, and then Mr. Palmer asked me if I would go with him to Berton. He is so droll! He never tells me any thing! I am so sorry we cannot stay longer; however we shall meet again in town very soon, I hope."

They were obliged to put an end to such an expectation.

"Not go to town!" cried Mrs. Palmer, with a laugh; "I shall be quite disappointed if you do not. I could get the nicest house in the world for you, next door to ours in Hanover Square. You must come, indeed. I am sure I shall be very happy to chaperon you at any time till I am confined, if Mrs. Dashwood should not like to go into public."

They thanked her; but were obliged to resist all her

"Oh, my love," cried Mrs. Palmer to her husband, who just then entered the room, "you must help me to persuade the Miss Dashwoods to go to town this winter."

her love made no answer; and after slightly bowing to the ladies, began complaining of the weather.

"How horrid all this is!" said he. "Such weather makes every thing and every body disgusting. Dulness is as much produced within doors as without, by rain. It makes one detest all one's acquaintance. What the devil does Sir John mean by not having a billiard room in his house? How these people waste what is! Sir John is as stupid as the weather."

The rest of the company soon dropt in.

"I am afraid, Marianne," said Sir John, "you have been told to take your usual walk to Allenhurst to-day."

Marianne looked very grave, and said nothing.

"Oh, don't be so shy before us," said Mrs. Palmer; "for we know all about it, I assure you; and I admire your taste very much, for I think it is extremely handsome. We do not live a great way from him in the country, you know. Not above ten miles, I dare say."

"Nearer thirty," said her husband.

"Ah, well! there is not much difference. I never was at his house; but they say it is a sweet pretty place."

"As vile a spot as I ever saw in my life," said Mr. Palmer.

Marianne remained perfectly silent, though her countenance betrayed her interest in what was said.

"Very ugly?" continued Mrs. Palmer;—"then it must be some other place that is so pretty, I suppose."

When they were seated in the dining-room, Sir John regret that they were only eight all together.

"My dear," said he to his lady, "it is very provoking that we should be so few. Why did not you ask the to come to us to-day?"

"Did not I tell you, Sir John, what you spoke to me before, that it could not be done? They dined with us last."

"You and I, Sir John," said Mrs. Jennings, "not stand upon such ceremony."

"Then you would be very ill-bred," said Mr.



"My love, you [redacted] every body," [redacted] his wife with her usual laugh. "Do you know that you are quite rude?"

"I did not know I contradicted any body in calling your mother ill-bred."

"Ay, you may abuse me as you please," said the good-natured old lady; "you have taken [redacted] off my hands, and cannot give her back again. So there I have the whip hand of you."

[redacted] laughed heartily to think that her husband could not get rid of her; and exultingly said, she did not care how cross he was to her, as they must live together. [redacted] was impossible [redacted] any one to be more thoroughly good-natured, or more determined to be happy, than Mrs. Palmer. The studied indifference, insolence, and discontent of her husband gave her no pain; and when he scolded or [redacted] her, [redacted] was highly diverted.

"Mr. Palmer [redacted] a droll!" said she, in a whisper, to Elleanor. "He is always out of humour."

Elleanor [redacted] not inclined, [redacted] a little observation, [redacted] give him credit for being [redacted] genuinely and unaffectedly ill-natured or ill-bred [redacted] he [redacted] to appear. His temper might perhaps be a little soured by finding, [redacted] many others of his sex, that through some unaccountable bias in favour of beauty, [redacted] was the husband of a very silly woman,—but [redacted] knew that this kind of [redacted] was [redacted] [redacted] any [redacted] man [redacted] be lastingly hurt by it. It was rather a wish [redacted] distinction, [redacted] believed, which produced his contemptuous treatment of every body, and his general abuse of every thing [redacted] him. It was the desire of appearing superior to other people. The motive was too common to be wondered at; but the means, however they might [redacted] by establishing his superiority [redacted] ill-breeding, [redacted] [redacted] likely to attach any one to him except his wife.

"Oh, my dear Miss Dashwood," said Mrs. Palmer soon afterwards, "I have got such a favour to ask of you and your sister. Will you come and spend some time at [redacted] land this Christmas? Now, pray do,—and come while [redacted] Westons are with us. You cannot think how happy I shall

"I will be quite delightful!—My love," applying to her husband, "when you long to have the Miss Dashwoods at Cleveland?"

"Certainly," replied, with a sneer; "I go into Devonshire with no other view."

"There now," said lady, "you see Mr. Palmer expects you; and I refuse to come."

They eagerly and resolutely declined.

But indeed you must and shall come. I am sure you will like the things. The will be and will be quite delightful. You think place Cleveland is; and you are so now, Mr. Palmer is always going about the country canvassing against the election; and so many people come to dine with us I never saw before, it is quite charming! But, poor fellow! very fatiguing to him, for he is forced to make every body like him."

could hardly keep her she assented to the hardship of an obligation.

"How charming it will be," said Charlotte, "when he is in Parliament!—won't it? I shall laugh! It will be so ridiculous to see his letters directed to him with an M.P.—But do you know, he says, he will be frank for me? He declares he won't. Don't you, Mr. Palmer?"

Mr. Palmer took no notice of her.

"He cannot be writing, you know," continued; "it is quite shocking."

"No," he, "I said any thing so irrational. I palm all your abuses of language upon me."

"There now; you see how droll he is. This always the with him! Sometimes he won't speak for half a day together, and then he comes something so droll—all any thing in the world."

She surprised Elinor very much as they drawing-room, by asking her whether did not Mr. Palmer excessively.

"Certainly," said Elinor; "he seems very agreeable."

"Well, I am so glad you do. I thought you would, so pleasant; and Mr. Palmer is excessively pleased you and your sisters, I can you; and you can't

think [redacted] disappointed he will be if you don't come to Cleveland. I can't imagine why you should object to it."

Elinor was again obliged to decline her invitation; and, by changing the subject, put a stop to her entreaties. [redacted] thought [redacted] probable that as they lived [redacted] [redacted] county Mrs. Palmer might be [redacted] to give some [redacted] particular account of Willoughby's general character than could be gathered from the [redacted] partial acquaintance with him; and she was eager to gain from any one such a confirmation of his [redacted] as might [redacted] possibility [redacted] fear from [redacted]. She began by enquiring if they saw much of [redacted] Willoughby at Cleveland, [redacted] whether they were intimately acquainted with him.

"[redacted] dear, yes; I know [redacted] extremely well," replied Mrs. Palmer;—"[redacted] that I ever spoke to him, indeed; but I have seen him for ever in town. Some how or other I never happened [redacted] staying at Barton while he was [redacted] Allenham. Mamma saw him here once before; but I [redacted] [redacted] uncle at Weymouth. However, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] should have seen a great deal of him in Somersetshire, if it had not happened very unluckily that we should never have been in the country together. He is very little [redacted] Combe, I believe; but if he were ever so much there, I do not think Mr. Palmer would visit him, for he [redacted] in the opposition, you know, and besides it is such a way off. [redacted] know why you enquire about him, very well; your sister is to marry him. I am monstrous glad of it, for then I shall have her for a neighbour, you know."

"Upon my word," replied Elinor, "you know much more of the matter than I do, if you have any reason to suspect such a match."

"Don't pretend [redacted] deny it, because you know [redacted] is what every body talks of. I assure you I heard of [redacted] in my way through town."

"My dear Mrs. Palmer!"

"Upon my honour I did. I met Colonel Brandon Monday morning in Bond Street, just before we left town, and he told me of [redacted] directly."

"You surprise me very much. Colonel Brandon tell you of it! Surely you must be mistaken. [redacted] give such



for I think you ~~look~~ excessively pretty, and so does Mr. Palmer too, I am sure, though we could not get him to own it ~~last~~ night."

~~She~~ ~~was~~ respecting Willoughby was not very material; ~~any~~ testimony in his favour, however small, was pleasing ~~to~~ her.

"I ~~am~~ ~~am~~ glad ~~we~~ got acquainted ~~at~~ last," ~~she~~ ~~said~~. "And ~~I~~ hope we shall always ~~be~~ friends. You can't ~~imagine~~ how much I longed ~~to~~ see you. It ~~is~~ so delightful that you ~~live~~ live at ~~the~~ cottage. Nothing can be like it, to be sure. And I am so glad your sister ~~is~~ going to be well married. I hope you will be a great deal ~~at~~ ~~the~~ Magna. ~~It~~ ~~is~~ a ~~very~~ place, by ~~the~~ accounts."

"You ~~must~~ ~~have~~ been long acquainted with Colonel Brandon, have ~~you~~ you?"

"Yes, ~~a~~ great while; ever since my sister married. He ~~was~~ a particular friend of Sir John's. I believe," ~~she~~ ~~said~~, added, in a low voice, "he would have been very glad to have had ~~me~~, if ~~he~~ could. ~~My~~ John and Lady Middle ~~wished~~ wished it very much. But mamma did not think the match good enough for me, otherwise Sir John would have mentioned ~~it~~ to the Colonel, and we should have been married immediately."

"Did not Colonel Brandon know of ~~my~~ John's proposal ~~to~~ your mother before it ~~was~~ made? Had ~~she~~ ~~not~~ owned ~~it~~ ~~to~~ yourself?"

"Oh, no; ~~she~~ if mamma had not objected to it, I ~~should~~ ~~have~~ would have liked it of all things. ~~She~~ ~~had~~ ~~seen~~ seen me then ~~twice~~ twice, for it was before I left school. However, I am much happier as I ~~am~~ Mr. Palmer is just the ~~kind~~ of man I like."

## CHAPTER

THE Palmers returned to Cleveland the next day, and the two families at Barton were again left to entertain each

But this did not last long: Elmer had hardly got of her head,—had hardly dering Mr. Palmer's being a happy Mr. Palmer's acting so simply, with good abilities, unsuitableness which husband and wife,—before Sir John's and Mrs. Jennings's active zeal in the cause of society procured her some acquaintance see and observe.

In a morning's excursion to Exeter, they had met with ladies, whom Mrs. Jennings of discovering to be her relations, and this was enough for directly to the Park, as soon as present engagements at instantly way an invitation; and Lady was thrown into no blue alarm, on the return Sir John, by hearing that she was very soon to receive a visit from girls whom she had never in her life, of whose elegance—whose gentility even—she have proof; the her husband that subject went nothing all. Their being her relations, too, it much worse; and Mrs. Jennings's attempts at solation were, therefore, unfortunately founded, when she advised her daughter not to care about their being so fashionable; they were all cousins, must put up with one another. As it was impossible, however, to prevent their coming, Lady resigned herself to the idea of it with all the philosophy of a well-bred contenting with merely giving her a gentle reprimand on the subject as every day.

The young ladies arrived: their appearance was by no ungenteel unfashionable. Their was very smart, very civil: they delighted house, and raptures with furniture; and they happened to be so dotingly fond of children, that Lady Jennings's good opinion was engaged in their favour before they had been an hour at the Park. She declared them to very agreeable girls indeed, which, for her Ladyship, was admiration. Sir John's

own judgment rose with this animated praise, and he set off directly for the cottage, to tell the Miss Dashwoods of the Miss Steeles' arrival, and to assure them of their being the sweetest girls in the world. From such commendation as this, however, there was not much to be learned: ~~she~~ well knew that the sweetest girls ~~in~~ the world were to be met with in every part of England, under every possible ~~kind~~ of form, face, temper, ~~and~~ understanding. ~~He~~ John wanted the whole family to walk to the Park directly ~~and~~ look at ~~the~~ guests. Benevolent, philanthropic man! It was painful to him even to keep a third cousin to ~~himself~~.

"Do ~~you~~ now," ~~he~~ he—"pray come—you ~~must~~ come—I ~~will~~ ~~come~~ come. You can't ~~know~~ how you will like them. Lucy is monstrous pretty, and so good humoured and agreeable! The children are all hanging about her already, as ~~if~~ she was an ~~old~~ acquaintance. And they both long to see you of all things; for they have heard ~~me~~ Exeter that you are the most beautiful creatures in the world; and I have told them it is all very true, and a great deal more. You will be delighted with them, I am sure. They have brought the whole coach full of playthings for the children. How can you be so cross as not ~~to~~ come? Why they are your cousins, you know, after a fashion. You are my cousins, and they are my wife's; so you must be related."

But Sir John could not prevail: he could only obtain a promise of their calling at the Park within a day or two, and then left them ~~in~~ amazement at their indifference, to walk home and boast anew of their attractions to the Miss Steeles, as he had been already boasting of the Miss Steeles to them.

When their promised visit to the Park, and consequent introduction to these young ladies, took place, they found in the appearance of the eldest, who was nearly thirty, with a very plain and not a sensible face, nothing to admire; but in the other, who was not more than two or three and twenty, they acknowledged ~~considerable~~ beauty: her features were pretty, and she had a sharp quick eye, and a smartness of air, which, though it did not give actual elegance or grace, gave distinction to her person ~~and~~

manners particularly civil, and soon allowed credit for some kind of sense, when she saw with judicious attentions they making themselves agreeable. Lady With children they were in continual raptures, extolling beauty, courting notice, and humouring whims; could be spared from importunate this politeness made on it spent admiration whatever her Ladyship doing, happened to doing any thing, or in taking patterns elegant new dress, in which her appearance day into unceasing delight. Fortunately for pay their court through such follies, mother, though, in pursuit of praise her children, rapacious of human beings, credulous: her demands are exorbitant; but swallow any thing; and the excessive affection and endurance the Steeles towards her offspring were viewed, therefore, by Lady Middleton the smallest surprise distrust. saw with complacency all the impertinent encroachments and mischievous her cousins submitted. She saw their sashes untied, their hair pulled about their ears, their work-bags searched, and their and scissors stolen away, and doubt its being a reciprocal enjoyment. It suggested no other surprise than should sit composedly by, without claiming a share in what was passing.

"John is in such spirits to-day!" she, on taking's pocket handkerchief, and throwing out of window — "he is full of monkey tricks."

And soon afterwards, on the second boy's violently pinching same lady's fingers, she fondly observed, "playful is!"

"And here is my little Anna-maria," added, tenderly caressing a girl of three years old, had made a noise the last two minutes; "and she is always so gentle and quiet. Never a quiet thing!"

unfortunately bestowing embraces, a pin Ladyship's head-dress slightly scratching



neck, produced ~~such~~ this pattern of gentleness ~~and~~ ~~which~~ ~~as~~ could hardly be outdone by any creature professedly noisy. ~~The~~ ~~lady's~~ consternation was ~~extraordinary~~; but ~~it~~ could not surpass ~~the~~ alarm of the Miss Steeles, and every thing was done by all three, in ~~a~~ critical an emergency, which ~~the~~ could suggest, as likely ~~to~~ assuage the agonies ~~of~~ little sufferer. ~~She~~ was ~~placed~~ in ~~the~~ mother's lap, covered with kisses, her wound ~~was~~ ~~soothed~~ lavender-water, by ~~the~~ of the ~~Miss~~ Steeles, who was on ~~her~~ knees ~~to~~ ~~her~~, and her mouth stuffed ~~with~~ ~~plums~~ by ~~the~~ other. ~~With~~ such a ~~quantity~~ ~~of~~ tears, ~~the~~ ~~lady~~ ~~soon~~ ~~ceased~~ ~~to~~ ~~cry~~. ~~The~~ ~~boys~~ ~~however~~ and ~~the~~ ~~lady~~ ~~lately~~, kicked ~~the~~ ~~brothers~~ ~~offering~~ to ~~soothe~~ her; ~~but~~ ~~their~~ ~~united~~ ~~soothings~~ were ineffectual, till Lady ~~at~~ ~~last~~ ~~luckily~~ remembering that ~~in~~ ~~a~~ scene ~~of~~ similar distress last week some apricot marmalade had ~~been~~ ~~successfully~~ applied for a bruised temple, the same remedy was eagerly proposed for this unfortunate scratch, ~~and~~ ~~a~~ slight intermission of ~~the~~ in the ~~lady~~ on hearing it gave them reason to hope ~~that~~ it would not be rejected. She was carried out of the room, therefore, ~~by~~ her mother's arms, in quest of this medicine; and ~~as~~ the two boys chose ~~to~~ follow, though earnestly entreated by their mother to stay behind, the four young ladies were left in a quietness ~~in~~ the room had ~~been~~ known for many hours.

"Poor little creature!" said Miss Steele, as soon as they were gone; "it might have been a very bad accident."

"Yet I hardly know how," cried Marianne, "unless ~~she~~ had been under totally different circumstances. But this is the usual way of heightening alarm, where there is nothing to be alarmed ~~at~~ in reality."

"What a sweet woman Lady Middleton is!" said Lucy Steele.

Marianne was silent; it was impossible for her to say what she did not feel, however trivial the occasion; and upon Elinor, therefore, the whole task of telling lies, ~~and~~ politeness required it, always fell. She did her best when thus called on, by speaking of Lady Middleton with more warmth than she felt, though with far less than Miss Lucy

"And John, too," said his sister, "what a charming man he is!"

Here, too, Dashwood's commendation, being only simple and just, was without any bias merely observed. He was perfectly good humoured and friendly.

"What a charming little family they have! I saw them in my dream. I declare I quite loved them already, and indeed I am always distractedly fond of children."

"I should guess so," said Elinor, with a smile, "from what I have witnessed this morning."

"I have a notion," said Lucy, "you are rather much indulged; perhaps they may be the outside of enough; but it is so natural in Lady Middleton; and for my part I love to see children full of life and spirits; I cannot bear them if they are dull and quiet."

"I confess," replied Elinor, "that while I am at Bath Park I never think of tame and quiet children with any abhorrence."

A short pause succeeded this speech, which was first broken by Steele, who seemed very much disposed for conversation, and who now said, rather abruptly, "And how do you like Devonshire, Miss Dashwood? I suppose you were very sorry to leave Sussex."

In some surprise at the familiarity of this question, and at the manner in which it was spoken, Elinor replied that she did not.

"Norland is a prodigious beautiful place, is not it?" added Steele.

"We have all admired it excessively," said Lucy, "and we think some apology is due to our sister."

"I think every one must admire it," replied Elinor, "who ever saw the place; though it is not to be supposed that any one can estimate its beauties as we do."

"And had you a great many smart beaux there? I suppose you have not so many in this part of the world. For my part, I think they are a vast addition always."

"Why do you think so," said Lucy, looking

ashamed of her sister, "that there are not as many gentlemen young men in Devonshire as Sussex?"

"Nay, my dear, I'm sure I don't pretend to say there an't. I'm sure there's a vast many smart beaux in Exeter; you know, how could I tell what smart beaux might be in Norland; and I was only afraid the Misses might find it dull at Barton, if they had so many as they used to have. Perhaps you may say something about the beaux, but had as lief be without them as with them. For my part, I think they are vastly agreeable, provided they dress smart and behave civil. I can't bear to see them dirty and nasty. Now there's Mr. Rose in Exeter, a prodigious smart young man, quite a beau, next to Mr. Simpeon, you know, and yet you do not meet him of a morning, he is not to be seen. I suppose your brother is quite a beau, before he married, before he married, as he was so rich?"

"Upon my word," replied Elinor, "I cannot tell you, for I do not perfectly comprehend the meaning of the word. But this I can say, that if he ever was a beau before he married, he is still, for there is no alteration in him."

"Oh, dear! one never thinks of married men's being beaux — they have something else to do."

"Lord! Anna," cried her sister, "you can talk of nothing but beaux; you will make Miss Dashwood believe you think of nothing else." And then, to turn the discourse, she began admiring the house and the furniture.

This specimen of the Dashwoods was enough. The vulgar freedom and folly of the eldest left her no recommendation; and as Elinor was not blinded by the beauty, or the shrewd look of the youngest, to her want of real elegance and artlessness, she left the house without any wish of knowing them better.

Miss Steele. They provided with admiration for the use of Sir Middleton, his family, and all his relations; and a nig-gardly proportion was now shown out to his fair cousins, whom they declared to be the most beautiful, elegant, accomplished, and agreeable girls they had ever beheld, and

with whom they were particularly acquainted to be better acquainted. To be acquainted, therefore, Elzabeth soon found was their inevitable lot; for as Sir John was entirely on the side of the Miss Steeles, their party would be too strong for opposition, and that intimacy must be submitted to, which consists of sitting an hour or two together in the same room almost every day. Sir John could say no more; but he did not know any more was required: he together with his opinion, his intimacy; his continual schemes for their meeting were effectual, he had not a doubt of their being friends.

To do him justice, he did every thing in his power to promote their unreserve, by making the Miss Steeles acquainted with whatever he knew or supposed of his cousins' situations in the most delicate particulars; and Elzabeth had seen them more than twice, before the eldest of them wished her joy on her sister's having been so lucky as to make a conquest of a very smart beau since she came to Barton.

"'Twill be a fine thing to have her married so young, to be sure," said she, "and I hear he is quite a beau, and prodigious handsome. And I hope you may have as good luck yourself soon; but, perhaps, you may have a friend in the corner already."

Elzabeth could not suppose that Sir John would do more than proclaiming his suspicions of her regard for Edward, but he had been so in respect to Marianne; and it was rather a favourite joke of the two, being somewhat newer and more conjectural; and since Edward's visit, they had been together without drinking her health so much significance and so much winks, as to excite general attention. The same had been invariably brought forward, and so productive of countless jokes, that the character, as the wittiest of the alphabet, was long ago exhausted.

The Miss Steeles, as was expected, were now the centre of these jokes; and the eldest of them they had a curiosity to know the name of the gentleman alluded to, which, though she impudently expressed, was perfectly

of a piece with her general inquisitiveness into the concerns of their family. But Sir John did not sport long with the curiosity which he delighted to raise, for he had at least as much pleasure in telling the name, as Miss Steele had in hearing it.

"His name is Ferrara," said he, in a very audible whisper; "but pray do not tell it, for it's a great secret."

"Ferrara!" repeated Miss Steele; "Mr. Ferrara is the happy man, is he? What! your sister-in-law's brother, Miss Dashwood! a very agreeable young man to be sure; I know him very well."

"How can you say so, Anne?" cried Lucy, who generally made an amendment to all Mr. Steele's assertions. "Though we have seen him once or twice at my uncle's, I am rather too much to pretend to know him very well."

Elinor heard all this with attention and surprise. "And who was this uncle? Where did he live? How came they acquainted?" She wished very much to have the subject continued, though she did not choose to join in it herself; but nothing more of it was said, and, for the first time in her life, she thought Mrs. Jennings deficient either in curiosity after petty information, or in a disposition to communicate it. The manner in which Miss Steele had spoken of Edward increased her curiosity; for it struck her as being rather ill-natured, and suggested the suspicion of that lady's knowing, or fancying herself to know, something to his disadvantage. But her curiosity was unavailing; for no farther notice was taken of Mr. Ferrara's name by Mrs. Steele when alluded to, or even openly mentioned by Sir John.

## CHAPTER XXII.

MARIANNE, who never much toleration any thing like impertinence, vulgarity, inferiority in parts, or even difference of taste from herself, was at this time particularly ill-disposed, from the want of her spirits, to be pleased with

the Miss Steeles, or to encourage their advances; and to the invariable coldness of her behaviour towards them, every endeavour at intimacy on their side, principally lost. The preference of which soon became evident in the manners of both, but especially of Lucy, the opportunity of engaging her in conversation, or of striving to improve her acquaintance by an easy and frank communication in her own

Lucy was naturally clever; her remarks were often just and amusing; and as a companion for half an hour Elinor frequently found her agreeable; but her powers received no aid from education: she was ignorant and illiterate; and the deficiency of all mental improvement, her want of information in the most common particulars, were all concealed from Mrs. Dashwood, in spite of her endeavour to appear to advantage. Elinor saw, and pitied her for, the neglect of abilities which education might have rendered so respectable; but she saw, with some tenderness of feeling, the thorough want of delicacy, of rectitude, and integrity of mind, which her attentions, her assiduities, her flatteries at the Park betrayed; and she could have no lasting satisfaction in the company of a person who joined insincerity with ignorance; whose want of instruction prevented their meeting in conversation on terms of equality, and whose conduct towards others made every show of attention and deference towards herself perfectly valueless.

"You will think my question an odd one, I dare say," said Lucy to her one day, as they were walking together in the cottage; "but, pray, are you personally acquainted with your sister-in-law's mother, Mrs. Ferrars?"

Elinor considered the question a very odd one, and she expressed it, as she answered that she was not acquainted with Mrs. Ferrars.

"Indeed!" replied Lucy; "I wonder that, for I thought you must have seen her at the Park. Then, perhaps, you cannot tell me what sort of a woman she is?"

"No," returned Elinor, "giving

opinion of Edward's mother, and not very desirous of satisfying, what seemed impertinent curiosity; "I know nothing of her."

"I am sure you think me very strange, for enquiring about her in such a way," said Lucy, eyeing Elinor attentively as she spoke; "but perhaps there may be reasons—I wish I might venture; but, however, I hope you will do me the justice of believing that I do not mean to be impertinent."

Elinor made her a civil reply, and they walked on for a few minutes in silence. It was broken by Lucy, who renewed the subject again by saying, with some hesitation,—

"I cannot bear to have you think me impertinently curious. I am sure I would rather do any thing in the world than be thought so by a person whose good opinion is so well worth having as yours. And I am sure I should not have the smallest fear of trusting you; indeed, I should be very glad of your advice how to manage in such an uncomfortable situation as I am; but, however, there is no occasion to trouble you. I am sorry you do not happen to know Mrs. Ferrars."

"I am sorry I do not," said Elinor, in great astonishment, "if it could be of any use to you to know my opinion of her. But really I never understood that you were at all connected with that family, and therefore I am much surprised, I confess, at so serious an enquiry into her character."

"I dare say you are, and I am sure I do — all wonder at it. But if I dared tell you all, you would not be so much surprised. Mrs. Ferrars is certainly nothing to me at present; but the time may come — how soon it will come must depend upon herself — when we may be very intimately connected."

She looked down as she said this, amishly bashful, with only one side glance at her companion to observe its effect on her.

"Good heavens!" cried Elinor, "what do you mean? Are you acquainted with Mr. Robert Ferrars? Can you be?" And she did not feel much delighted with the idea of such a sister-in-law

"No," replied Lucy, "not to Mr. Robert Ferrars — I never saw him in my life; but," fixing her eyes upon Elinor, "to his elder brother."

What felt Elinor at that moment? Astonishment, that would have been as painful as it was strong, had not an immediate disbelief of the assertion attended it. She turned towards Lucy in great amazement, anxious to find the reason or object of such a declaration; and though her complexion varied, she stood in incredulity, in no danger of an hysterical fit, or a swoon.

"You may well be surprised," continued Lucy; "to be sure you could have had no idea of it before; for I dare say he never dropped the smallest hint of it to you or any of your family; because it was always meant to be a great secret, and I am sure has been faithfully kept so by me to this hour. Not a soul of all my relations know of it but Anne, and I never should have mentioned it to you, I had not felt the greatest dependence in the world upon your secrecy; and I really thought my behaviour in asking so many questions about Mrs. Ferrars must seem odd, that it ought to be explained. And I do think Mr. Ferrars can be displeased, when he knows I have trusted you, because I know he has the highest opinion in the world of your family, and looks upon yourself and other Dashwoods quite as his own sisters." She paused.

Elinor for a few moments remained silent. Her astonishment at what she heard was at first great words; but at length forcing herself to speak, and to speak cautiously, she said, with a calmness of manner tolerably well concealed her surprise and solicitude, — "May I ask if your engagement is of long standing?"

"We have been engaged these four years."

"Four years!"

"Yes."

Elinor, though greatly shocked, tried to believe it.

"I did not know," said she, "that you were even acquainted till the other day."

"I am acquainted, however, of many years' date



He was under my uncle's care, you know, a considerable while."

"Your uncle!"

"Yes; Mr. Pratt. Did you hear him?"

"I have," replied Elinor, "an exertion of spirits, with her of emotion."

"He was years my uncle, who at Long-staple, near Plymouth. It was there our acquaintance begun, for my uncle was staying my uncle, it was there our engagement was formed, though not till a year after he had quitted as a pupil; but he was always with us afterwards. I was very unwilling to go into it, as you may imagine, and knowledge and approbation of his mother; but I was too young, and loved him too well, to be so prudent as I ought to have been. Though you do not know him so well as me, Miss Dashwood, you have enough of him to be sure he is very capable of making me sincerely attached to him."

"Certainly," answered Elinor, without knowing what she said; but, after a moment's reflection, she added, with revived security of Edward's honour and love, and her companion's falsehood, — "Engaged to Mr. Edward Ferrars! — I cannot myself be totally surprised at what you tell me, that really — I beg your pardon; but surely there must be some mistake of person. We mean the same Ferrars."

"Can be other," cried Lucy, smiling. "Mr. Ferrars, the eldest son of Mr. Ferrars of Park Street, and your sister-in-law, Miss Dashwood, is the person I mean; you know that I am not likely to be deceived as to the name of the man whom all my happiness depends on."

"It is strange," replied Elinor, in a painful perplexity, "that I should never have heard him mention your name."

"No; considering our situation, it was not strange. Our first care has been to keep the matter secret. You know nothing of me, my family, and, therefore, there

could be no occasion for ever mentioning my name to you ; and, as he was always particularly afraid of his sister's suspecting any thing, that was reason enough for his not mentioning it."

She was silent. Elleanor's security sunk ; but her command did not sink with it.

" Four years you have been engaged," said she, with a firm voice.

" Yes ; and heaven knows how much longer we may have to wait. Poor Edward ! It puts me quite of heart." Then taking a small miniature from her pocket, she added, " It prevents the possibility of mistake, be so good as to look at this face. It does not do him justice, be sure, but yet I think you cannot be deceived as to the person it was drew for. I have had it above these three years."

She put it into her hands as she spoke ; and when Elleanor saw the painting, whatever other doubts her fear of a too hasty decision, or her wish of detecting falsehood, might suffer to linger in her mind, she could have none of being Edward's face. She returned it almost instantly, acknowledging the likeness.

" I have never been able," continued Lucy, " to give him my picture in return, which I am very much vexed at, for he has been always so anxious to get it ! But I am enabled to do so for it the very opportunity."

" You are quite in the right," replied Elleanor, calmly. They then proceeded a few paces in silence. Lucy spoke first.

" I am sure," said she, " I have no doubt in the world of your faithfully keeping this secret, because you must know of what importance it is to us, not to know it much his mother ; for she would never approve of it, I dare say. I shall have no fortune, and I fancy she is an exceeding proud woman."

" I certainly did not seek your confidence," said Elleanor ; " but you owe me no more than justice in imagining that I may be depended on. Your secret is safe with me, but pardon me if I think some surprise so unnecessary a

"You at least have that my being acquainted with ~~him~~ could not add to its safety."

As she said this, she looked earnestly at Lucy, hoping to discover something in her countenance; perhaps the falsehood of the greatest part of what she had been saying; but Lucy's countenance suffered no change.

"I was afraid you would think I was taking liberty with you," said she, "in telling you ~~that~~ I have not known you long, to be sure, personally at least, but I have known you and all your family by description a great while; and as soon as I saw you, I felt almost as if you was an old acquaintance. Besides, in the present ~~case~~, I really thought some explanation was due to you, after my making ~~some~~ particular enquiries about ~~your~~ mother; ~~and~~ I am so unfortunate, that I have not a friend ~~whose~~ advice I can ask. Anne is the only person that knows of it, and she has no judgment at all; indeed, she does me a great deal more harm than good, for I am in constant fear of her betraying me. She does not know how to hold her tongue, as you must perceive; and I am sure I was ~~the~~ the fright in the world t'other day, when Edward's ~~name~~ was mentioned by Sir John, lest ~~she~~ ~~would~~ out with it all. You can't think how much I go through in my mind from it altogether. I only wonder that I am alive, ~~and~~ what I have suffered for Edward's sake these last four years. Every thing in such suspense ~~and~~ uncertainty; and seeing ~~him~~ so seldom—we can hardly meet ~~more~~ ~~more~~ a year. I am sure I wonder my heart is not quite broke."

~~She~~ took out her handkerchief; but Elinor did not feel very compassionate.

"Sometimes," continued Lucy, after wiping her eyes, "I think whether ~~it~~ would not be better for us both to break off the matter entirely." As she said this, she looked directly at her companion. "But then, ~~at~~ other times, I have not resolution enough for it. I cannot bear the thoughts of making him so miserable, as I know the very mention of such a thing would do. And on my own account too—so dear as he is to me—I don't think I could

be equal to it. What would you advise me to do in such a case, Miss Dashwood? What would you ■ yourself?"

"Pardon me," replied Elinor, startled ■ the question; "but I can give you no advice under such circumstances. Your own judgment must direct you."

"To be sure," continued Lucy, after a ■ minutes' silence on both sides, "his mother must provide for him some time or other; but poor Edward is so cast down about it! Did not you think him dreadful low-spirited when he was at ■? He was so miserable when he left us at Longstaple, to go to you, that I was afraid you would think him quite ill."

"Did ■ come from your uncle's, then, when ■ ■ us?"

"Oh, yes; he had been staying a fortnight with ■. Did you think he came directly from town?"

"No," replied Elinor, most feelingly sensible of every fresh circumstance in favour of Lucy's veracity; "I remember he told us, that he had been staying a fortnight with some friends near Plymouth." She remembered, too, her own surprise at the time, at his mentioning nothing farther of those friends, at his total silence with respect even to their names.

"Did ■ you think him sadly out of spirits?" repeated Lucy.

"We did, indeed, particularly so when he first arrived."

"I begged him to exert himself for fear you should suspect what was the matter; but it made ■ so ■ melancholy, ■ being able to stay ■ a fortnight with us, and seeing me so much affected. Poor fellow! I am afraid ■ is just the same with him now; for he writes in wretched spirits. I heard from him just before I left Exeter;" taking a letter from her pocket, and carelessly showing the direction to Elinor. "You know his hand, I dare say,—a charming one it is; but that is not written so well as usual. He was tired, I dare say, for he had just filled the sheet to me as full as possible."

Elinor saw that it was his hand, and she could doubt no longer. The picture, she had allowed herself to believe, ■ have been accidentally obtained; ■ might not have

been Edward's gift ; but a correspondence between them by only under a positive engagement, could be authorized by nothing else : for a few moments she was almost overcome — her heart sunk within her, and she could hardly stand ; but exertion was indispensably necessary ; and she struggled so resolutely against the oppression of her feelings, that her success was speedy, and for the time complete.

" Writing to each other," said Lucy, returning the letter into her pocket, " is the only comfort we have in such long separations. Yes, I have one other comfort in his picture ; but poor Edward has not even that. If he had but my picture, he says he should be easy. I gave him a lock of my hair set in a ring when he was at Long-staple last, and that was some comfort to him, he said, but not equal to a picture. Perhaps you might notice the ring when you saw him ? "

" I did," said Elinor, with a composure of voice, under which was concealed an emotion and distress beyond any thing she had ever felt before. She was mortified, shocked,

Fortunately for her, they had now reached the cottage, and the conversation could be continued no farther. After sitting with them a few minutes, the Miss Steeles returned to the Park, and Elinor was then at liberty to think and be wretched.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

Lucy's general dependence on Lucy's veracity might be, was impossible her, no serious reflection, suspect the present where no temptation could be answerable to the folly of inventing a falsehood of a description. What Lucy had asserted to be true, therefore, Elinor not, not, longer doubt; supported as it was, too, on every side by such proofs, and contradicted by nothing but her wishes. Their opportunity of acquaintance the house of Mr. Pratt was a foundation for the rest, at once indisputable and alarming; and Edward's Plymouth, his melancholy of mind, at his own prospects, his uncertain behaviour herself, the intimate knowledge the Steeles as Norland and their family connections, which had often surprised her, the picture, the letter, the ring, together such a body of evidence as overcame every fear of condemning him unfairly, as a fact, no partiality could set aside, his ill-treatment of herself. behaviour, her indignation having dupes, for a short made only herself; but other ideas, other considerations soon arose. Had Edward been intentionally deceiving her? Did he feigned a regard for her which he did not feel? Was his engagement to Lucy an engagement of the heart? No; even it might once have been, she could not believe such at present. His affection was all her own. She could not be deceived in that. Her mother, sisters,

Fanny, all had been conscious of his regard for her at Norland; ■ was not an illusion of her own vanity. He certainly loved her. What a softener of the heart was this persuasion! How much could it not tempt her to forgive! He had been blamable, highly blamable, in remaining at Norland after he first felt her influence over him to be more than ■ ought to be. ■ that, he could not be defended; but if he had injured her, how much more had he injured himself; if her case were pitiable, his was hopeless. His imprudence ■ her ■ a while; but it seemed to have deprived himself of all chance of ever being otherwise. She might in time regain tranquillity; but he, ■ had he to look forward to? Could he ever be tolerably happy with Lucy Steele; ■ he, were his ■ for herself out of the question, with his integrity, his delicacy, and well-informed mind, be ■ with a wife like her — illiterate, artful, and selfish?

The youthful infatuation of nineteen would naturally blind him to every thing but her beauty and good nature; but ■ four succeeding years — years which, if rationally spent, give ■ improvement to the understanding — must have opened his eyes to her defects of education, while the same period of time, spent on her side in inferior society and more frivolous pursuits, had perhaps robbed her of ■ simplicity ■ might once have given an interesting character to her beauty.

If in the supposition of his seeking to marry herself, his difficulties from his mother had seemed great, how much greater were they now likely to be when the object of his engagement was undoubtedly inferior ■ connections, and probably ■ in fortune to ■ These difficulties, indeed, with a heart so ■ from Lucy, might not press very hard upon his patience; but melancholy was the state of the person by whom the expectation of family opposition and unkindness could be felt as a relief!

As these considerations occurred to her in painful succession, she wept for him more than for herself. Supported by the conviction of having done nothing to merit her present ■ unhappiness, and comforted by the belief that Edward





so enter on the matter again, and her calmness in conversing on it, that she was no otherwise interested in it than as a friend, which she very much feared her involuntary agitation, in their morning discourse, must have left at least doubtful. That Lucy was disposed to be jealous of her appeared very probable: it was plain that Edward had always spoken highly in her praise, not merely from Lucy's assertion, but from her venturing to trust her on so short a personal acquaintance with a secret so confessedly and evidently important. And even Sir John's joking intelligence must have had some weight. But, indeed, while Elinor remained so well assured within herself of being really beloved by Edward, it required no other consideration of probabilities to make it natural that Lucy should be jealous; and that she was so, her very confidence was a proof. What other reason for the disclosure of the secret could there be, but that Elinor might be informed by it of Lucy's superior claims on Edward, and be taught to value him in future? It was little difficulty in understanding how much of her rival's gloom; and when she was firmly resolved to act by her as every principle of honour and honesty directed, to combat her affection for Edward, and to value him as little as possible, she could not deny herself the comfort of endeavouring to convince Lucy that her heart was unwounded. And as she could now have nothing so painful to hear on the subject as had already been told, she did not mistrust her own ability in going through a repetition of particulars with composure.

But it was not immediately that an opportunity of doing so could be commanded, though Lucy was as well disposed as herself to take advantage of any that occurred; for the weather was not often fine enough to allow of their joining in a walk, where they might most easily separate themselves from the others; and though they met at least every other evening either at the Park or cottage, and chiefly at the former, they could not be supposed to meet for the sake of business. Such a thought would never enter either Sir John or Lady Middleton's head; and therefore very little leisure was ever given for general chat, and none at all for particular discourse. They met for the

of eating, drinking, and laughing together, playing at cards, or consequences, or any other game that was sufficiently noisy.

meetings of this kind had taken place, affording any chance of engaging Lucy private, when Sir John called at the cottage one morning, he begged the name of charity, that they would all dine Lady Middleton that day, as he was obliged to spend at Exeter, and she would otherwise be quite alone, except her mother and the Elinor, who foresaw a fairer opening for point of view. It was a party as likely to be, more at liberty among themselves under the tranquil and Lady Middleton than when her noisy purpose, immediately accepted the invitation; Margaret, with her mother's permission, was equally compliant; and Marianne, though always unwilling to join any of their parties, persuaded by her mother, could not bear to have her seclude herself from any chance of amusement, to go likewise.

The young ladies went, and Lady Middleton was happily preserved the frightful solitude which had threatened her. The insipidity of the meeting exactly such as Elinor had expected; it produced not one novelty of thought or expression; and nothing could be less interesting than the whole of their discourse both in the dining parlour and drawing room: to the latter, the accompanied them; and while they remained there, she was too well impossibility of engaging Lucy's attempt. They quitted only with removal of tea-things. The card-table placed; and began to wonder for having ever entertained a hope of finding time for conversation at the Park. They all rose in preparation for a round game.

"I am glad," said Lady Middleton to Lucy, "you are going poor little Anna-maria's ing; I am sure it must hurt your eyes to work filigree by candlelight. And will make the dear little love some amends for her disappointment to-morrow, and I hope she will not much mind it."

This hint was enough, Lucy recollected herself instantly and replied, "I am very much mistaken, Lady Middleton; I am only waiting to know whether you can make your party without me, or I should have been at my filigree already. I would not disappoint my angel for all the world; and if you want me at the card-table now, I am resolved to finish the basket after supper."

"You are very good,—I hope I won't hurt your eyes;—will you ring the bell for some working candles? My poor little girl would be sadly disappointed, I know, if the basket was not finished to-morrow; for though I told her it certainly would not, I am sure she depends upon having it done."

Lucy directly drew her work-table near her, resumed herself with much alacrity and cheerfulness, and seemed to infer, that she could taste no greater delight than in making a filigree basket for a spoiled child.

Lady Middleton proposed a rubber of Cassino to the others. No one made any objection but Marianne, who, with her usual inattention to the forms of general civility, exclaimed, "Your Ladyship will have the goodness to excuse me—you know I detest cards. I shall go to the piano-forte; I have not touched it since it was tuned." And, without farther ceremony, she turned away and walked to the instrument.

Lady Middleton looked as if she had never made so rude a speech.

"Marianne can never keep long from that instrument, you know, ma'am," Elinor, endeavouring to away the offence; "and I do not much wonder at it; it is the very best toned piano-forte I ever heard."

The remaining five were now to draw their cards.

"Perhaps," continued Elinor, "if I should happen to be out, I may be of some use to Miss Lucy Steele, in rolling her papers for her; and there is so much still to be done to the basket, that it must be impossible, I think, for her labour, singly, to finish it this evening. I should like the work exceedingly, if she would allow me a share in it."

"Indeed I shall be very much obliged to you for your

help," cried Lucy, " for I find there is more to be done to it than I thought there was ; and it would be a shocking thing to disappoint dear Anna-maria after all."

" Oh, ~~that~~ would be terrible, indeed," said Miss Steele, " Dear little soul, how I do love her !"

" You are very kind," said Lady ~~Edgworth~~ to Elinor " and as you really like the work, perhaps you will be as well pleased ~~not~~ to cut ~~in~~ till another rubber, or will you ~~begin~~ your ~~work~~ now ?"

~~She~~ joyfully profited by ~~the~~ first of ~~her~~ proposals, and thus, by a ~~few~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ address, which Marianne ~~never~~ ~~practise~~, gained her own end, ~~and~~ pleased Lady ~~Edgworth~~ at the same time. Lucy ~~was~~ room for her with ready attention ; and the ~~two~~ ~~ladies~~ were thus seated, side by side, at the same table, and with ~~the~~ utmost harmony, engaged in forwarding the same work. The piano-forte, at which Marianne, wrapped up in her own music and her ~~own~~ thoughts, had by this time forgotten that any body ~~was~~ in the room besides herself, ~~was~~ luckily so ~~near~~ them, ~~that~~ Miss Dashwood ~~was~~ judged ~~it~~ might safely, under the ~~cover~~ of its noise, ~~be~~ ~~an~~ interesting subject, without any risk of being heard ~~at~~ ~~the~~ card-table.

## CHAPTER XI.

IN a firm, though cautious ~~tone~~, Elinor thus began : —

" I should be undeserving of the confidence you have honoured me with, if I felt no desire for its continuance, or no farther curiosity on its subject. I will not apologise, therefore, for bringing it forward again."

" Thank you," cried Lucy, warmly, " for breaking the ice: you have set my heart at ease by it ; for I was, somehow or other, afraid I had offended you by what I told you that Monday."

' Offended me ! How could you suppose so ? ~~She~~

me," and Edgar spoke it with the same sincerity, "nothing could be farther from my intention than to give you such an answer. Could you have a motive for the trust, which is so honourable and flattering to me?"

"And yet, I am assure you," replied Lucy, her keen sharp eyes full of meaning, "there must be a motive and displeasure in your manner, which is quite unreasonable. I am sure that you are not so kind to me; and I am quarrelling with myself ever since, for having such a liberty to trouble you with my questions. I am very glad that it was only my own fancy, and you do not really blame me. If you knew how a consolation it was to me to relieve my heart, by speaking to you of what I am always thinking of every moment of my life, your compassion would make you overlook every thing else, I am sure."

"Indeed, I can easily believe that it was a very great trial to you, to acknowledge your situation to me, and be assured that you will never have cause to repent it. Your case is a very unfortunate one; you seem to me to be surrounded with difficulties; and you will have need of all your mutual affection to support you under them. Mr. Ferrara, I believe, is entirely dependent on his mother."

"He has only two thousand pounds of his own. It would be impossible for him to marry upon that; though, for my own part, I could give him every prospect of more without a sigh. I have always had up a very small income, and I struggle with the poverty for him; but I love him too much to be in the means of robbing him, perhaps, of all that his mother might give him, if I could please her. We must wait, it may be for many years. I am every day looking on the world, and would be an alarming prospect; but Edward's affection and constancy will not deprive me of, I know."

"That conviction must be every thing to you; he is, undoubtedly, supported by the love of his friends, and your strength and your reciprocal affection have failed, as it has in many people, and in many circumstances, which naturally would, during a long years' engagement, have been pitiable indeed."

Lucy here looked up; but Elinor was careful in guarding her countenance from every expression that could give her words a suspicious tendency.

"Edward's love for me," said Lucy, "has been pretty well put to the test, by our long, very long absence, since we were first engaged, and it has stood the trial so well, that I should be unpardonable to doubt it now. I can safely say that he has never given me one moment's alarm on that account from the first."

Elinor hardly knew whether to smile or sigh at this assertion.

Lucy went on. "I am rather of a jealous temper, too, by nature; from our different life, from being so much in the world than me, and separation, I was enough inclined to suspicion, to have found the truth in an instant, there had been the slightest alteration in his behaviour to me when we met, or any lowness of spirits that I could not account for, or if he had talked more of one lady than another, or seemed any respect less happy at Longstaple than he used to be. I do not say that I am particularly observant or quick-sighted in general, but in such a case I am sure I could not be deceived."

"All this," thought Elinor, "is very pretty; but it imposes upon neither of us."

"But what," said she, after a short silence, "are your views? or have you none but that of waiting for Mrs. Ferrars's death, which is a melancholy and shocking extremity! her son determined to submit to this, and to all the tediousness of the many years of suspense which it may involve you, rather than run the risk of her displeasure for a while by owning the truth?"

"If we could be certain that it would be only for a moment! But Mrs. Ferrars is a very headstrong proud woman, and her first fit of anger upon hearing it would very likely secure every thing to Robert; and the idea of that, for a moment's sake, frightens away all my inclination for hasty measures."

"And for your own sake too, or you are carrying your point beyond reason."

Lucy looked at Elinor again, and was silent.

"Do you know Mr. Robert Ferrers?" asked Elinor.

"Not at all — I never saw him; but I fancy he is very unlike his ~~brother~~ — silly, and a great coxcomb."

"A great coxcomb!" repeated Miss Steele, whose ear had caught those words by a sudden pause in Marianne's music. "Oh, they are talking of their favourite beaux, I dare say."

"No, sister," cried Lucy, "you are mistaken there, — our ~~beaux~~ beaux are not great coxcombs."

"I can answer for it that Miss Dashwood's is not," said ~~Mr.~~ Jennings, laughing heartily; "for he is one of the modestest, prettiest behaved young men I ever saw; but as for Lucy, she is such a sly little creature, there is no finding out who she likes."

"Oh," cried Miss Steele, looking significantly round at them, "I dare say Lucy's beau is quite as modest and pretty behaved as Miss Dashwood's."

Elinor blushed in spite of herself. Lucy bit her lip, and looked angrily at her sister. A mutual silence took place for some time. Lucy first put an end to it by saying, in a lower tone, though Marianne was then giving them the powerful protection of a very magnificent concerto, —

"I will honestly tell you of one scheme which has lately come into my head for bringing matters to bear; indeed I am bound to let you into the secret, for you are a party concerned. I dare say you have seen enough of Edward to know that he would prefer the church to every other profession; now my plan is, that he should take orders as soon as he can; and then, through your interest, which I am sure you would be kind enough to use out of friendship for him, and I hope out of some regard to me, your brother might be persuaded to give him Norland living, which I understand is a very good one, and the present incumbent not likely to live a great while. That would be enough for us to marry upon, and we might trust to time and chance for the rest."

"I should be always happy," replied Elinor, "to show any mark of my esteem and friendship for Mr. Ferrers; but do not you perceive that my interest on such an occa-





ease and unreserve ; and was even partly determined never to mention the subject again. Another pause, therefore, of many minutes' duration, succeeded this speech, and Lucy was still the first to end it.

" Shall you be in town this winter, Miss Dashwood ? " said she, with all her accustomed complacency.

" Certainly not."

" I am sorry for that," returned the other, while her eyes brightened at the information ; " it would have given me such pleasure to meet you there ! But I dare say you will go for all that. You be sure, your brother and sister will ask you to come to them."

" It will not be in my power to accept their invitation if they do."

" How unlucky that is ! I had quite depended on meeting you there. Anne and me are to go the latter end of January to some relations who have been wanting us to visit them these several years. But I only go for the sake of seeing Edward. He will be there in February, otherwise London would have no charms for me ; I have not spirits for it."

Elinor was soon called to the card-table by the conclusion of the first rubber, and the confidential discourse of the two ladies was therefore at an end ; to which both of them submitted without any reluctance, for nothing had been said on either side to make them dislike each other less than they had done before ; and Elinor sat down to the card-table with the melancholy persuasion that Edward was not only without affection for the person who was to be his wife, but that he had not even the chance of being tolerably happy in marriage, which sincere affection on her side would have given ; for self-interest alone could induce a woman to keep a man to an engagement, of which she seemed so thoroughly aware that he was weary.

From this time the subject was never revived by Elinor ; and when entered on by Lucy, who seldom missed an opportunity of introducing it, and was particularly careful to inform her confidant of her happiness whenever she received a letter from Edward, it was treated by the former with calmness and caution, and dismissed as soon as civility

would allow; for she felt such conversations to be an indulgence which Lucy did not deserve, and which were dangerous to herself.

Her visit of the Miss Steeles at Barton Park was lengthened far beyond what the first invitation implied. Their favour increased; they could not be spared; Sir John would not hear of their going; and in spite of their numerous and long arranged engagements in Exeter, in spite of the absolute necessity of their returning to fulfil them immediately, which was in full force at the end of every week, they were prevailed on to stay nearly three months at the Park, and to assist in the due celebration of that festival which requires a more than ordinary share of private balls and large dinners to proclaim its importance.

### CHAPTER III.

THOUGH Mrs. Jennings was in the habit of spending a large portion of the year at the houses of her children and friends, she was not without a settled habitation of her own. Since the death of her husband, who had traded with success in a less elegant part of the town, she had resided every winter in a house in one of the streets near Portman Square. Towards this home she began, on the approach of January, to turn her thoughts; and thither she came day abruptly, and very unexpectedly by them, asked the elder Miss Dashwoods to accompany her. Elinor, without observing the varying complexion of her sister, and the animated look which spoke no indifference to the plan, immediately gave a grateful but absolute denial for both, in which she believed herself to be speaking their united wishes. The reason alleged was their determined resolution of not leaving their mother at that time of the year. Mrs. Jennings received the refusal with some surprise, and repeated her invitation immediately.

'Oh, Lord! I am sure your mother can spare you

very well, and I do beg you will favour me with your company, for I've quite set my heart upon it. Do not fancy that you will be any inconvenience to me; for I shan't put myself at all out of my way for you. It will only be sending Betty by the coach, and I hope I can afford that. We three shall be able to go very well in my chaise; and when we are in town, if you do not like to go wherever I do, well and good, you may always go with one of my daughters. I am your mother's object to it; for I have had such good success in getting my own daughter my mother-in-law that she will make me a very fit person to have the charge of you; and if I don't get one of you at least well married before I have done with you I shall not be my fault. I shall speak a good word for you to all the young men, you may depend upon it."

"I have a notion," said Sir John, "that Miss Marianne would not object to such a scheme if her older sister would come into it. It is very hard, indeed, that we should not have a little pleasure, because Miss Dashwood does not like it. So I would advise you two to set off for town, when you are tired of Barton, without saying a word to Miss Dashwood about it."

"Nay," cried Mrs. Jennings, "I am sure I shall be monstrous glad of Miss Marianne's company, whether Miss Dashwood will go or not, only the more the merrier say I, for I thought it would be more comfortable for them to be together; because if they got tired of me they might talk to one another, and laugh at my odd ways behind my back. But one or the other, if not both of them, I must have. Lord bless me! how do you think I can live poking by myself, I who have been always used, till this winter, to have my daughter with me. Come, Miss Marianne, let us strike hands upon the bargain, and if Miss Dashwood will change her mind by and by, why, so much the better."

"I thank you, ma'am, sincerely thank you," said Marianne, with warmth: "your invitation has insured my gratitude for ever; and it would give me such happiness, yes, almost the greatest happiness I am capable of, to be able to accept it. But my mother, my dearest, kindest mother — I feel the justice of what Elinor has urged, and

if she were to be made less happy, less comfortable by our absence — oh, ~~no~~ nothing should tempt me ~~to~~ leave her. It should not, must not be a struggle."

~~Her~~ Jennings repeated her assurance ~~to~~ ~~her~~ Dash-  
~~wood~~ ~~was~~ ~~perfectly~~ well; ~~and~~ ~~Elinor~~, ~~new~~  
new interested ~~her~~ sister, and saw ~~in~~ what indifference  
to almost every thing else she was carried by her eagerness  
to be with Willoughby again, made no further direct oppo-  
sition ~~to~~ ~~the~~ plan, ~~and~~ merely ~~referred~~ ~~to~~ her mother's  
decision, from whom, however, she scarcely expected ~~any~~  
~~other~~ ~~than~~ support ~~in~~ her endeavour ~~to~~ prevent a visit  
~~to~~ ~~her~~ ~~mother~~ ~~and~~ approve ~~of~~ for Marianne, ~~and~~ which,  
on ~~her~~ own account, she had particular reasons to avoid.  
Whatever Marianne was desirous of, her mother would be  
eager to promote: — she could not expect to influence the  
latter to cautiousness of conduct in an affair respecting  
which she had never been able to inspire her with distrust;  
and she dared not explain the motive of her own disinclina-  
tion for going to London. That Marianne, fastidious as  
she was, thoroughly acquainted with Mrs. Jennings's  
~~character~~ and invariably disgusted by them, should over-  
look every inconvenience ~~of~~ that kind, should disregard  
whatever must be most wounding to her irritable feelings,  
~~in~~ her pursuit ~~of~~ one object, was such a proof, so strong, so  
full of the importance of that object to her, as Elinor, in  
spite of all that had passed, was not prepared to witness.

~~On~~ being ~~informed~~ ~~of~~ the invitation, Mrs. Dashwood,  
persuaded that such an excursion would be productive of  
much amusement to both her daughters, and perceiving  
through all her affectionate attention to herself, how much  
the heart of Marianne was in it, would not hear ~~of~~ ~~their~~  
declining the offer upon ~~her~~ account; insisted on their both  
accepting ~~it~~ directly; and then began to foresee, with her  
usual cheerfulness, a variety of advantages that would ac-  
crue to them all from this separation.

"I am delighted with the plan," she cried; "it is ex-  
actly what I could wish. Margaret and I shall be as much  
benefited by it as yourselves. When you and the Middle-  
tons are gone, we shall go on so quietly and happily toge-  
ther with our books and our music! You will find

Margaret so improved when you come back again ! And I have a little plan of alteration for your bedroom ; ■■■■ may now be performed without inconvenience to any one. It is very right that you should go to town ; I would ■■■■ every young woman of your condition in life acquainted with the manners and amusements of London. You will be under the care of a motherly good sort of woman, of whose kindness to you I can have no doubt. And in all probability you will see your brother ; and whatever may ■■■■ his faults, or the faults of his wife, when I consider whose son he is, I cannot bear to have you so wholly estranged from each other."

"Though with your usual anxiety for our happiness," said Elinor, "you have been obviating every impediment to the present scheme which occurred to you, there is still one objection which, in my opinion, cannot be so easily removed."

Marianne's countenance sunk.

"And what," said Mrs. Dashwood, "is my dear, ■■■■ dent Elinor going to suggest ? What formidable obstacle ■■■■ she now to bring forward ? Do not let me hear a word about the expense of it."

"My objection is this: though I think very well of Mrs. Jennings's heart, she is not a woman whose society can afford us pleasure, or whose protection will give us consequence."

"That ■■■■ very true," replied her mother ; "but of her society, separately from that of other people, you will scarcely have any thing at all, and you will almost always appear in public with Lady Middleton."

"If Elinor is frightened away by her dislike of Mrs. Jennings," said Marianne, "at least ■■■■ need not prevent my accepting her invitation. I have no such scruples ; and I am sure I could put up with every unpleasantness of that kind with very little effort."

Elinor could not help smiling at this display ■■■■ indifference towards the manners of a person, to whom she had often had difficulty in persuading Marianne to behave with tolerable politeness ; and resolved within herself, that if her sister persisted in going, she would go likewise, as she

did not think it proper that Marianna should be left to the sole guidance of her own judgment, or that Mrs. Jennings should be abandoned to the society of Marianna, for all the comfort of her domestic hours. To this [redacted] was [redacted] soon easily reconciled, by recollecting, that [redacted] Ferrars, by Lucy's account, was [redacted] [redacted] before February; and [redacted] their visit, without any [redacted] abridgement, might [redacted] previously [redacted].

"I will leave you both go," said Mrs. Dashwood; "my objections are nonsensical. I am sure you will find pleasure in being in London, especially in being together; and if I ever anticipate any anticipations of enjoyment, she would foresee it there from a variety of sources; she would, perhaps, expect some from improving her acquaintance with her sister-in-law's family."

Hilner had often wished for an opportunity of attempting to weaken her mother's dependence on the attachment of Edward and herself, that the shock might be the less when the whole truth were revealed; and now, on this attack, though almost hopeless of success, she forced herself to begin her design, by saying, as calmly as she could, "I love Edward Ferrars very much, and shall always be glad to see him; but as to the rest of the family, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, whether I am ever known to them or not."

Mrs. ~~Drummond~~ smiled, and said nothing. Marianne lifted up her eyes in astonishment, and Kilnor conjectured that she might as well have held her tongue.

After very little farther discourse, it was finally decided that the invitation should be fully accepted. Mrs Jennings received the information with a great deal of joy, and many assurances of kindness and care; nor was it a matter of pleasure merely to her. Sir John was delighted; for to a man, whose prevailing anxiety was the dread of being alone, the acquisition of two, to the number of inhabitants in London, was something. Even Lady Middleton took the trouble of being delighted, which was putting herself rather out of her way; and as for the Miss Steeles, especially Lucy, they had never been so happy in their lives as this intelligence made them.

Elinor submitted to the arrangement which counteracted her wishes with less reluctance than she had expected to. With regard to herself, it was now a matter of no concern whether she went to town or not; and when she saw her mother so thoroughly pleased with the plan, and her sister exhilarated by it in look, voice, and manner, restored to all her usual animation, and elevated to more than her usual gaiety, she could not be dissatisfied with the cause, and would hardly allow herself to distrust the consequence.

Marianne's joy was almost a degree beyond happiness, so great was the perturbation of her spirits, and her impatience to be gone. Her unwillingness to quit her mother was her only restorative to calmness; and yet the bitterness of parting her grief on that score was excessive. Her mother's affliction was hardly less; and Elinor was the only one of the three who seemed to consider the separation as any thing short of eternal.

Their departure took place in the first week of January. The Middletons were to follow in about a week. The Miss Steeles kept their station at the Park, and were to quit it only with the rest of the family.

## CHAPTER IV.

Elinor could not find herself in the carriage with Mrs. Jennings, and beginning a journey to London under her protection, and as her guest, without wondering at her own situation, so short had their acquaintance with that lady been, so wholly unsuited were they in age and disposition, and so many had been her objections against such a measure only a few days before! But these objections had all, with that happy ardour of youth which Marianne and her mother equally shared, been overcome or overlooked; and Elinor, in spite of every occasional doubt of Willoughby's

constancy, which was the source of the rapture of delightful expectation which filled the whole soul of Marianne. In the eyes of Marianne, without feeling how blank was her own prospect, how cheerless her own state of mind in the comparison, she was gladly she would have been in the same position as Marianne's position. In the same animating object of view, she saw the possibility of hope. A short, a very short time, however, she now decided what Willoughby's intentions were; in all probability he was already in town. Marianne's exertions to be gone from her dependence on finding him there; and Elinor was resolved not only upon gaining every new light from her own observation, or the intelligence of others, but give her, she resolved upon watching the behaviour of her sister with the most zealous attention, in order to ascertain what he was, what he meant, before many meetings had taken place. The result of her observations be unfavourable, she was determined, in all events, to open the eyes of her sister; if it be otherwise, her exertions would be of a different nature;—she would then seek to avoid every occasion, in which every regret might be felt, and the happiness of Marianne.

They were three days on their journey, and Marianne's behaviour, as they travelled, was a happy specimen of what future complaisance and companionableness Mrs. Jennings might be expected to be. She was in silence almost all the way, wrapped in her own meditations, and scarcely ever voluntarily speaking, except when any object of picturesque beauty within their view drew from her an exclamation. Her exclusivity was to her sister. To atone for this conduct, therefore, Fanny took possession of the post of civility which she had assigned herself, behaved with the greatest attention to Mrs. Jennings, and her, laughed with her, and attended to her whenever she could; and Mrs. Jennings, on her side, treated them both with all possible kindness, was cheerful on every occasion for their ease and enjoyment, and only disturbed that she could not make them choose their own dinner at the inn, nor extend a confection of their preferring salmon to cod, or boiled fowls to veal cutlets. They



reached town by three o'clock the third day, glad to be released, after such a journey, from the confinement of a carriage, and ready to enjoy all the luxury of a good fire.

The house was handsome and handsomely fitted up; and the young ladies were immediately put in possession of a very comfortable apartment. It had formerly been Charlotte's; and over the mantel-piece still hung a landscape in coloured silks of her performance, in proof of her having spent seven years at a great school in town to some effect.

As dinner was not to be ready in less than two hours from their arrival, Elzior determined to employ the interval in writing to her mother, and sat down for that purpose. In a few moments Marianne did the same. "I am writing home, Marianne," said Elzior; "had not you better defer your letter for a day or two?"

"I am not going to write to my mother," replied Marianne, hastily, and as if wishing to avoid any further enquiry. Elzior said no more: it immediately struck her that she must then be writing to Willoughby; and the conclusion which as instantly followed was, that, however mysteriously they might wish to conduct the affair, they must be engaged. This conviction, though not entirely satisfactory, gave her pleasure, and she continued her letter with greater alacrity. Marianne's was finished in a very few minutes; in length it could be no more than a note; it was then folded up, sealed, and directed with eager rapidity. Elzior thought she could distinguish a large W in the direction; and no sooner was it complete than Marianne, ringing the bell, requested the footman who answered it to get that letter conveyed for her to the two-penny post. This decided the matter.

Her spirits still continued very high; there was a something in them which prevented their giving much pleasure to her sister, and this agitation increased as the evening drew on. She could scarcely eat any dinner; and when they afterwards returned to the drawing-room, seemed anxiously listening to the sound of every carriage.

It was a great satisfaction to Elzior that Mrs. Jennings, by being much engaged in her own room, could see little of what was passing. The tea-things were brought in, and

already had Marianne been disappointed more than once by a rap at a neighbouring door, when a loud one was suddenly heard which could not be mistaken for one at any other house. Elinor felt secure of its announcing Willoughby's approach, and Marianne, starting up, moved towards the door. Every thing was silent: this could not be borne many seconds; she opened the door, advanced a few steps towards the stairs; and after listening half a minute, returned into the room in all the agitation which a conviction of having heard him would naturally produce; in the ecstasy of her feelings at that instant she could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Elinor, it is Willoughby, indeed it is!" and seemed almost ready to throw herself into his arms, when Colonel Brandon appeared.

It was too great a shock to be borne with calmness; she immediately left the room. Elinor was disappointed too; but at the same time her regard for Colonel Brandon ensured his welcome with her; and she felt particularly hurt that a man so partial to her sister should perceive that she experienced nothing but grief and disappointment in seeing him. She instantly saw that it was not unnoticed by him; that he even observed Marianne, as she quitted the room, with such astonishment and concern, as hardly left her the recollection of what civility demanded.

"Is your sister ill?" said he.

Elinor answered some distress that she was; and then talked of headaches, low spirits, and over fatigues; to which she decently attributed her sister's behaviour.

He heard her with the most earnest attention; seeming to recollect himself, said no more on the subject, and began directly to speak of his pleasure at seeing them in London, making the usual enquiries about their journey, and the friends they had left behind.

In this calm kind of way, with very little interest on either side, they continued to talk; both of them out of spirits, and the thoughts of both engaged elsewhere. Elinor wished very much to ask whether Willoughby were then in town, but she was afraid of giving him pain by any

enquiry after his rival; and at length, by way of saying something, she asked if he had been in London ever since she had seen him last. "Yes," he replied, with some embarrassment, "almost ever since; I have been once or twice at Delaford for a few days, but he has never been in my power to return to Barton."

This, and the manner in which he was said, immediately brought back to her remembrance all the circumstances of his quitting that place, with the uneasiness and suspicions they had caused to Mrs. Jennings; and she was fearful that her question had implied much more curiosity on the subject than she had ever felt.

Mrs. Jennings soon came in. "Oh, Colonel," said she, with her usual noisy cheerfulness, "I am monstrous glad to see you—sorry I could not come before—beg your pardon,—I have been forced to look about me a little, and settle my matters; for it is a long while since I have been at home, and you know one has always a world of little odd things to do after one has been away for any time; and then I have had Cartwright to settle with. Lord, I have been as busy as a bee ever since dinner! But pray, Colonel, how came you to conjure out that I should be in town to-day?"

"I had the pleasure of hearing it at Mr. Palmer's, where I have been dining."

"Oh, you did; well, and how do they all do at their house? How does Charlotte do? I warrant you she is a fine size by this time."

"Mrs. Palmer appeared quite well; and I am commissioned to tell you, that you will certainly see her to-morrow."

"Ay, to be sure, I thought as much. Well, Colonel, I brought two young ladies with me, you see,—that is, you see but one of them now, but there is another somewhere. Your friend Miss Marianne, too—which she will not be sorry to hear. I do know you Mr. Willoughby will do between you and her. Ay, it is a fine thing to be young and handsome. Well—I was young once, but I never was very handsome—worse luck for me. However, I got a very good husband, and I don't

know what the greatest beauty can do more. Ah, he has been dead these eight years and better. But, Colonel, where have you been to since we parted? And how does your business go on? Come, come, let's have no secrets among friends."

He replied with his accustomed mildness to all her enquiries, but without satisfying her in any. Elinor now began to make the tea, and Marianne was obliged to appear again.

After her entrance, Colonel Brandon became more thoughtful and silent than he had been before, and Mrs. Jennings could not prevail on him to stay long. No other visiter appeared that evening, and the ladies were unanimous in agreeing to go early to bed.

The next morning recovered spirits and happy looks. The disappointment of the evening before seemed forgotten in the expectation of what was to happen that day. They had not long finished their breakfast before Mrs. Palmer's barouche stopped at the door, and in a few minutes she came laughing into the room: so delighted to see them all, that it was hard to say whether she received most pleasure from meeting her mother or the Miss Dashwoods again. She surprised at their coming to town, though it was what she had rather expected all along; so angry at their accepting her mother's invitation after having declined her own, though at the same time she would never have forgiven them if they had not come!

"Mr. Palmer will be so happy to see you," said she:—"what do you think he said when he heard of your coming with mamma? I forgot what it was now, but it was something so droll!"

After an hour or two spent in what her mother called comfortable chat, or in other words, in every variety of enquiry concerning all their acquaintance on Mrs. Jennings's side, and in laughter without cause on Mrs. Palmer's, it was proposed by the latter that they should all accompany her to some shops where she had business that morning, to which Mrs. Jennings and Elinor readily consented, as having likewise some purchases to make themselves; and

Marianne, though declining it at first, was induced to go  
~~revised~~

Wherever they went, she was evidently always on the  
~~revised~~ In Bond Street especially, where much of their  
 business lay, her eyes were in constant enquiry ; and in  
 whatever shop the party were engaged, her mind was  
 equally abstracted from every thing actually before them,  
 from all that interested and occupied the others. ~~revised~~  
 and ~~revised~~ every where, her ~~revised~~ ~~revised~~ never obtain  
 her opinion of any article of purchase, however ~~revised~~ might  
 equally concern them both : she received no pleasure from  
 any thing ; was only impatient to be ~~revised~~ home again, and  
 could with difficulty govern her vexation ~~revised~~ the ~~revised~~  
 of Mrs. Palmer, whose eye was caught by every thing  
 pretty, expensive, or new ; who was wild to buy all, could  
 determine on none, and dawdled away her time ~~revised~~ rapture  
 and indecision.

~~revised~~ was late in the morning before they returned home ;  
 and no sooner had they entered the house than Marianna  
 flew eagerly up stairs ; and when Elton followed, she found  
 her turning from the table with a sorrowful ~~revised~~ stance,  
 which declared that no Willoughby had been there.

" Has no letter been left here for me since ~~revised~~ went out ? "  
 said she to the footman, who then entered with the parcels.  
 She was answered in the negative. " Are you quite sure of  
 it ? " she replied. " Are you certain that no servant, no  
 porter has left any letter or note ? "

The man replied that none had.

" How very odd ! " said she, in a low and disappointed  
 voice, as she turned away to the window.

" How odd, indeed ! " repeated Elton within herself,  
 regarding her ~~revised~~ with uneasiness. " If she had not  
 known him to be in town she would not have written  
 to him, as she did ; she would have written to Combe  
 Magna ; and if he is in town, how odd that he should nei-  
 ther come nor write ! Oh, my dear mother, you must be  
 wrong in permitting an engagement between a daughter so  
 young, a man so little known, to be carried on in so doubt-  
 ful, so mysterious a manner ! I long to enquire ; but how  
 will my interference be borne ? "

she determined, after some consideration, that if appearances continued many days longer as unpleasant as they now were, she would represent in the strongest manner to her mother the necessity of some serious enquiry into the affair.

Mrs. [redacted] an elderly [redacted] of [redacted] Jennings's [redacted] acquaintance, whom she had [redacted] and [redacted] in the morning, dined with them. The former left them soon after tea to fulfil her evening engagements; and Elinor was obliged to assist in making a whist table for the others. Marianne was of no use on these occasions, as she would never learn the game; but though her time was therefore at her own disposal, the evening was by no means more productive of pleasure to her than to Elinor, for it was spent in all the anxiety of expectation and the pain of disappointment. [redacted] sometimes endeavoured for a few minutes to read; but the book was soon thrown aside; and she returned to the more interesting employment of walking [redacted] and forwards across the room, pausing for a moment whenever she [redacted] to the window, in hopes of distinguishing the long-expected rap.

## CHAPTER V.

"Is this open weather holds much longer," said Mrs. Jennings, when they met at breakfast the following morning, "Sir John will not like leaving Barton next week, 'tis a sad thing for sportsmen to lose a day's pleasure. Poor souls! I always pity them when they do; they seem to take it so much to heart."

"That is true," cried Marianne, in a cheerful voice, and walking to the window as she spoke, to examine the day. "I had not thought of that. This weather will keep many sportsmen in the country."

It was a lucky recollection; all her good spirits were re-

stored by it. "It is charming weather for *flow* indeed," she continued, as she sat down to the breakfast table with a happy countenance. "How much they must enjoy it! But" (with a little return of anxiety) "it cannot be expected to last long. At this time of the year, and after such a series of rain, we shall certainly have very little more of it. Frosts will soon set in, and all probability with severity. In another day or two, perhaps; mildness can hardly last longer — nay, perhaps it freezes to-night!"

"At any rate," said Elinor, wishing to prevent Mrs. Jennings from seeing her sister's thoughts as clearly as she did, "I dare say we shall have Sir John and Lady Middleton in town by the end of next week."

"Ay, my dear, I'll warrant you we do. Mary always has her own way."

"And now," silently conjectured Elinor, "she will write to Combe by this day's post."

But if she did, the letter was written and sent away with a privacy which eluded all her watchfulness to ascertain the fact. Whatever the truth of it might be, and far as Elinor was from feeling thorough contentment about it, yet while she saw Marianne in spirits, she could not be very comfortable herself. And Marianne was in spirits; happy in the mildness of the weather, and still happier in her expectation of a visitor.

The morning was chiefly spent in leaving cards at the houses of Mrs. Jennings's acquaintance, to inform them of her being in town; and Marianne was all the time busy in observing the direction of the wind, watching the variations of the sky, and imagining an alteration in the air.

"Don't you find it colder than it was in the morning, Elinor? There seems to me a very decided difference. I can hardly keep my hands warm even in my muff. It was not so yesterday, I think. The clouds seem parting too; the sun will be out in a moment, and we shall have a clear afternoon."

Elinor was alternately diverted and pained; but Marianne persevered, and saw every night in the brightness of

the fire, and every morning in the appearance of the atmosphere, the certain symptoms of approaching frost.

The Miss Dashwoods had no greater reason to be dissatisfied with Jennings's style of living, and of acquaintance, than with her behaviour to themselves, which was invariably the same. Every thing in her arrangements was on the most liberal plan, and excepting a few city friends, whom, as Lady Middleton's regret, she had never dropped, she visited no one to whom an introduction could at all discompose the feelings of her young companions. To her more comfortably situated in that particular respect than expected, Elinor was very willing to compound for much enjoyment from any of her evening parties, which, whether at home or abroad, formed only for cards, could have little to amuse her.

Colonel Brandon, who was a general invitation to the house, was with them almost every day: he came to see Marianne, and talk to Elinor, who often derived satisfaction from conversing with him than from any other daily occurrence, but who saw, at the same time, much concern his continued regard for her sister. She feared it was a strengthening regard. It grieved her to see the earnestness with which he often watched Marianne; and his spirits were certainly worse than when at Barton.

About a week after their arrival, he became certain that Willoughby was also arrived. He was on the point when they came in from the morning's drive.

"God!" said Marianne, "he has been here while we were out." Elinor, rejoiced to be assured of his being in London, now ventured to say, "Depend upon it, he will call again to-morrow." Marianne seemed hardly to hear her, and, on Mrs. Jennings's entrance, escaped with the precious card.

This event, while it raised the spirits of Elinor, restored to those of her sister all, and more than all, their former agitation. From this moment her mind was never quiet; the expectation of seeing him every hour of the day made her unfit for any thing. She insisted on being left behind, the next morning, when the others went out.



Elinor's thoughts were full of what might be passing in Berkeley Street during their absence; but a moment's glance at her sister, when they returned, was enough to inform her that Willoughby had paid no second visit there. A note was just then brought in, and laid on the table.

"For me!" cried Marianne, stepping hastily forward.

"No, ma'am, for my mistress."

But Marianne, not convinced, took it instantly up.

"It is, indeed, for Mrs. Jennings; how provoking!"

"You are expecting a letter, then?" said Elinor, unable to be longer silent.

"Yes, a little — not much."

After a short pause, "You have no ~~business~~ in me, ~~Marianne~~."

"Nay, Elinor, this reproach from you — you who have ~~business~~ in no one!"

"Me!" returned Elinor, in some confusion; "indeed, Marianne, I have nothing to tell."

"Nor I," answered ~~Marianne~~ with quietness; "our situations then are alike. We have neither of us any thing to tell; you, because you communicate, and I, because I conceal nothing."

Elinor, distressed by this charge of reserve in herself, which she was not at liberty to do away, knew not how, under such circumstances, to press for greater openness in Marianne.

Mrs. Jennings soon appeared, and the note being given her, she read it aloud. It was from Lady Middleton, announcing their arrival in Conduit Street the night before, and requesting the company of her mother and cousins the following evening. Business on Sir John's part, and a violent cold on her own, prevented their calling in Berkeley Street. The invitation was accepted; but when the hour of appointment drew near, necessary as it was, in common civility, to Mrs. Jennings that they should both attend her on such a visit, Elinor had some difficulty in persuading her sister to go, for still she had seen nothing of Willoughby; and therefore was not more indisposed for amusement abroad than unwilling to run the risk of his calling again in her absence.

Elinor found, when the evening was over, that disposition is not materially altered by a change of abode; for, although scarcely settled in town, Sir John had contrived to collect around him nearly twenty young people, and to amuse them with a ball. This was an affair, however, of which Lady Middleton was not approve. In the country, an unpremeditated dance was very allowable; but in London, where the reputation of elegance was more important, less easily obtained, it was risking too much gratification of a few girls, to have it known, that Lady Middleton had given a small dance, of eight or nine couples, with two violins, and a mere sideboard collation.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmer were of the party; from the former, whom they had not seen before since their arrival in town, as he was careful to avoid the appearance of any attention to his mother-in-law, and therefore never came near her, they received no mark of recognition on their entrance. He looked at them slightly, without seeming to know who they were, and merely nodded to Mrs. Jennings from the side of the room. Mrs. Jennings glanced round the apartment as she entered; it was enough, as was not there — and she sat down, equally ill-disposed to receive or communicate pleasure. After they had been assembled about an hour, Mr. Palmer turned towards the Miss Dashwoods to express his surprise on seeing them in town, though Colonel Brandon had been first informed of their arrival at his house, and he had himself said something very droll on hearing that they were to come.

"I thought you were both in Devonshire," said he.

"Did you?" replied Elinor.

"When do you go back again?"

"I do not know." And thus ended their discourse.

Never had Elinor been so unwilling to dance in her life as she was that evening, and never so much fatigued by the exercise. She complained of it as they returned to Berkeley Square.

"Ay, ay," said Mrs. Jennings, "we know the reason of all that very well: if a certain person, who shall be nameless, had been there, you would not have been a bit

tired; and, to say the truth, it was not very pretty of him not to give you the meeting when he was invited."

"Invited?" said Marianne.

"So my daughter Middleton saw me; for I saw Sir [redacted] him somewhere in the [redacted] morning." [redacted] more, but looked exceedingly hurt. Impatient [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] doing something [redacted] might lead to her sister's relief, Elinor resolved to write the next morning to her mother, and hoped, by awakening her fears for the health of Marianne, to procure those enquiries [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] so long delayed; and she was still more eagerly bent on this measure, by perceiving, after breakfast [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] again writing [redacted] Willoughby, for she could not suppose [redacted] to be to any other person.

About [redacted] middle of the day Mrs. Jennings [redacted] [redacted] by herself [redacted] business, and [redacted] began her letter directly, while Marianne, [redacted] [redacted] for employment, [redacted] [redacted] for conversation, walked from one window to the other, [redacted] sat down by the [redacted] in melancholy meditation. Elinor was very earnest in [redacted] application to her mother, relating all that had passed, her suspicions of Willoughby's inconsistency, urging her, by every plea of duty and affection, to demand from Marianne an account of her real situation with respect to him.

Her letter was scarcely finished, when a rap foretold a visitor, and [redacted] Brandon was announced. Marianne, who had seen him from the window, and who [redacted] [redacted] party of any kind, left the room before he entered it. He looked more [redacted] usually grave; and though expressing [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] finding Miss Dashwood alone, as if he [redacted] somewhat in particular to tell her, yet for [redacted] time without saying a word. Elinor, persuaded [redacted] [redacted] had some communication to make in which her sister was concerned, impatiently expected [redacted] opening. It was [redacted] [redacted] first time of her feeling the same kind of conviction; for more than once before, beginning with the observation of, "Your sister looks unwell to-day," or, "Your sister seems out of spirits," he had appeared on the point, either of disclosing, or of enquiring, something particular about her. After a

of minutes their silence was broken, by his asking her, in a voice of some agitation, when he was to congratulate her on her acquisition of a brother? She was prepared for such a question; she having answered ready, she obliged him to adopt a simple and unobtrusive explanation, asking what he meant? He tried to smile, she replied, "Your sister's engagement to Mr. Willoughby is very generally known."

"It is generally known," returned Elinor, "for her own family do not know it."

He looked surprised, and said, "I beg your pardon, I am sure my enquiry is not impertinent; I supposed some secrecy intended, as they openly correspond, and their marriage is universally known of."

"How can that be? By whom do you have heard it mentioned?"

"By many—by some of whom you know nothing, by others with whom you are most intimate, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Palmer, and the others. But still I might not have believed it, where the matter is, perhaps, rather unwilling to be convinced, it will always be something to support my doubts, if I had not, when the servant let me in to-day, accidentally find a letter in his hand, directed to Mr. Willoughby, in your sister's writing. I came to enquire, but I was convinced before I could ask the question. Is every thing finally settled? Is it impossible to— I have no right, and I could have no chance of succeeding. Excuse me, I am Dashwood. I believe I have been wrong in saying so much, but I hardly know what to do, and your prudence I have the strongest dependence. Tell me, I am absolutely resolved to attempt, that short concealment, if concealment is possible, that remains."

These words, which conveyed to Elinor a direct avowal of her love for her sister, affected her very much. She was immediately seized by the thing; and when her spirits were recovered, she debated for a short time on the answer it would be most proper to give. The real state of things between Willoughby and her was such that, in endeavouring to explain it, she



without once stirring from her seat, or altering her attitude, lost in her own thoughts, and insensible of her sister's presence; and when at last they were told that Lady Middleton waited for them at the door, she started as if she were forgotten, and was expected.

They arrived at the time at the place of destination; as at a string of carriages would allow, alighted, descended the stairs, pronounced their landing-place another in an audible voice, entered a room splendidly furnished up, quite full of people, insufferably hot. When they had paid their tribute of politeness by courtesying the lady of the house, they were permitted to mingle in the crowd, and take their share of the heat and inconvenience to which their presence necessarily add. After some time spent in saying little and doing less, Lady Middleton sat down to Cassino, and Marianne in spite of her moving about, she and Elinor luckily succeeded to a place placed themselves at a great distance from the table.

They had not remained in this manner long, Elinor perceived Willoughby, standing within a few yards of them, in conversation with a very young-looking woman. He caught his eye, and he immediately bowed, but without attempting to speak to her, or to approach Marianne, though he could not but see her; and then continued his discourse with the lady. Elinor involuntarily asked Marianne, whether it might be unobserved by her. At that moment she perceived him; and her whole countenance glowing with delight, she would have moved towards him instantly, had her sister caught her of her.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed, "he is there—he is there!—Oh, why does he not look at me? Why do I speak to him?"

"Pray, be composed," said Elinor, "and do not betray you feel every body present. Perhaps you are not yet."

This, however, was more than she could believe herself; and to be composed at such a moment was not only beyond

reach of Marianne, it was beyond her wish. She was in an agony of impatience which affected every feature.

At last he turned round again, and regarded them both ; she started up, pronouncing his name in a voice of affection, held out her hand to him. He approached ; addressing her rather than Marianne, as if wishing to catch her eye, he determined in his attitude, enquired, in a hurried manner, how long they had been in the wood, and how long they had been in the wood. Elinor was of all presence of mind by such an address, and was unable to say a word. But the feelings of her heart were instantly expressed. Her face was crimsoned over, and she exclaimed, in a voice of the greatest emotion, " Good God ! Willoughby, what is the meaning of this ? Have you received my letters ? Do you not shake hands with me ? "

He could not then avoid it ; but her touch seemed painful to him, and he held her hand only for a moment. During this time he was evidently struggling for self-control. Elinor watched his countenance and its expression becoming more tranquil. After a moment's pause, he spoke with calmness.

" I did myself the honour of calling in Berkeley Street last Tuesday, and very much regretted that I was not fortunate enough to find yourselves and Mrs. Jennings at home. My card was lost, I hope."

" Did you not receive my notes ? " she asked in a voice of anxiety. " Here is some mistake, I am sure — some dreadful mistake. What can be the meaning of it ? Tell me, Willoughby ; for Heaven's sake, tell me the meaning of it ? "

He replied : his complexion changed, and his embarrassment returned ; but if, on catching sight of the young lady with whom he had previously talking, the necessity of instant exertion, he recovered himself again, and after saying, " Yes, I had the pleasure of receiving the information of your arrival in town, when you were so good as to send me," turned hastily away with a slight bow, and joined his friend.

Marianne, looking dreadfully white, and unable to stand, sunk into her chair ; and Elinor, expecting every mo-

she saw her faint, tried to screen her from the observation of others, and, reviving her, said, "Go to him, Elinor, as soon as you can."

"Go to him, Elinor," she cried, as soon as she could speak, "and force him to come to me. Tell him I must see him again — I must speak to him instantly. I cannot rest — I shall have a moment's peace till this is explained — some misapprehension or — Oh, to that moment."

"Can it be done? No, my dearest Marianne, you must wait. This is not a place for explanations. Only to-morrow."

With difficulty, however, she prevented her from following him herself; and, to persuade her to check her agitation, to wait, at least, till his appearance and composure, she might speak to him with more privacy and more effect, was impossible, for Marianne continued incessantly to give way in a low voice to the misery of her feelings, by exclamations of wretchedness. In a short time Elinor Willoughby quit the room by the door towards the staircase; and telling Mr. Jennings that he was gone, urged the impossibility of speaking to him again that evening, as a fresh argument for her to be calm. She instantly begged her sister would request Lady Middleton to take them home, as she was too miserable to stay a minute longer.

Lady Middleton, though in the greatest of a rubber, on being informed that Mr. Willoughby was unwell, was so polite to object to a moment to her wish of going away, and making over her cards to a friend, they departed as soon as the carriage could be found. Scarcely a word was spoken during the journey to Berkeley Street. Mr. Jennings was in a silent agony, too much oppressed even to tears; but as Mr. Jennings was luckily at home, they went directly to their own room, where hartshorn restored him a little to himself. She was soon undressed and in bed; and as she was desirous of being alone, her sister then left her, and Mr. Jennings waited the morning. Mr. Jennings had enough to be thinking of.

That some mistake or misapprehension had taken place, Willoughby and Marianne she could not doubt, and Mr. Willoughby was weary of it, seemed equally clear; for how-





with silent anxiety, said, in a tone of the most considerate gentleness,—

"Marianne, may I ask ———?"

"No, Elinor," ■■■■ replied, "■■■■ nothing; you will soon know all."

The sort of desperate calmness with ■■■■ ■■■■ was ■■■■ ■■■■ no longer ■■■■ while ■■■■ spoke, and was ■■■■ immediately followed by a return of the same excessive ■■■■. It was some minutes before she could go — ■■■■ ■■■■ letter; ■■■■ ■■■■ frequent bursts of grief ■■■■ ■■■■ obliged her, at intervals, ■■■■ withhold her ■■■■ ■■■■ proofs enough of her feeling how more than probable it was that she was writing for the last time to Willoughby.

Elinor paid her every quiet and unobtrusive attention ■■■■ her power; and she would have tried to soothe and tranquillise her still more, had not Marianne entreated her, with all the eagerness of the most nervous irritability, not to speak to her for the world. In such circumstances it was better for both that they should not be long together; and the restless state of Marianne's ■■■■ not only prevented her from remaining in the room a moment after she was dressed, but requiring at once solitude and continual change of place, made her wander about the house till breakfast-time, avoiding the sight of every body.

■■■■ breakfast she neither ate nor attempted to eat any thing; and Elinor's attention was then all employed, not in urging her, not ■■■■ pitying her, nor in appearing to regard her, but in endeavouring to engage ■■■■ Jennings's notice entirely to herself.

As this was a favourite meal with Mrs. Jennings it lasted a considerable time; and they were just setting themselves after it round the common working table, when a letter was delivered to Marianne, which she eagerly caught from the servant, and, turning of a death-like paleness, instantly ran ■■■■ of the room. Elinor, who saw as plainly by this as if she had seen the direction that ■■■■ must come from Willoughby, felt immediately such a sickness at heart as made her hardly able to hold up her head, and at ■■■■ such a general tremour as made her fear ■■■■ impossible to escape Mrs. Jennings's notice. That good

lady, however, only that ~~the~~ ~~report~~ ~~from~~ Willoughby, which appeared to her a very good joke, and which she treated accordingly, by hoping, with a laugh, that she would find ~~it~~ to her liking. Of ~~course~~ ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~now~~ busily employed in measuring lengths of worsted for her rug to see ~~any~~ thing at all; and calmly continuing her talk as soon as ~~the~~ disappeared, she said, —

"Upon my word, I never saw a young woman so desperately in love in my life! My girls were nothing to her, and yet they used to be foolish enough; but as for Miss Marianne she is quite an altered creature. I hope, from the bottom of my heart, he won't keep her waiting ~~much~~ longer, for it is quite grievous to see her look so ill and forlorn. Pray, when are they to be married?"

Elinor, though never less disposed to speak than ~~at~~ that moment, obliged herself to ~~make~~ such an attack as this, and, therefore, trying to smile, replied, "And have you really, ma'am, talked yourself into a persuasion of my sister's being engaged to Mr. Willoughby? I thought it had been only a joke, but so serious a question seems to imply more; and I must beg, therefore, that you will not deceive yourself any longer. I do assure you that nothing would surprise me more than to hear of their being going to be married."

"For shame, for shame, Miss Dashwood! how can you talk so? Don't we all know that it must be a match, — that they were over head and ears in love with each other from the first moment they met? Did not I see them together ~~in~~ Devonshire every day, and all day long; and did ~~not~~ I know that your sister came to town with me on purpose to buy wedding clothes? Come, come, ~~she~~ won't ~~be~~. Because you are so sly about it yourself, you think nobody else has any senses; but it is no such thing, I can tell you, for ~~it~~ has been known all over town this ever so long. I tell every body of it, and so does Charlotte."

"Indeed, ma'am," said Elinor very seriously, "you are mistaken. Indeed, you are doing a very unkind thing in spreading the report; and you will find that you have, though you will not believe me now."

Jennings laughed again, and then all spirits to say and all events, in which Willoughby had written, away to the room where, opening the door, Mrs. Marianne knelt on the bed, choked by grief, one letter in her hand, and others lying by her. Elinor drew near, saying a word; seating herself on the bed, took her hand, kissed her affectionately several times, then gave way to a burst of tears, which were scarcely less violent than her grief. The latter, though she could not speak, seemed to feel the propriety of this behaviour; and, after some time thus spent in joint affliction, she gave the letter into Elinor's hands, and then covering her face with her handkerchief, Elinor, who knew that such grief, shocking as it was to witness it, must have its course, watched by her, and then turning eagerly to Willoughby's letter, read as follows:—

“ Bond Street, January.

“ My dear Madam,

“ I have just had the honour of receiving your letter, for which I beg to express my sincere acknowledgments. I am much concerned that there was any thing in my behaviour last night that did not meet your approbation; though I am quite at a loss to discover at what point I could be so unfortunate as to offend you, I entreat your forgiveness of what I can assure you I have been perfectly unintentional. I must reflect on my acquaintance with your family in Devonshire with grateful pleasure, and I will myself be guided by any mistake or misapprehension of my actions. My esteem for your whole family is very sincere; but if I have been so unfortunate as to give rise to a belief of more than I felt, or meant to express, I shall reproach myself for not having been more guarded in my professions of that esteem. That I should ever have meant more, you will allow to be impossible, when you understand that my affections have been long engaged elsewhere, and it will not be many weeks, I believe, before this engagement is

It is with great regret that I obey your commands of returning the letters with which I have been honoured from you, and the lock of hair which you so obligingly bestowed on me.

"I am, dear Madam,

"Your most

"Invisible servant,

"WILLOUGHBY."

With indignation such a letter as this was by Miss Dashwood may be imagined. Though aware, before she began it, that it would bring a proof of her inconsistency, she could not have foreseen that it would be so; nor could she have supposed Willoughby capable of departing so far from the appearance of every honourable and delicate feeling—so far from the common decorum of a gentleman—as to send a letter so impudently cruel; a letter which, instead of bringing with his desire of a release any professions of regret, acknowledged no breach of faith, denied all peculiar affection whatever;—a letter of which every word was an insult, and which proclaimed its writer to be deep in hardened villany.

She paused over it for some time with indignant astonishment; then read it again and again; but every perusal only served to increase her abhorrence of the man; and so bitter were her feelings against him, that she dared not trust herself to speak, lest she might wound Marianne still deeper, by treating their disengagement, not as a loss to her of any possible good, but as an escape from the worst and most pernicious of all evils,—a connection with an unprincipled man as a deliverance from a real, a blessing the most important.

In her earnest meditations on the contents of the letter, on the depravity of that mind which could dictate it, and, probably, on the very different mind of a very different person who had no other connection whatever with the affair than what her heart gave him with every thing that passed, Elinor forgot the immediate distress of her sister, forgot that she had three letters on her lap yet unread, and

so entirely forgot how long she had been in the room, that when, on hearing a carriage drive up to the door, she went to the window to see who could be coming so unreasonably early, she was in astonishment to perceive Mr. Jennings's chariot, which she knew had not yet arrived. Determined to quit Marianne, though hopeless of contributing, in present, to her cure, she went away from the case attending Mr. Jennings, who, being indisposed. Mr. Jennings, with a thoroughly good-humoured concern for its cure, admitted the excuse most readily; and Elinor, after seeing her safe off, returned to Marianne, whom she found attempting to rise from the bed, and whom she reached just in time to prevent her from falling on the floor, faint and giddy from a long want of proper food; for it was many days since she had any appetite, and many nights since she had really slept; and now, when her mind was no longer supported by the fever of suspense, the consequence of all this was felt in an aching head, a weak stomach, and a general nervous faintness. A glass of wine, which Elinor procured for her directly, made her more comfortable, and she was last able to express some sense of her kindness, by saying, "Poor Elinor! how unhappy I make you!"

"I only wish," replied her sister, "there were any thing I could do, which might be of comfort to you."

This, in every thing, would have been, too late for Marianne, who could only exclaim, in anguish of her heart, "Oh, Elinor, I am indeed," and her voice was entirely lost in sobs.

She no longer spoke, and her grief was all silence.

"Exert yourself, dear Marianne," she cried, "if you would not kill yourself and all who love you. Think of your mother; think of her misery; think of the sufferings she must exert herself."

"I cannot, I cannot," cried Marianne; "leave me, leave me, if I distress you; leave me, hate me, forget me! I do not torture me so. Oh, how easy for those who have no sorrow of their own to talk of exertion! Happy, happy Elinor, you cannot have an idea of what I feel."

"Do you call me happy, Marianne? Ah, if you knew! I can you believe me to be so, while I see you so wretched?"

"Forgive me, forgive me," throwing her round her sister's neck; "I know you feel for me; I know what a heart you have; but yet you are—you must be happy; I love you—what, what, away with happiness as that?"

"Many, many circumstances," Elinor, solemnly.

"No, no, no," cried Marianne, wildly; "be only you. You only are grief."

"I can have no pleasure while I see you in this state."

"And you will never see me otherwise. Mine is a misery nothing can away."

"You must not so, Marianne. Have you no comforts? no friends? Is your loss such as leaves no opening for consolation? Much as you suffer now, think of what you would have suffered, if the discovery of his character had been delayed to a later period;—if your engagement had been for months and months, as it might have been, before he chose to put an end to it. Every additional day of unhappy confidence, on your side, would have made the blow more dreadful."

"Engagement!" cried Marianne, "there has been no engagement."

"No engagement!"

"No, I am so unworthy as you believe him. I have been with me."

"But he told you that he loved you."

"Yes—no—never absolutely. He was every day implied, but never professedly declared. I thought he had been, but he was not."

"Yet you wrote to him?"

"Yes: could that be wrong, after all that had passed? I must talk."

Elinor said more, and turning again to the three which raised a much stronger curiosity before, directly over the heads of all. The first, which was what her sister had sent him on their arrival at town, to the effect:—

" Berkeley Street, January.

" Now surprised you will be, Willoughby, on receiving this; and I think you will feel something more than surprise, when you know that I am in town. An opportunity is coming hither, though Mr. Jennings, is a temptation we could not resist. I wish you may receive this in time to come here to-night, but I will not depend on it. At any rate I shall expect you to-morrow. For the present, adieu.

" M. D."

Her second note, which had been written on the morning after the dance at the Middletons', was in these words:—

" I cannot express my disappointment at having missed you the day before yesterday, nor my astonishment at not having received any answer to a note which I sent above a week ago. I have been expecting to hear from you, and still more to see you, every hour of the day. Pray call again as soon as possible, and explain the reason of my having expected this in vain. You had better call earlier another time, because we are generally out by one. We were last night at Lady Middleton's, where there was a dance. I have been told that you were asked to be of the party. Did you not go? You must be very much altered, indeed, if you did not go, if you could be there and you not there. But I will not suppose this possible, and I hope very soon to receive your personal assurance of its being otherwise.

" M. D."

The contents of her last note to him were these:—

" What am I to imagine, Willoughby, by your behaviour the night? Again I demand an explanation of it. I was prepared to meet you with the pleasure which our separation naturally produced,—with the familiarity of intimacy which appeared to me to justify. I was repulsed indeed! I have passed a wretched night in endeavouring to excuse a conduct which can scarcely be called less than insulting; but though I have not yet been able to find any reasonable apology for your behaviour, I



am perfectly ready to hear your justification of it. You have perhaps been misinformed, or purposely deceived, in something concerning me, which may have ~~informed me~~ in your opinion. Tell me what it is; explain the grounds on which you acted, and I shall be satisfied, in being able to satisfy you. It would grieve me, indeed, to be obliged to think ill of you; but if I am to do it, if I am to learn that you are not what we have hitherto ~~known~~ you, that your regard for us all was insincere, that your behaviour to me was intended only to deceive, let it be told as soon as possible. My feelings are at present in a state of dreadful indecision; I wish to acquit you, but certainty on either side will be ease to what I now suffer. ~~My~~ your sentiments are no longer what they were, you will return my notes, and the lock of ~~my~~ hair which is in your pos-

"M. D."

That ~~letter~~ letters, so full of ~~confidence~~ confidence, could ~~be~~ ~~so~~ no answered, Elinor, for Willoughby's sake, would have been unwilling to believe. But her condemnation of him did not blind her to the impropriety of ~~the~~ having been written ~~in~~ all; ~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~silently~~ silently grieving over ~~his~~ imprudence ~~and~~ ~~such~~ such unsolicited proofs of tenderness, now warranted by any thing preceding, and most severely condemned by the event, ~~Marianne~~ Marianne, perceiving that she ~~was~~ ~~the~~ letters, observed to her that they contained nothing but what any one would have written in the same situation.

"I felt myself," she added, "to be as solemnly engaged to him as if the strictest legal covenant had bound us to each other."

"I can believe it," said Elinor; "but unfortunately ~~the~~ ~~was~~ ~~the~~ the same."

"He *did* feel the same, Elinor—for weeks and weeks he felt it. I know he did. Whatever may have changed ~~him~~ ~~now~~ (and nothing but the blackest art employed against me can have done it), I was once as dear to him as my own soul could wish. This lock of hair, which now he can so readily give up, was begged of ~~me~~ with the most

earnest supplication. Had you seen his look, his manner, had you heard his voice at that moment! Have you forgot the last evening of our being together at Barton? The morning that we parted too! When he told me that I might be many weeks before we met again — his distress — can I ever forget his distress?"

For a moment or two she could say no more; but when this emotion had passed away, she added, in a low tone, —

"Elinor, I have been cruelly used; but not by Willoughby."

"Dearest Marianne, who but himself? By whom can he have been instigated?"

"By all the world, rather than by my own heart. I could rather believe every creature of my acquaintance leagued together to ruin me in his opinion, than believe my nature capable of such cruelty. This woman of whom he writes — whoever she be — or any one, I shun, but your own dear self, mamma, and Edward, may have been so barbarous to belie me. Beyond you three, is there a creature in the world whom I would not rather suspect of evil than Willoughby, whose heart I know so well?"

Elinor would not contend, she only replied, "Whoever may have been so detestably your enemy, let them be ashamed of their malignant triumph, my dear sister, by seeing how nobly the consciousness of your own innocence and good intentions supports your spirits. It is a reasonable and laudable pride which resists such malevolence."

"No, no," cried Marianne, "misery such as mine has no pride. I care not who knows that I am wretched. The triumph of seeing me so may be open to all the world. Elinor, Elinor, they who suffer little may be proud and independent as they like — may resist insult, or return mortification — but I cannot. I must feel — I must be wretched — and they are welcome to enjoy the consciousness of it that can."

"But for my mother's sake and mine —"

"I would do more than for my own. But to appear happy when I am so miserable — oh, that can require it?"

Again they were both silent. Elinor was employed in

thoughtfully from the fire to the window, from the window to the fire, without knowing that she received warmth from one, or discerning objects through the other; and Marianne, seated at the foot of the bed, with her head leaning against one of its posts, again took up Willoughby's letter, and, after shuddering over every sentence, exclaimed,—

"Is too much! Oh, Willoughby, Willoughby, could this be yours? Cruel, cruel—nothing can acquit you. Elinor, nothing can. Whatever he might have heard against me, ought he not to have suspended his belief? ought he not to have told me of it, to have given me the power of clearing myself? 'The lock of [redacted] (repeating it from the letter) [redacted] you so obligingly bestowed on me'—that is unpardonable. Willoughby, where was your heart when you wrote those words? Oh, barbarously insolent!—Elinor, can he be justified?"

"No, Marianne, in no possible way."

"And yet this woman—who knows [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] may have been?—how long it may have been premeditated, [redacted] how deeply contrived by her!—Who is she?—Who can she be?—Whom did I ever hear him talk of as young and attractive among his female acquaintance?—Oh, no one, [redacted] one:—he talked to me only of myself."

Another pause ensued; [redacted] was greatly agitated, and it ended thus:—

"Elinor, I must go home. I must go [redacted] comfort [redacted]. Cannot we be gone to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, Marianne!"

"Yes; why should I stay here? I came only for Willoughby's sake—and now who cares [redacted] me? [redacted] regards me?"

"It would be impossible to go to-morrow. We owe Mrs. Jennings much more than civility; and civility of the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] prevent such a [redacted] removal as that."

"Well then, another day or two, perhaps; but I cannot stay here long; I cannot stay to endure the questions [redacted] remarks of all [redacted] people. The [redacted] and Palmers—how am I to bear their pity? The pity of such

a woman as Lady Middleton! Oh, what would he say to that?"

Elinor advised her to lie down again, and for a she did so; but her attitude could give ease; and in restless pain of mind and body she moved from one posture to another, till, growing more and more hysterical, her sister could with difficulty keep her on the bed at all, and for some time was fearful of being constrained to call for lavender drops, however, which length pen- take, were of use; and from time Mrs. Jennings returned she continued on quiet motionless.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Jennings immediately to their room on her return, and without waiting to have her request of admittance answered, opened the door and walked in with a look of real concern.

"How do you do, my dear?" said she, in a voice of great compassion Marianne, who turned away her face without attempting to answer.

"How is she, Dashwood? Poor thing! she looks very bad. No wonder. Ay, it is but too true. She will be married very soon—a good-for-nothing fellow! I have no patience with him. Miss Taylor told me but half an hour ago, and she was told by a particular friend Miss Grey herself, else I am I have believed it; I was almost ready to sink as it was. Well, I, all I can say is, that if it is true, he has used a young lady of my acquaintance abominably ill, and I wish with all my soul his wife may plague his heart out. And as I always say, my dear, you may depend on it. I have no notion of men's going on this way; and if ever I meet him again, I will give him a dressing as he has not had this many a day. there is one com-

lost, my dear Miss Marianne — he is not the only young man in the world worth having ; and with your pretty face you will never want admirers. Well, poor thing ! I won't disturb her any longer, for she had better have ~~the~~ cry out at once and have done with it. The Parrys and Bendersons luckily are coming to-night, you know, and that will amuse her."

She then went away, walking on tiptoe out of the room, as if she supposed her young friend's affliction could be increased by noise.

Marianne, to the surprise of her sister, determined on dining with them. Elinor even advised her against it. But "no, she would go down ; she could bear it very well, and the bustle about her would be less." Elinor, pleased to have her governed for a moment by such a motive, though believing it hardly possible that she could sit out the dinner, said no more ; and adjusting her dress for her as well as she could, while Marianne still remained on the bed, was ready to assist her into the dining room as soon as they were summoned to it.

When there, though looking most wretchedly, she ate more, and was calmer than her sister had expected. Had she tried to speak, or had she been conscious of half Mrs. Jennings's well meant but ill-judged attentions to her, this calmness could not have been maintained ; but not a syllable escaped her lips ; and the abstraction of her thoughts preserved her in ignorance of every thing that was passing before her.

Elinor, who did justice to Mrs. Jennings's kindness, though its effusions were ~~very~~ distressing, and sometimes almost ridiculous, made her those acknowledgments, and returned her those civilities, which her sister could not make or return for herself. Their good friend saw that Marianne was unhappy, and felt that every thing was due to her which might make her at all less so. She treated her, therefore, with all the indulgent fondness of a parent towards a favourite child on the last day of its holidays. Marianne was to have the best place by the fire, was to be tempted to eat by every delicacy in the house, and to be amused by the relation of all the news of the day. Had

not Eliner, in the sad countenance of her sister, seen a check to all mirth, she could have been entertained by Mrs. Jennings's endeavours to cure a disappointment in love, by a variety of sweetmeats and olives, and a good fire. As soon, however, as the consciousness of all this was [REDACTED] by [REDACTED] repetition on Marianne, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] no longer. With a hasty exclamation of misery, and a sign to her sister not to follow her, she directly got up and hurried out of the room.

"Poor soul!" cried Mrs. Jennings, as soon as she was gone, "how it grieves me to see her! And I declare if she is not gone away without finishing her wine! And the dried cherries too! Lord! nothing seems to do her any good. I am sure if I knew of any thing she would like, I would send all over the town for it. Well, it is the oddest thing to me, that a man should see such a pretty girl so ill! But when there is plenty of money on one side, and next to none on the other, Lord bless you! they care no more about such things!"

"The lady, then, — Miss Grey, I think you [REDACTED] her, — is very rich?"

"Fifty thousand pounds, my dear. Did you ever see her? a smart, stylish girl, they say, but not handsome. I remember her [REDACTED] very well, Biddy Henshaws; she married a very wealthy man. But the family are all rich together. Fifty thousand pounds! and by all accounts it won't come before it's wanted; for they say he is all to pieces. [REDACTED] wonder! dashing about with his curriole and hunters! Well, it don't signify talking; but when a young man, be he who he will, comes and makes love to a pretty girl, and promises marriage, he has no business to fly off from his word, only because he grows poor, and a richer girl is ready to have him. Why don't he, in such a case, sell his horses, let his house, turn off his servants, and make a thorough reform at once? I warrant you, Miss Marianne would have been ready to wait till matters came round. But that won't do now-a-days; nothing in the way of pleasure can ever [REDACTED] given up by the young men of this age."

"Do you know what kind of a girl Miss Grey is? she said to be amiable?"

"I never heard any harm of her; indeed I hardly ever heard her mentioned; except that Mrs. Taylor did say this morning, that one day Miss Walker hinted to her, that she believed Mr. and Mrs. Ellison would not be sorry to have Miss Grey married, for she and Mrs. Ellison could never

"And who are the Ellisons?"

"Her guardians, my dear. But now she is of age, and may choose for herself; and a pretty choice she has made!—What now," after pausing a moment, "your poor sister is gone to her own room, I suppose, to moan by herself. Is there nothing one can get to comfort her? Poor dear, it seems quite cruel to let her be alone. Well, by-and-by we shall have a few friends, and that will amuse her a little. What shall we play at? She hates whist, I know; but is there no round game she cares for?"

"Ma'am, this business is quite unnecessary. Marianna, I dare say, will not leave her room again this evening. I shall persuade her, if I can, to go early to bed, for I am sure she wants rest."

"Ay, I believe that will be best for her. Let her name her own supper, and go to bed. Lord! no wonder she has been looking so bad and so cast down this last week or two, for this matter I suppose has been hanging over her head as long as that. And so the letter that came to-day finished it! Poor soul! I am sure if I had had a notion of it, I would not have joked her about it for all

But then, you know, how should I guess such a thing? I made sure of its being nothing but a common love letter, and you know young people like to be laughed at about them. Lord! how concerned Sir John and my daughters will be when they hear it! If I had had my senses about me I might have called in Conduit Street in way home, and told them of it. I shall see them to-morrow."

"It would be unnecessary, I am sure, for you to caution Mrs. Palmer and Sir John against ever naming Mr. Wil-

loughby, or making the slightest allusion to what has passed, before my sister. Their own good-natures must point out the cruelty of appearing any thing about it when she is present; and the less that may ever be said to myself on the subject, the more my feelings will be spared, as you, my dear madam, will easily believe."

"Oh, Lord! yes, that I do indeed. It must be terrible for you to hear me talked of; and as for your sister, I am sure I mention a word to her for the world. You saw I did not all dinner time. No more would Sir John nor my daughters, for they are all very thoughtful and considerate; especially if I give them a hint, as I certainly will. For my part, I think the less that is said about such things the better, the sooner 'tis over and forgot. And what good does talking ever do, you know?"

"In this it can only do harm; more so, perhaps, than in many cases of a similar kind; for it has been decided by circumstances, which, of every one concerned in it, are unfit to become the public conversation. I must do this justice to Mr. Willoughby — he has broken no positive engagement with my sister."

"Law, my dear! Don't pretend to defend him. No positive engagement indeed! after taking her all over Allerton House, and fixing on the very rooms they were to live in hereafter!"

Elinor, for her sister's sake, could not press the subject farther, and she hoped she was not required of her for Willoughby's; since, though Marianne might lose much, she could gain very little by the enforcement of the real truth. After a short silence on both sides, Mrs. Jennings, with all her natural hilarity, burst forth again.

"Well, my dear, 'tis a true saying about an ill wind, for it will be all the better for Colonel Brandon. He will have her at last; yes, that he will. Mind me, now, if they an't married by Midsummer. Lord! how he'll chuckle over this news! I hope he will come to-night. It will be all to one a better match for your sister. Two thousand a year without debt or drawback — except the little love-child, indeed; but I had forgot her; but she may be pre-



ticed out at small cost, and then what does it signify? Delaford is a nice place, I can tell you; exactly what I call a nice old fashioned place, full of comforts and conveniences; quite shut in with great garden walls that are covered with the best fruit-trees in the country; and such a mulberry tree in one corner! Lord! how Charlotte and I did stuff the only time we were there! Then, there is a dovecote, some delightful stewponds, and a very pretty canal; and every thing, in short, that one could wish for; and, moreover, it is close to the church, and only a quarter of a mile from the turnpike-road, so 'tis never dull, for you only go and sit up in an old yew arbour behind the house, you may see all the carriages that pass along. Oh, 'tis a nice place! A butcher hard by in the village, and the parsonage-house within a stone's throw. 'To my fancy, a thousand times prettier than Barton Park, where they are forced to send three miles for their meat, and have not a neighbour nearer than your mother. Well, I shall spirit the Colonel as soon as I can. One shoulder of mutton, you know, and another down. We can but put Willoughby out of her head!"

"Ay, if we can but do that, ma'am," said Elinor, "we shall do very well with or without Colonel Brandon." And then rising, she went away to join Marianne, whom she found, as she expected, in her own room, leaning, in silent misery, over the small remains of a fire, which, till Elinor's entrance, had been her only light.

"You had better leave me," was all the notice that her sister received from her.

"I will leave you," said Elinor, "if you will go to bed." But this, from the momentary perverseness of impatient suffering, she first refused to do. Her sister's earnest, though gentle persuasion, however, soon softened her to compliance; and Elinor saw her lay her aching head on the pillow, and saw her, as she hoped, in a way to get some quiet rest before she left her.

In the drawing-room, whither she then repaired, she was soon joined by Mrs. Jennings, with a wine glass, full of something, in her hand.

"My dear," said she, entering, "I have just recollected

that I have some of the finest old Constantia wine in the house that ever was tasted, so I have brought a glass of it for your sister. My poor husband ! how fond he was of it ! Whenever he had a touch of his old colicky gout, he said it did him more good than any thing else in the world. Do take it to your sister."

" Dear ma'am," replied Elinor, smiling at the difference in the complaints in which it was recommended, " how good you are ! But I have just left Marianne in bed, and, I hope, almost asleep ; and as I think nothing will be of so much service to her as rest, if you will give me leave, I will go myself."

Mrs. Jennings, though regretting that she had not been five minutes earlier, was not to be deterred from her compromise ; and Elinor, as she swallowed the chief of it, reflected, that though its good effects on a colicky gout were, at present, of little importance to her, its healing powers, on a disappointed heart, might be as reasonably tried on herself as on her sister.

Colonel Brandon came in while the party were at tea ; and by his manner of looking round the room for Marianne, Elinor immediately fancied that he neither expected nor wished to see her there, and, in short, that he was already aware of what occasioned her absence. Mrs. Jennings was not struck by the same thought ; for, soon after his entrance, she walked across the room to the tea-table where Elinor presided, and whispered, " The Colonel looks as grave as ever, you see : he knows nothing of it ; do tell him, my dear."

He shortly afterwards drew a chair close to hers, and, with a look which perfectly assured her of his good information, enquired after her sister.

" Marianne is not well," said she. " She has been indisposed all day, and we have persuaded her to go to bed."

" Perhaps, then," he hesitatingly replied, " what I heard this morning may be — there may be more truth in it than I could believe possible at first."

" What did you hear ?"

" That a gentleman, whom I had reason to think — in short, that a friend of mine, I know to be engaged — but how

shall I tell you? If you know it already, — surely — must, I may be spared."

"— mean," answered Elmer, with forced calmness, "Mr. Willoughby's marriage with Miss Grey. Yes, we do know it all. This seems to have been a day of general elucidation, for this very morning first unfolded it to us. Mr. Willoughby is unfathomable! Where did you hear it?"

"In a stationer's shop in Pall Mall, where I had business. Two ladies were waiting for their carriage, and one of them was giving the other an account of the match, in a voice so — attempting concealment, — was impossible — me not — hear — The name Willoughby, John Willoughby, frequently repeated, first caught my attention; and what followed was a positive assertion that every thing was now finally settled respecting his marriage with Miss Grey—it was no longer to be a secret—it would take place even within a few weeks, with many particulars of preparations and other matters. One thing, especially, I remember, because it served to identify the man still more:—as soon as the ceremony was over, they were to go to — Magnus, his — in — My — ment!—but it would be impossible to describe what I felt. The communicative lady I learnt, on enquiry, — for I stayed in the shop till they were gone, — was a Mrs. Ellison, and that, as I have been since informed, is the name of Miss Grey's guardian."

"It is. But have you likewise heard that Miss Grey has fifty thousand pounds? — that, if in — thing, we may find an explanation."

"It may be so; but Willoughby is capable—at least I think —" He stopped a moment; then added, in a voice which — itself, "— your sister, — how did she —"

"— sufferings have been very severe. — have only to hope that they may be proportionably short. It has been, it is a most cruel — Till yesterday, I believe, she never doubted his regard; and even now, perhaps — but I am — — was really attached to her. — has been very deceitful! and, in some points, there seems a hardness of heart about him."

" Ah ! " said Colonel Brandon, " there is, indeed ! But she does not—I think you said so—she does not quite as you do ? "

" You know her disposition, may how eagerly she still justify if she could. "

He made no answer ; and soon afterwards, by the removal of tea-things, the arrangement of parties, the subject necessarily dropped. Jennings watched them with pleasure while they talked, who expected the instantaneous gaiety on Colonel Brandon's side, might have seen a man of youth, of hope, of happiness, him, amusement, remain the evening more thoughtful usual.

## CHAPTER IX.

FROM a night of more sleep than she had expected, Marianne awoke the next morning to the same consciousness of misery in which she had closed her eyes.

Elinor encouraged her as much as possible to talk of what she felt ; and before breakfast ready they had gone through the subject again and again ; with the same steady conviction and affectionate on Elinor's side, the same impetuous feelings and varying opinions Marianne's, as as unfortunate as innocent as herself, and every consolation impossibility acquitting him. At one moment she was absolutely indifferent to the of all the world ; at another, she would seclude from it for ever, and at a third, could resist with energy. one thing, however, was uniform, when came to point, in avoiding, where was possible, the presence of Mrs. Jennings, and a silence when obliged to

heart was hardened against the belief of Mrs. Jennings's entering into her sorrows with any compassion.

"No, ~~no~~, no, it cannot be," she cried; "she cannot feel. Her kindness is not sympathy; her good-nature is not ~~sympathy~~. All that she wants is gossip; and she only likes me now because I supply it."

Elinor had not needed this to be assured of the injustice to which her sister was often led in her opinion of others, by the irritable refinement of her own mind, and the too great importance placed by her on the delicacies of a strong sensibility, and the graces of a polished ~~manners~~. ~~half~~ half the rest of the world, if more than half there be that are clever and good, Marianne, with excellent abilities and an ~~exquisite~~ disposition, was neither ~~romantic nor~~ ~~capricious~~. She expected from other people the same opinions and feelings as her own, and she judged of their motives by the immediate effect of their actions on herself. Thus a circumstance occurred, while the sisters were together in their own room after breakfast, which sunk the heart of Mrs. Jennings still lower in her estimation; because, through her own weakness, it chanced to prove a source of fresh pain to herself, though Mrs. Jennings was governed in it by an impulse of the utmost good-will.

With a letter in her out-stretched hand, and countenance gaily smiling, from the persuasion of bringing comfort, she entered their room, saying,—

"Now, ~~my~~ dear, I bring ye something that I am sure will do you good."

Marianne heard enough. In one moment her imagination placed before her a letter from Willoughby, full of tenderness and contrition, explanatory of all that had passed, satisfactory, convincing; and instantly ~~known~~ by Willoughby himself, rushing eagerly into the room to enforce, at her feet, by the eloquence of his eyes, the ~~assurance~~ of his ~~return~~. The work of one moment was destroyed by the next. The hand-writing of her mother, never till then unwelcome, was before her; and, in the acuteness of the disappointment which followed such an ecstasy of more than hope, she felt as if, till that instant, she had never suffered.

The trucky of Mrs. Jennings no language, within her reach in her moments of happiest eloquence, could have expressed; and now she could reproach her only by the tears which streamed from her eyes with passionate violence; — a reproach, however, so entirely lost on its object, that, after many expressions of pity, she withdrew, still referring her to the letter for comfort. But the letter, when she was calm enough to read it, brought little comfort. Willoughby filled every page. Her mother, still confident of their engagement, and relying as warmly as ever on his constancy, had only been roused by Elinor's application, to [ ] from Marianne greater openness towards them both; [ ] this, with such tenderness towards her, such affection for Willoughby, and such a conviction of their future happiness in each other, that she wept with agony through the whole of it.

All her impatience to be at home again now returned; her mother was dearer to her than ever; dearer through the very excess of her mistaken confidence in Willoughby and she was wildly urgent to be gone. Elinor, unable herself to determine whether it were better for Marianne to be in London or in Barton, offered no counsel of her own, except of patience till their mother's wishes could be known; and at length [ ] obtained her sister's consent to wait for that knowledge.

Mrs. Jennings left them earlier than usual; for she could not be easy till the Middletons and Palmers were able to grieve as much as herself; and positively refusing Elinor's offered attendance, went out alone for the rest of the morning. Elinor, with a very heavy heart, aware of the pain she was going to communicate, and perceiving, by Marianne's letter, how ill she had [ ] in laying any foundation for it, then sat down to write her mother an account [ ] what had passed, and entreat her directions for the future; while Marianne, who came into the drawing-room on Mrs. Jennings's going away, remained fixed at the [ ] where Elinor wrote, watching the advancement of her pen, grieving over her for the hardship of such a task, and grieving still more fondly over its effect on her mother.

In this manner they had continued about a quarter of an

hour, when Marianne, whose nerves were not then in any sudden noise, was startled by a rap at the door.

"Who can this be?" cried Elinor. "So early too! I thought we had been safe."

"I moved to the window."

"It is Colonel Brandon!" said she, with vexation. "We are never safe from him."

"We will not come in as Mrs. Jennings is now home."

"I will not trust to that," retreating to her own room.

"A man who has nothing to do with his own time has no conscience in his intrusion on that of others."

The event proved her conjecture right, though it was founded on injustice and error; for Colonel Brandon did come in; and Elinor, who was convinced that he had come for her, brought him thither, and who saw that his look, and in his anxious though brief enquiry after her, could not forgive her sister for esteeming him so lightly.

"I met Mrs. Jennings in Bond Street," said he, after the first salutation, "and she encouraged me to come on; and I was the more easily encouraged, because I thought it probable I might find you alone, which I was very desirous of doing. My object—my wish—my sole wish in visiting it—I hope, I believe it is—is to be a means of giving comfort;—no, I must say comfort—not present comfort—but conviction, lasting conviction in your sister's mind. My regard for her, for yourself, for your mother—will you allow me to prove it, by relating some circumstances—nothing but a sincere regard—nothing but an anxiety of being useful—I think I am justified—though where so many hours have been spent in convincing myself that I am right, is some reason to fear I may be wrong?" He stopped.

"I understand you," said she. "You have something to tell me of Mr. Willoughby, that will open his character farther. Your telling it will be the greatest proof of friendship ever shown Marianne. My gratitude will be ensured immediately by any information tending to that end, and here must be gained by it in time. Pray, pray tell me."

"You shall; and, to be brief, when I quitted Barton last October,—but this will give you no idea—I must go farther back. You shall find me a very awkward narrator, Miss Dashwood; I hardly know where to begin. My account of myself, I believe, will be necessary, and I shall be a tedious one. On such a subject," sighing heavily, "I can have little temptation to be diffuse."

He stopped a moment for recollection, and then, with another sigh, went on.

"You have probably entirely forgotten a conversation—(it is not to be supposed that it could make any impression on you)—a conversation between us one evening at Barton Park—was the evening of a dance—in which I alluded to a lady I had once known, as resembling, in some measure, your sister Marianne."

"Indeed," answered Elinor, "I have not forgotten it." He looked pleased by this remembrance, and added,—

"If I am deceived by the uncertainty, the partiality of tender recollection, there is a very strong resemblance between them, as well in mind as person. The same warmth of heart, the same eagerness of fancy and spirits. This lady was one of my nearest relations, an orphan from her infancy, and under the guardianship of my father. Our ages were nearly the same, and from our earliest years we were playfellows and friends. I remember the time when I did not love Eliza; and my affection for her, as we grew up, was such, perhaps, judging from the present moment, and the gravity, you might think me incapable of having ever. Here, for me, I believe, fervent as the attachment of your sister to Mr. Willoughby, and though from a different cause, no less unfortunate. At seventeen she was lost to me for ever. She was married—married against her inclination to my brother. Her fortune was large, and our family estate much encumbered. And this, I fear, is all that can be said for the conduct of one, who was at once her uncle and guardian. My brother did not deserve her; he did not even love her. I hoped that her regard for me would support her under any difficulty, and for some time it did; but at last the misery of her situation, my experienced unkindness,



all her resolution, and though she had promised me that nothing — but how blindly I relate! I have never told you how this was brought on. We were within a few hours of eloping together for [redacted]. The treachery, or the folly, of my cousin's maid betrayed us. I was banished to the house of a relation far distant, and she was allowed no liberty, no society, no amusement, till my [redacted] point was gained. I had depended on her fortitude too far, and the blow was a severe one; — but had her marriage been happy, so young as I then was, a few months must have reconciled me to it, or at least I should not have now to lament it. This, however, was not the case. My brother had no regard for her; his pleasures were not what they ought to have been, and from the first he treated her unkindly. The consequence of this, upon a mind so young, so lively, so inexperienced as Mrs. Brandon's, was but natural. [redacted] resigned herself at first to all the misery of her situation; and happy had it been if she had not lived to overcome those regrets which the remembrance of me occasioned. But can we wonder that, with such a husband to provoke inconstancy, and without a friend to advise or restrain her, (for my father lived only a few months after their marriage, and I was with my regiment in the West Indies,) she should fall? Had I remained in England, perhaps, — but I meant to promote the happiness of both by removing from her for years, and for that purpose had procured my exchange. The shock which her marriage had given me," he continued, in a voice of great agitation, "was of trifling weight — was nothing to what I felt when I heard, about two years afterwards, of her divorce. [redacted] was that which threw this gloom, — even now the recollection [redacted] what I suffered —"

He could say no more, and, rising hastily, walked for a few minutes about the room. Elmir, affected by his relation, and still more by his distress, could not speak. [redacted] saw her concern, and coming to her, took her hand, pressed it, and kissed [redacted] with grateful respect. A few minutes more of silent exertion enabled him to proceed with composure.

"It was nearly three years after this unhappy period before I returned to England. My first care, when I did

arrive, was of course to seek for her; but the search was as fruitless as it was melancholy. I would not turn her beyond her first seducer, and there was every reason to fear that she had removed herself only to deeper in a sin. Her legal education was an adequate fortune, but her comfortable maintenance; I have seen my father that the power of receiving had been made over some months before to another person. I imagined, and calmly could he imagine it, her extravagance, consequent distress, obliged her to dispose of it some time ago. At last, however, and after I had been six months in England, I did find her. Regard for a former servant of my own, who since her misfortune, carried me to her in a spunging-house, where he was confined by debt; and there, in her house, under a similar confinement, my unfortunate sister. So altered — so worn down by acute suffering of every kind! hardly could I believe the melancholy and sickly figure before me, to be the remains of the lovely, blooming, healthful girl, whom I once doted. What I endured so beholding — but I have no right to trouble your feelings by attempting to describe it — I have pained you much already. She was, to all appearance, in the last stage of a consumption, was — yes, in such a situation, my greatest comfort. Life could do nothing for her, beyond giving her a better preparation for death; and that was given. I saw her placed in comfortable lodgings, and under proper attendants; I visited her every day during the rest of her short life: I was with her in her last moments."

Again he stopped to recover himself; Elinor spoke her feelings in an exclamation of tender concern at the fate of his friend.

"Your sister, I hope, was not offended," he, "by the resemblance I have noticed between her and my poor disgraced relation. Their fates, their fortunes, were the same; and had the natural sweet disposition of the one been guarded by a firmer mind, or a happier marriage, she might have been all that you will live to see the other. But to what does all this lead? I seem to have been

distressing you for nothing. Ah! **Mr. Dashwood** — a subject **Mr. Dashwood** — this — untouched for fourteen years — it is dangerous to handle it at all! I *will* be more collected — **Mr. Dashwood** left to **my** care her only child, a **girl**, the offspring of her first guilty connection, who was **about** three years old. She loved the child, **Mr. Dashwood** always kept **her**. **Mr. Dashwood** was a valued, a precious **me**; **Mr. Dashwood** gladly would I have discharged **Mr. Dashwood** strict — **Mr. Dashwood** by watching **her** **myself**, **Mr. Dashwood** **Mr. Dashwood** situations allowed it; **Mr. Dashwood** I **Mr. Dashwood** family, no home; **Mr. Dashwood** my **Eliza** was, therefore, placed **Mr. Dashwood** I saw her there whenever I could; **Mr. Dashwood** **Mr. Dashwood** of my brother (which happened about five years ago, and which left to me the possession of the family property,) **Mr. Dashwood** frequently visited me at **Mr. Dashwood** I called her a **dis-** relation; but I am well aware that I have in general been suspected of a much **Mr. Dashwood** connection with her. It is now **years** ago (she had just reached her fourteenth year) **Mr. Dashwood** I removed her **school**, to place her under the **Mr. Dashwood** a very respectable woman, residing in Dorsetshire, who had the charge of four or five other girls of about the **Mr. Dashwood** time of life; and for two years I **Mr. Dashwood** every **Mr. Dashwood** to be pleased with her situation. But last February, almost a twelvemonth back, she suddenly disappeared. I had allowed her, (imprudently, as it **Mr. Dashwood** since turned out,) at her **Mr. Dashwood** desire, **Mr. Dashwood** to **Mr. Dashwood** with **Mr. Dashwood** of her young friends, who was attending her father there for his health. I knew him to be a very good sort of man, and I thought well **Mr. Dashwood** his daughter — better than **Mr. Dashwood**; for, with a **Mr. Dashwood** and ill-judged secrecy, **Mr. Dashwood** nothing, would give **Mr. Dashwood** clue, though she certainly knew all. He, her father, a well-meaning, but **Mr. Dashwood** a quick-sighted **Mr. Dashwood** could really, I believe, give **Mr. Dashwood** information; for he **Mr. Dashwood** generally confined **Mr. Dashwood** house, while **Mr. Dashwood** girls were ranging **Mr. Dashwood** town, **Mr. Dashwood** making **Mr. Dashwood** acquaintance they chose; and **Mr. Dashwood** tried **Mr. Dashwood** convince-me, so thoroughly **Mr. Dashwood** he was convinced himself, **Mr. Dashwood** his daughter's being entirely unconcerned in the business. In short, I could learn nothing **Mr. Dashwood** she was gone; all the rest, for eight long

months, was all a conjecture. "I thought, I feared, may be imagined; but what I suffered too."

"Good heavens!" cried Elinor, "could it be—Willoughby!"—

"The news that reached me of her," continued, "in a letter from herself, last October. I forwarded to me from Delaford, and I received it on the very morning I intended party to; my leaving Barton so suddenly, I am sure the time have appeared strange to every body, and I believe offence to some. Little did Willoughby imagine, I suppose, when he committed the incivility in breaking up the party, away the relief of whom he had made poor and miserable; but he knew it, what would it have availed? Would he have been less gay, less happy in the smiles of your sister? No, he had already done that, which no one who can feel for another would do. He had the girl whose youth and innocence he had reduced in a situation of the most distress, with no creditable home, no help, no friends, ignorant of his address! He had left her, promising to return; he neither returned, nor wrote, nor relieved her."

"This is beyond every thing!" exclaimed Elinor.

"His character is now before you, — expensive, dissipated, and worse than both. Knowing all this, as I have now known it many weeks, guess what I have felt on seeing your letter as from him as ever, and on being that she was to marry him: guess what I have felt all your sakes. When I saw you last week and found you alone, I determined to know the truth; though irresolute what to do when I was known. My behaviour must have seemed strange to you then; but now you will comprehend it. To suffer you all to be so deceived; to see your sister—but what could I do? I had no hope of interfering with success. I thought your sister's influence might yet reclaim him. But now, after such dishonourable usage, who can tell what were his designs on her? They may have been, however, now, and hereafter doubtless will,

with gratitude towards her own condition, when she compares it with that of my poor Eliza; when she considers the wretched hopeless situation of this poor girl, and pictures her as herself, with an intellect as strong, still as strong as her own, and with a mind exalted by self-reproach, which exalts her through it. Surely such comparison must have its use with her. It will set her own sufferings to be nothing: they proceed from no misconduct, and must bring no disgrace. On the contrary, every consideration must still exalt her by its concern for her unhappiness, must respect her in the midst of it, must strengthen every attachment. It is your discretion, however, in communicating it to me, I leave to you. You must know best what will be its effect; I had I not seriously, and from my heart believed it might be of service, might lessen her regrets, I would not have troubled myself to trouble you with a recital of my family afflictions, — with a recital which may have been intended to raise myself at the expense of others."

Elinor's answer followed this speech with grateful earnestness; attended, too, with the assurance of her expecting material advantage to Marianne from the communication of what had passed.

"I have been much pained," said she, "by her endeavours to acquit him by all means; for it irritates her mind more than the perfect conviction of his unworthiness can do. Now, though much she is much, I am sure she will soon become easier. Have you," she continued, after a short silence, "ever seen Mr. Willoughby since you left him at Barton?"

"Yes," replied gravely, "once I met him meeting unavoidable."

Elinor, startled by his answer, looked at her anxiously, saying, —

"What! have you met him in —?"

"I met him in no other way. He was confessedly so, though I was reluctantly, I name his lover; and when he returned to town, which was within a fortnight after myself, we met by appointment; he to de-

send, I to punish his conduct. We returned unwounded, and the meeting, therefore, never got abroad."

Elinor sighed over the fancied necessity of this; but to a man and a soldier she presumed not to censure it.

"Such," said Colonel Brandon, after a pause, "has been the unhappy resemblance between the fate of mother and daughter; and so imperfectly have I discharged my trust."

"Is she still in town?"

"No; as soon as she recovered from her lying-in, I removed her near her delivery, I removed her and her into the country, and there she remains."

Recollecting, afterwards, that he was probably dividing his time between his sister, he put an end to his visit, receiving from her again the most grateful acknowledgments, and leaving her full of compassion for him.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN the particulars of this conversation were repeated by Mrs. Dashwood to her sister, as they very soon were, the latter was not entirely such as the former had hoped to see. Mrs. Marianne appeared to disregard the truth in any part of it, for she listened to it all with a steady and submissive attention, made neither objection nor remark, attempted no vindication of Willoughby, nor to show by her tears that she felt it to be impossible. Her behaviour assured Elinor that her conviction of his guilt was carried home to her mind, though she saw no satisfaction the result of it, and her no longer avoiding Colonel Brandon when he called, in her speaking to him, even voluntarily speaking, with a kind of compassionate respect, and though she saw her spirits less violently irritated than before, she did not see her less settled, it

in a gloomy dejection. She felt the loss of Willoughby's character yet more heavily than she had felt the loss of his heart; the seduction and desertion of Miss Williams, the misery of that poor girl, and the doubt of what his designs might once have been on herself, preyed altogether so on her spirits, that she could not bring herself to speak of what she felt even to Elinor; and, brooding over her silence, gave more pain to her sister than she could have communicated by any other means. Her frequent confession of them.

To give her feelings or in language to her mother, receiving her answering Elinor's letter, she could only give a repetition of what her daughters had already felt; of a disappointment hardly so painful as Marianne's, and an indignation even greater than Elinor's. Long letters from her, quickly succeeding each other, arrived to tell all that she suffered and thought; to express her anxious solicitude for Marianne, to entreat she to cheer up under her misfortune. But, indeed, must the nature of Marianne's be, she could talk of fortitude! mortifying the sting of the origin of those regrets, which she could wish her to indulge!

Against the loss of her own individual comfort, Mrs. Dashwood had determined that it would be better for her to be any where, at any time, at Barton, where every thing would bring her past the strongest and most afflicting manner, by constantly placing Willoughby before her, as she had always been there. She recommended it to her daughters, therefore, by all means not to shorten their visit to Mrs. Jennings; the length of which, though never exactly fixed, had been expected by all to comprise at least five or six weeks. A variety of occupations, of objects, and company, which could not be procured at Barton, would be there, she might yet, she hoped, Marianne, at times, find some interest beyond herself, and even into some amusement, much as the idea of both might now be spurned by her.

From all danger of seeing Willoughby again, her mo-

ther considered her to be at least equally safe in town as in the country, [redacted] his acquaintance [redacted] now [redacted] dropped by all [redacted] themselves her friends. Design could never bring them [redacted] each other's way: negligence could never [redacted] exposed to a surprise; [redacted] chance [redacted] in its favour in [redacted] crowd of London [redacted] even in [redacted] retirement [redacted] Barton, where it might force him [redacted] [redacted] paying that [redacted] [redacted] marriage, [redacted] [redacted] Dashwood, from foreseeing [redacted] first as a probable event, [redacted] brought herself to expect [redacted] [redacted]

[redacted] had yet another reason for wishing her [redacted] [redacted] remain where they were; a letter from her son-in-law had [redacted] her [redacted] he and [redacted] wife were [redacted] he in town before [redacted] middle of February, and she judged it right that they should sometimes see their brother.

Marianne [redacted] promised [redacted] [redacted] guided by her mother's opinion, and [redacted] submitted [redacted] it, therefore, without opposition, though it proved perfectly different from what she [redacted] and expected, though she felt it to be entirely wrong, formed on mistaken grounds; and that, by requiring her longer continuance in London, it deprived her of the only possible alleviation of her wretchedness, the personal sympathy of her mother, and doomed her [redacted] such society and such [redacted] as must prevent her ever knowing a moment's [redacted]

But it was a [redacted] of great consolation to her, [redacted] [redacted] brought evil [redacted] herself would bring good to her sister; [redacted] Elinor, on the other hand, suspecting [redacted] it would [redacted] [redacted] her power to [redacted] Edward entirely, comforted herself by thinking, that though their longer stay would therefore [redacted] against her own happiness, [redacted] would [redacted] better [redacted] [redacted] than an [redacted] [redacted] into Devonshire.

[redacted] in guarding her [redacted] from [redacted] hearing Willoughby's name mentioned was [redacted] thrown away. Marianne, though without knowing [redacted] herself, reaped all [redacted] advantage; for neither Mrs. Jennings, nor Sir John, nor even Mrs. Palmer herself, ever spoke of him before [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] that the same forbearance could have extended towards herself, but that was impossible. and [redacted]



was obliged to listen, day after day, to the indignation of them all.

“I have thought it possible. ‘A man whom he had always had reason to think well!’—a good-natured fellow!—in England!—an unaccountable business. He wished him to the devil with all his heart. He would not speak another word to him, meet him where he might, for all the world! No, not if it were to be by the back of a covert, and they were kept waiting hours together. He was a scoundrel of a fellow!—a deceitful dog!—was only the last time they met that he was one of Folly’s puppies! and this was the end of it!”

Mrs. Palmer, in her way, was equally angry. “She determined to drop his acquaintance immediately, and was very thankful that she had never been acquainted with him at all. She wished with all her heart Combe Magna was in Cleveland; but it did not signify, for it was a great deal too far off to visit; she hated him much that she never mentioned his name again, and she should tell every body she saw, how good-for-nothing he was.”

The rest of Mrs. Palmer’s sympathy was shown in procuring all the particulars in her power of the approaching marriage, and communicating them to her friends soon at what coachmaker’s the new carriage was building, by what painter Mr. Willoughby’s portrait was drawn, at what warehouse Miss Grey’s clothes might be found.

The calm and polite unconcern of Lady Catherine on this occasion was a happy relief to Elinor’s spirits, oppressed as they were by the clamorous kindness of the others. It was a great comfort to her to be sure of exciting no interest in any person at least among their circle of friends; a great comfort to know that there was one who would meet her without feeling any curiosity about particulars, or any anxiety for her sister’s health.

Every qualification is raised at times, by the circumstances of the moment, to more than its real value; and she was sometimes worried by the rate

good-breeding as more indispensable to comfort than good  
 [redacted].

Lady Middleton expressed her sense of the affair about once every day, or twice, if the subject occurred very often. by saying, " [redacted] very shocking, indeed ! " [redacted] by [redacted] means [redacted] continual, though gentle, vent, [redacted] not only to ace [redacted] Dashwoods, [redacted] first, without [redacted] emotion, [redacted] very soon [redacted] them without recollecting a word of the matter ; and having thus supported the dignity of her own sex, [redacted] spoken her decided censure of what was wrong in [redacted] other, [redacted] thought herself [redacted] liberty [redacted] [redacted] the interest of her own assemblies, [redacted] therefore deter- [redacted] (though rather against the opinion of [redacted] John) that [redacted] Mrs. Willoughby would [redacted] once [redacted] a [redacted] of elegance and fortune, to leave her card with her as [redacted] [redacted] she married.

Colonel Brandon's delicate, unobtrusive enquiries were never unwelcome to Miss [redacted]. [redacted] abundantly earned the privilege of intimate discussion [redacted] her sister's disappointment, by the friendly [redacted] with [redacted] he [redacted] endeavoured to soften it, [redacted] they always conversed with confidence. His chief reward for the painful exertion of disclosing past [redacted] and present humiliations [redacted] given in [redacted] pitying eye with which Marianne sometimes observed him, and the gentleness of her voice, whenever (though it did [redacted] often happen) she was obliged, or could oblige herself to speak to him. [redacted] assured [redacted] that his exertion [redacted] produced an increase of good-will towards himself, [redacted] [redacted] hopes of [redacted] being [redacted] augmented hereafter ; but [redacted] Jennings, who knew nothing [redacted] all this, who knew only that [redacted] [redacted] as [redacted] [redacted] ever, and [redacted] she could neither prevail on [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] himself, nor commission [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] him, began, [redacted] [redacted] of two days, [redacted] that, [redacted] [redacted] Midsummer, they would not be married [redacted] Michaelmas, and by the end of a week that it would not be a match [redacted] all. The good understanding between [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] rather to [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] honour of the mulberry-tree, the canal, and the yew arbour, [redacted]

all be made ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ her; and Mrs. Jennings had, for some time, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ think at all of Mr. Ferrars.

Early in February, within a fortnight ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ the receipt of Willoughby's letter, Elinor had the painful ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ of informing her sister that he was married. She had ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ care to have ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ intelligence conveyed to herself, as ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ was known ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ the ceremony ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ over, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ she was ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ that ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ should ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ receive the first ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ public ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ who saw her eagerly examining every morning.

She received ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ news with resolute composure; made no observation on it, and at first shed no tears; but after a short ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ they would burst out, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ for the rest of ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ day ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ was in a ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ hardly ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ when ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ first learnt to expect the event.

The Willoughbys left town ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ soon as they were married; and Elinor now hoped, as there could be no danger of her seeing either of them, to prevail on her sister, who had never yet left the house since the blow first fell, to go out again, by degrees, as she had done before.

About this time the two Miss Steeles, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ arrived at their cousin's house in Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, presented themselves again before their more grand relations in Conduit and Berkeley Street; and were welcomed by them all with great cordiality.

Elinor only was sorry to see them. Their presence always gave her pain, and she hardly knew how to make a very gracious return to the overpowering delight of Lucy ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ finding her ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ in town.

"I should have been quite disappointed if I had not ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ you here ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~," said she repeatedly, with a strong emphasis on the word. "But I always thought I ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. I was almost sure you would not leave London yet awhile; though you ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ me, you know, at Barton, that you should not stay above a ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. But I thought, at ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ time, ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ you would most likely change your mind when ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ came to the point. ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ would have been such a great pity to have went away before your brother and sister came. And now, to be sure, you will be in no hurry to be gone. I ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ amazingly glad you did not keep to your word."

Elinor perfectly understood her, and was forced to use all her self-command to make it appear that she did not.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Jennings, "and how do you travel?"

"All in all," replied Mrs. Jennings, "with quick exultation; 'we came post' way, and had a very smart beau to attend us. Dr. Davies was coming to town, so we thought we'd join him in a post-chaise; and he travelled very genteelly, and paid me twelve shillings more than we did."

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Jennings; "very pretty, indeed! and the Doctor is a single man, I assure you."

"There now," said Mrs. Steele, affectedly simpering, "every body laughs at me so about the Doctor, and I cannot tell why. My cousins say they are sure I have made a conquest; but for my part I declare I never think of him from one hour's end to another. 'Lord! here comes your beau, Nancy,' my cousin said t'other day, when I was him crossing the street to my house. My beau, indeed! said I—I cannot think who you mean. The Doctor is no beau of mine."

"Ay, ay, that is very pretty talking—but it won't do—the Doctor is the man, I see."

"No, indeed!" replied her cousin, with affected earnestness, "and I beg you will contradict it, if you ever hear it talked of."

Mrs. Jennings directly gave her the gratifying answer that she certainly would not, and Mrs. Steele was completely happy.

"I suppose you will go and stay with your brother and sister, Miss Dashwood, when they come to town," said Lucy, returning, with a mixture of hostile hints, to the charge.

"No, I do not think we shall."

"Oh, yes, I dare say you will."

Elinor would not humour her by farther opposition.

"What a charming thing it is that Mrs. Jennings can spare you both for so long a time together!"

"Long a time, indeed!" interposed Mrs. Jennings.

"Why, their acquaintance is but just begun!"

Lucy was silenced.

"I am sorry we cannot see your sister, Miss Dashwood," said Miss Steele. "I am sorry she is not well;" for Marianne had left the room on their arrival.

"You are very good. My sister will be equally sorry to miss the pleasure of seeing you; but she has been very much plagued lately with nervous headachs, which make her unfit for company or conversation."

"Oh, dear, that is a great pity! but such old friends as Lucy and me!—I think she might see us; and I am sure we would not speak a word."

Elinor, with great civility, declined the proposal. Her head was, perhaps, laid down upon her bed, or her dressing gown, and therefore not able to come to them.

"Oh, if that's all," cried Miss Steele, "we can just as well go and see her."

Elinor began to find this impertinence too much for her temper; but she was saved the trouble of checking it, by Lucy's sharp reprimand, which now, as on many occasions, though it did not give much sweetness to the manners of one sister, was of advantage in governing those of the other.

## CHAPTER XL

After some opposition, Mrs. Jennings yielded to Elinor's entreaties, and consented to go out with her and Mrs. Jennings in the morning for half an hour. She expressly conditioned, however, for paying no visits, and would do no more than accompany them to Gray's in Sackville Street, where Elinor was carrying on a negotiation for the exchange of a few old-fashioned jewels of her mother.

When they stopped at the door, Mrs. Jennings recollected that there was a lady at the other end of the street on whom she ought to call; and as she had no time to do so at Gray's, it was resolved, that she should call on the young lady

transacted theirs, she should pay her visit, and return for

On ascending the stairs, the young ladies found so many people before them in the room, that there was not a person at liberty to attend to their orders; they were obliged to wait. That that could be done was, to sit at that end of the counter which seemed to promise the quickest succession; one gentleman only was standing there, but it was probable that Elinor was without hope of exciting his politeness to a quicker despatch. The correctness of his eye, and the delicacy of his taste, proved to be beyond his politeness. He was giving orders for a toothpick-case for himself; and till he size, shape, and colour were determined, all of which, he was examining and debating for a quarter of an hour on every toothpick-case in the shop, he finally arranged by his inventive fancy, he had no leisure to bestow any other attention on the ladies than what was comprised in three or four very brown stares; a kind of notice which served to imprint on Elinor the remembrance of a person and face of strong, natural, sterling insignificance, though in the first style of fashion.

Marianne was spared from the troublesome feelings of contempt and resentment, on the impertinent examination of their features, and on the puppyism of his manner in deciding on all the horrors of the toothpick-cases presented to his inspection, by remaining unconscious of it all; for she was as well able to collect her thoughts herself, as he as ignorant as he was passing around her, in Mr. Gray's shop, as in her bed-room.

At last she was decided. The ivory, the gold, and the pearls, received their appointment; the gentleman having named the last day on which her existence was continued without the possession of the toothpick-case, drew the gloves with leisurely care, and bestowing another glance on the young ladies, such a one as seemed rather to demand than express admiration, withdrew with a happy air of real satisfaction.

Elinor lost no time in bringing her business forward, and was on the point of concluding it, when another gentleman presented himself at her side. She turned her eyes towards his face, and found him, with some surprise, to be her brother.

Their affection ~~was~~ pleasure in meeting was just enough to make a very creditable appearance in Mr. Gray's shop. John Dashwood was really far from being sorry to see his sisters again; it rather gave them satisfaction; ~~and~~ his enquiries after their mother were respectful and at-

Elinor found that he and Fanny had been in town two days.

"I wished very much to call upon you yesterday," said he, "but it was impossible, for we were obliged ~~to~~ ~~to~~ Harry to see the wild beasts at Exeter Exchange; and we spent the rest of the day with Mrs. Ferrers. Harry was vastly pleased. This morning I had fully intended to call on you, if I could possibly find a spare half hour, but one has always so much to do on first coming to town. I am come here to bespeak Fanny a seal. But to-morrow I think I shall certainly be able to call in Berkeley Street, and be introduced to your friend Mrs. Jennings. I understand she is a woman of very good fortune. And the Middletons, too, you must introduce me to them. As my mother-in-law's relations, I shall be happy to show ~~them~~ every respect. They are ~~my~~ neighbours to you in the country, I understand."

"~~My~~ ~~my~~ Their attention ~~is~~ our comfort, their ~~in~~ in every particular, ~~is~~ more than I can express."

"I am extremely glad to hear it, upon ~~my~~ word; extremely glad indeed. But so it ought to be; they are people of large fortune; they are related to you; and every civility and accommodation that can serve to make your situation pleasant might be reasonably expected. And so you are most comfortably settled in your little cottage, and want for nothing! Edward brought us a most charming account of the place: the most complete thing of its kind, he said, that ever was, and you all seemed to enjoy it be-

yond thing. "I am a great deal of use to you."

Elton was a little ashamed of her brother; and was not sorry to be spared the necessity of answering him, by the arrival of Mrs. Jennings's servant, who came to tell her that his carriage waited for them in the door.

Mrs. Dashwood attended them down stairs, was introduced to Mrs. Jennings in the door of her carriage, and repeating his hope of being able to call on them the next day, they left.

His name was duly paid. He was a pretence of an apology to their sister-in-law, for coming too; "she was so much engaged with her mother, really she was no longer for going any where." Mrs. Jennings, however, assured him directly, that she should stand upon ceremony, for they were all cousins, or something like it, and he should certainly wait on Mrs. John Dashwood very soon, and bring her sisters with her. His sisters, though calm, were perfectly kind; and Mrs. Jennings, attentively civil; and on Colonel Brandon's coming in after himself, he eyed him with a curiosity which seemed to say, that he only wanted to know him to be rich, to be equally civil to him.

After staying with them half an hour, he asked Elton to walk with him to Conduit Street, and introduce him to John and Lady Middleton. The weather was remarkably fine, and he readily consented. As soon as they were in his house, his enquiries began.

"Is Colonel Brandon? Is he a man of fortune?"

"Yes; he has very good property in the country."

"I am glad of it. He seems a most gentlemanlike man; I think, Elton, very congratulate you on the prospect of a very respectable life."

"Me, brother! what do you mean?"

"He likes you. He observed him narrowly, and was convinced of it. What is the amount of his fortune?"

"I believe about two thousand a year."

"Two thousand a year!" and Mrs. Jennings working himself up to a pitch of enthusiastic generosity, he added, "Elton, I wish with all my heart it were twice as much for your sake."



"Indeed I believe you," replied Elinor; "I am very sure Colonel [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] wish of marrying me."

"You are mistaken, Elinor; you are very much mistaken. A very little trouble on your side secures him. Perhaps just at present he may be undecided; the smallness of your fortune [redacted] make him hang back; his friends may all advise [redacted] against it. But some of those fine attentions and encouragements which ladies can so easily give will fix him, in spite of himself. And there can be no reason why you should [redacted] try for him. It [redacted] not to be supposed that any prior attachment on your side;—in short, you know, as to an attachment of that kind, it is quite out of the question, [redacted] objections [redacted] insurmountable—you have too much sense not to see all that. [redacted] [redacted] must be the man; and no civility shall be wanting on my part to make him pleased with you and your family. It is a match that must give universal satisfaction. In short, it is a kind of thing that," lowering his voice to an important whisper, "will [redacted] exceedingly welcome [redacted] parties." Recollecting himself, however, he added, "That is, I mean to say—your friends are all truly anxious to see you [redacted] settled; Fanny particularly, for she has your interest very much at heart, I [redacted] you. And her mother too, Mrs. Ferrars, a very good-natured woman, I am sure it [redacted] give her great pleasure; she said as much the other [redacted]."

Elinor would not vouchsafe any answer.

"It would be something remarkable, now," he continued, "something droll, if Fanny should have a brother and I a sister settling at the same time. And yet it is not very unlikely."

"Is [redacted] Edward Ferrars," said Elinor, [redacted] resolution, "going to be married?"

"[redacted] is not actually settled, but there is such a thing as agitation, [redacted] has a most excellent mother. [redacted] Ferrars, [redacted] [redacted] liberality, will come forward, and [redacted] [redacted] a thousand a year, if the match takes place. [redacted] lady is the Hon. Mrs. Morton, only daughter of the late Lord Morton, with thirty thousand pounds. A very desir-

and domestication on both sides, and I have not a doubt of its taking place in time. A thousand a year is a good deal for a mother to give away, to make over for ever; but my father has a noble spirit. To me you may see her liberality:—The other day, as soon as we came to town, aware that money could be had very plenty just now, he put bank-notes into Fanny's hands of five hundred pounds. It is extremely acceptable to me, for we must live at a great expense while we are here."

He paused for her assent and compassion; and she began to say,—

"Your expenses will be more than country must be fairly so considerable; but your income is a large one."

"Not so large, I dare say, as many people suppose. I mean to explain, however; it is undoubtedly a comfortable one, and I hope in time be better. The estate of Norland Common, now carrying on, is a most valuable one. And then I have made a purchase within this half year; East Kilmington Farm, you remember the place, where old Gibson used to live. The land was so very desirable for me in every respect, so immediately adjoining my own property, that I felt it my duty to buy it. I could not have answered it in my conscience to let it fall into any other hands. He was to pay for his convenience; and it has cost me a vast deal of money."

"—Is it really and intrinsically worth?"

"Why, I hope so that. I might have bought it again, the other day, for more than I gave: but, with regard to the purchase-money, I might have made very much indeed; the stocks were, at that time, so low, and I happened to have the necessary sum in my banker's hands, I must have sold at a very great loss."

Elton could only smile.

"Other great and inevitable expenses, too, we have had on first coming to Norland. Our respected father, as you well know, bequeathed all the Stanhill effects that remained at Norland (and very valuable they were) to your mother. Far be it from me to repine at his doing so; he had an un-

doubted right to dispose of his own property as he chose. But, in consequence of it, we have been obliged to make large purchases of linen, china, &c. to supply the place of what was taken away. You may guess, after all these expenses, how very far we must be from being rich, and how acceptable Mrs. Ferrars's kindness is."

"Certainly," said Elinor; "and, moved by her liberality, I hope you may yet live to be in easy circumstances."

"Another year or two may do much towards it," he gravely replied; "but, however, there is still a great deal to be done. There is not a room in Fanny's greenhouse, and nothing but the plan of the flower-garden is out."

"Where is the green-house to be?"

"Upon that knoll behind the house. The old walnut trees are all come down to make room for it. It will be a very fine object from many parts of the park; the flower-garden will slope down just before it, and be exceedingly pretty. We have cleared away all the old thorns that grew in patches over the brow."

Elinor kept her concern and her censure to herself; and was very thankful that Marianne was not present to share the provocation.

Having now said enough to make his poverty clear, and to do away the necessity of buying a pair of ear-rings for each of his sisters, in his next visit at Gray's, his thoughts were a different turn, and he began to congratulate on having such a friend as Mrs. Jennings.

"She seems a most sensible woman," said he. Her house, her style of living, all bespeak an exceeding good income; and it is an acquaintance that has not only been of great use to you hitherto, but in the end may prove materially advantageous. Her inviting you to town is certainly a very thing in your favour; and indeed it speaks altogether so great a regard for you, that in all probability when she dies you will not be forgotten. She must have a great deal to leave."

"Nothing at all! I should rather regret for she has only her jointure, which will descend to her children."

"But it is not to be imagined that she lives up to her income. Every people of common prudence will do so, and whatever she saves she will be able to dispose of."

"And are you not more likely that she will do it to her daughters, than to us?"

"Her daughters are both exceedingly well married, and therefore I perceive the necessity of my remembering. Whereas, in my opinion, by taking so much of you, and treating you in such a way, she has given you a sort of claim on her future consideration, and a conscientious regard. Nothing can be kinder than her behaviour; and I can hardly see all this, without being of the expectation raised."

"But she knows none in those most concerned. Indeed, brother, your anxiety for our welfare and prosperity carries you too far."

"Why, to be sure," said he, seeming to recollect himself, "people have little, have very little in their power. But, my dear Elinor, what is the matter with Marianne?—she is very unwell, has lost her colour, is quite thin. Is she ill?"

"She is not well, she has had a nervous complaint on her several weeks."

"I am sorry for that. At her time of life, any thing of an illness destroys the bloom for ever! Here has been a very short one! She was as handsome a girl September as any I ever saw,—and as likely to be so then. There is something in her style of beauty please particularly. I remember Fanny used to say, she would marry better than you did; and but what she is exceedingly fond of you, and it happened to strike her. She will be mistaken, however. I question whether Marianne will marry a man worth more than five or six hundred a year at the utmost. I am very much deceived if you do not do better. Dorsetshire! I know very little of Dorsetshire; but, my dear Elinor, I shall be exceedingly glad to know more of it; and I answer for your having Fanny myself among the pleased of your visitors."

Elinor tried very seriously to convince him that there was no likelihood of her marrying Colonel Brandon; but it was an expectation of the ~~most~~ pleasure to himself to be relinquished, and he was really resolved on seeking an intimacy with ~~some~~ gentleman, and promoting ~~the~~ marriage by every possible ~~means~~. ~~He~~ just compunction enough ~~for~~ having ~~nothing~~ for ~~himself~~, ~~and~~ exceedingly ~~sure~~ that every body ~~was~~ ~~to~~ a great ~~degree~~; and an offer from Colonel Brandon, or a legacy from Mrs. Jennings, ~~was~~ ~~the~~ easiest ~~means~~ of ~~storing~~ ~~the~~ own neglect.

They were lucky enough to ~~meet~~ Lady Middleton at home, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ John ~~was~~ ~~in~~ before their visit ~~was~~. Abundance of civilities passed on ~~all~~ sides. ~~Mr~~ ~~was~~ was ready to like any body; and though ~~Mr~~. Dashwood did not ~~seem~~ to know much about horses, he soon set ~~him~~ down as a very good-natured fellow: while Lady Middleton saw enough of fashion in his appearance to think his acquaintance worth having; ~~and~~ ~~Mr~~. ~~was~~ away ~~was~~ lighted with both.

"I shall have a charming ~~subject~~ to carry to Fanny," said he, as he walked back with his sister. "Lady Middleton is really a most elegant woman! ~~and~~ a woman ~~as~~. I am sure, Fanny will ~~be~~ glad to know. And Mrs. Jennings too, ~~an~~ exceeding well-behaved ~~person~~, though not so elegant as her daughter. Your sister need ~~not~~ have any scruple, even ~~of~~ visiting her, which, ~~as~~ say ~~the~~ truth, has been a little the case, and very naturally; for we only knew that Mrs. Jennings was ~~the~~ widow of a man who had got all his money in a low way; ~~and~~ Fanny and ~~the~~ Ferrars were ~~strongly~~ prepossessed, ~~and~~ neither she nor ~~the~~ daughters were ~~as~~ ~~as~~ as Fanny would like to associate with. But now I can carry her a most satisfactory ~~proof~~ of ~~my~~

## CHAPTER XII

Mrs. JOHN DASHWOOD had so much confidence in her husband's judgment, that she waited the very next day both on Mrs. Jennings and her daughter; and her satisfaction was increased by finding even the former, who she thought the woman of notice; and as for Lady Middleton, she found her one of the most charming women in the world!

Lady Middleton was equally pleased with Mrs. Dashwood. There was a kind of mutual attraction on both sides, which mutually attracted them; and they sympathised with each other in an insipid propriety of demeanour, and a general air of understanding.

The manners, however, which recommended Mrs. John Dashwood to the good opinion of Lady Middleton did not appear to her the fancy of Mrs. Jennings, and her address appeared nothing more than a little proud-looking woman, who met her husband's without any affection, and almost without having any thing to say to them; for of the quarter of an hour bestowed in Berkeley Street, she sat at least seven minutes and a half in silence.

Elinor wanted very much to know, though she dared not ask, whether Edward was in town; but nothing would have induced Fanny voluntarily to name her, till she had seen her, and her marriage expectations on Colonel Brandon were answered; because she believed them still so very much attached to each other, that they would be sedulously divided on every occasion. The intelligence, however, which she would not give soon flowed from another quarter. Lucy came very shortly to Elinor's compassion on being unable to see Edward, though he was in town, and Mrs. Dashwood. She did not come to the Buildings, but she did not come to the detention; though their

mutual impatience to meet was not to be told, they could do nothing at present but

Edward assured them himself being in town, within a very short time, by twice calling in Berkeley. Twice was his card found on the table, when they their morning's engagements. Elinor was pleased that he had called; and still more pleased that she had missed him.

The Dashwoods were so prodigiously delighted with the Middletons, that, though not much in the habit of giving any thing, they determined to give them — a dinner. soon after their acquaintance began, invited them to dine in Harley Street, where they had taken a very good house for three months. Their sisters and Mrs. Jennings were invited likewise; and John Dashwood was careful to secure Colonel Brandon, who, always glad to be where the Miss Dashwoods were, received his eager civilities with surprise, but much more pleasure. They were to meet Mrs. Ferrars; but Elinor could not learn whether her sons were to be of the party. The expectation of seeing her, however, was enough to make her interested in the engagement; for though she could now meet Edward's mother without that strong anxiety which had once promised to attend such an introduction, though she could now see her with perfect indifference as to her opinion of herself, her desire of being in company with Mrs. Ferrars, her curiosity to know what she was like, was as lively as ever.

The which anticipated the party was soon increased, more powerfully than pleasantly, by her hearing that the Miss Steeles were also to be at it.

So well had they recommended themselves to Lady Middleton, so agreeable had their amusements made them to her, that though Lucy was certainly not elegant, and her sister not even genteel, she was as ready as Sir John to ask them to spend a week or two in Conduit Street; and it happened to be particularly convenient to the Miss Steeles, as soon as the Dashwoods' invitation was known, that their visit should begin a few days before the party took place.

claims to the notice of Mrs. John Dashwood, as

■■ nieces of the gentleman who for many years ■■ had  
 the ■■ ■■ brother, might ■■ have done much, how-  
 ever, towards procuring them seats at her table ; but as  
 Lady ■■ ■■ on's guests they must be welcome ; and Lucy,  
 who ■■ long wanted to be personally known to ■■ family,  
 ■■ have a nearer view of their characters and her own ■■  
 faculties, and ■■ ■■ opportunity ■■ endeavouring ■■  
 please them, ■■ seldom ■■ happier in her ■■ than ■■  
 ■■ ■■ receiving ■■ John Dashwood's card.

On Ellnor its effect was very different. She began immediately to determine, that Edward, who ~~was~~ with his mother, ~~was~~ be asked, as his mother was, ~~to~~ a party given by his sister; ~~and~~ to ~~ask~~ him, for the ~~best~~ time, ~~when~~ ~~she~~ passed, in ~~the~~ company of Lucy! — ~~she~~ hardly knew how ~~she~~ could ~~do~~ it!

These apprehensions, perhaps, were founded entirely on reason, and certainly not at all on truth. They were relieved, however, by her own recollection, but by the good will of Lucy, who believed herself to be inflicting a disappointment, when she told her, that Edward certainly would be at Hailey Street on Tuesday, and even hoped to be carrying the pain still farther, by persuading her that he was kept away by that extreme affliction for herself, which he could not conceal when they were together.

The important Tuesday ~~name~~ that was to introduce the two ~~men~~ ~~in~~ the formidable mother-in-law.

"Fifty dear Mr. Dashwood!" said Lucy, as they walked on together — for the two ladies arrived so directly from Mr. Jennings, that they all followed the same time: — "there is nobody here but you that I care for: I declare I can hardly stand. So gracious! In a moment I shall see the person that my happiness depends on — that is my mother!"

Either could have given her relief, by suggesting the possibility of its being Miss Morton's mother, rather than her own, whom they were about to behold; but instead of doing that, she assured her, and with great sincerity, that she did pity her, — to the



Lucy, who, though really uncomfortable herself, hoped at least to be an object of irrepressible envy to Elinor.

Miss Ferrars was a little, thin woman, upright, even to formality, in her figure, and serious, even to sourness, in her aspect. Her complexion was sallow; and her features small, without beauty, and naturally [redacted] expression; but a lucky contraction of the brow [redacted] rescued her countenance from [redacted] disgrace of insipidity, by giving [redacted] strong characters of pride and ill-nature. [redacted] was not a woman of many words; for, unlike people in general, [redacted] proportioned them to the number of her ideas; and of the few syllables that did escape her, [redacted] one fell to the share [redacted] Miss Dashwood, whom she eyed with [redacted] spirited determination of disliking her at all events.

Elinor could not now be made unhappy by this behaviour. A [redacted] months ago it would have hurt her exceedingly; but [redacted] was not in Miss Ferrars's power to distress her by [redacted] now; and the difference of her manners to the Miss Steeles, a difference which seemed purposely made to humble her more, only amused her. She could not but smile to see [redacted] graciousness of both mother [redacted] daughter towards the very person — for Lucy was particularly distinguished — whom of all others, had they known as much as she did, they would have been most anxious to mortify; while she herself, who had comparatively no power to wound them, sat pointedly alighted by both. But while she smiled at a graciousness so misapplied, she could not [redacted] [redacted] mean-spirited folly from [redacted] [redacted], nor observe the studied attentions with which the Miss [redacted] courted its continuance, [redacted] thoroughly [redacted] spising them all four.

Lucy was all [redacted] as being so honourably distinguished; and [redacted] even wanted only [redacted] be teased about Dr. Davis to be perfectly happy.

The dinner was a grand one, the servants were numerous, and every thing bespoke the mistress's inclination for show, and the master's ability to support it. In spite of the improvements and additions which were making to the Norland estate, and in spite of its owner having once been within some thousand pounds of being obliged to sell

■ ■ a loss, nothing gave any symptom of ■ ■ indigence which he had tried to infer from it; no poverty of any kind, except of conversation, appeared; but there the deficiency was considerable. John ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ much to say for himself that was worth hearing, and his wife had still less. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ there was no peculiar disgrace in this; ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ was very much the case with the chief of their visitors, who almost all laboured under one or ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ disqualifications ■ ■ being agreeable — want of ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ natural ■ ■ improved — ■ ■ ■ ■ of elegance — want ■ ■ spirits — or ■ ■ ■ ■ of temper.

When the ladies withdrew from the drawing-room after dinner, Mrs. Dashwood's poverty was particularly evident, and she supplied her discourse with some variety—the variety of politics, enclosing land, and breaking horses—over; but one subject only engaged the ladies till Mr. Dashwood came in, which was the comparative heights of Harry Dashwood, Mr. Lady Anne's second son William, who were nearly of the same age.

Had both the children been there, the affair might have been determined easily by measuring them once; but Harry only present, it was all conjectural assertion on both sides; and every body had a right to be equally positive in their opinion, and to repeat it and again as they

The parties were thus:—

The two mothers, though each really convinced that her own son was the tallest, politely decided in favour of the

██████████ grandmothers, with ██████████ less partiality, but more sincerity, ██████████ equally ██████████ in support of ██████████ own de-

Lucy, who was hardly less anxious to please one parent than the other, thought the boys were remarkably tall for their age, and could not conceive that there could be the smallest difference in the world between them; and Miss Steele, with yet greater address, gave it, as fast as she could, in favour of each.

Klinor, having once delivered her opinion on Williams's skills, by which she offend'd Mrs. Ferrars and Fanny still

necessity of enforcing ■ by ■ farther ■ ; and Marianne, who ■ for her, offended them all, by declaring that she had no opinion to give, as she had never thought about it.

■ removing ■ Norland, ■ painted ■ very pretty pair of ■ for her sister-in-law, ■ being ■ just mounted ■ brought home, ■ her present drawing-room; and ■, catching ■ eye of John Dashwood on his following ■ other gentleman ■ room, ■ officiously ■ by him ■ Colonel Brandon ■ admiration.

"These ■ done by my ■ sister," said he; "and you, as a man of taste, will, I dare say, be pleased with them. I do not know whether you ever happened to see any ■ performances before, but ■ in general reckoned ■ draw extremely well."

The Colonel, though disclaiming ■ pretensions ■, warmly ■ the screens, ■ he would have ■ any thing painted by Miss Dashwood; and ■ riosity of the others being of course excited, they were handed round for general inspection. Mrs. Ferrars, ■ aware of their being Elinor's work, particularly requested to look at them; and after they had received the gratifying testimony of Lady Middleton's approbation, Fanny presented them to her mother, considerably informing her, ■ same time, ■ they were done by ■ Dashwood.

"Hum" — ■ Mrs. Ferrars — "very pretty," — and, without regarding them at all, returned them to her daughter.

Perhaps Fanny thought ■ a ■ her mother had been quite rude enough; for, colouring a little, ■ immediately said,—

"They are very pretty, ma'am — an't they?" But then again the dread of having been too civil, too encouraging herself, probably ■ her, ■ presently added,—

"Do you not think they are something in Miss Morton's style of painting, ma'am? — *She does paint most delightfully!* — How beautifully her last landscape is done!"

"Beautifully indeed! But she does every thing well."

could not bear this. She was already greatly displeased with the Ferrars; such ill-timed praise another, at her expense, though she had any notion it was principally meant by it, provoked her immediately to warmth, —

"What is a very particular kind! what is it to us? who knows, or who cares, for her? — whom we know and speak."

So saying, she took the screens down of her sister-in-law's room to admire them herself as they ought to be admired.

Mrs. Ferrars was exceedingly angry, and drawing herself more stiffly than ever, pronounced, in retort, this philippic, "Miss Brandon is Lord Brandon's daughter."

Fanny was very angry too, and her husband was all in a fright at her sister's audacity. Elinor was much more hurt by Marianne's warmth than she had been by what produced it; but Colonel Brandon's eyes, they were fixed on Marianne, that he noticed only what was said of it, and not the heart which did not feel a sister slighted in the smallest point.

Marianne's feelings did not stop here. The cold insolence of Mrs. Ferrars's general behaviour to her sister, seemed to her to foretell such difficulties and distresses to Elinor as her own wounded heart taught her to think of with horror; and, urged by a strong impulse of affectionate sensibility, she moved, after a moment, to her sister's chair, and putting one arm round her neck, and the other close to hers, said in a low, but eager, voice, —

"Dear, Elinor, don't mind them. Don't let them make you unhappy."

She could not but overcome her spirits quite overcome; and hiding her face on Elinor's shoulder, she wept into her bosom. Every body's attention was called, and almost every body was concerned. Colonel Brandon rose up and went to them without knowing he did. Mr. Jennings, with a very intelligent "Ah! poor dear," immediately left her her seat; Sir John was desperately enraged against the author of this nervous distress, that he instantly changed his seat to one close by Lucy Steele,

gave her, in a whisper, a brief account of the whole shocking affair.

In a few minutes, however, Marianne was recovered enough to put an end to the bustle, and sit down among the rest; though her spirits retained the impression of what had passed the whole evening.

"Poor Marianne!" said her brother to Colonel Brandon, in a low voice, as soon as he could secure his attention: "she has not such good health as her sister, — she is very nervous, — she has not ~~such~~ constitution; — and one ~~thing~~ that there is something very trying to a young woman who has been a beauty in the loss of her personal attractions. You would not think it, perhaps, but Marianne was remarkably handsome a few months ~~ago~~; quite as handsome as ~~her sister~~. Now you see it is all ~~gone~~."

## CHAPTER XIII.

Edmon's curiosity as to Mrs. Ferrars was satisfied. She had found in her every thing that could tend to make a farther connection between the families undesirable. She had seen enough of her pride, her meanness, and her determined prejudices against herself, to comprehend all the difficulties that must have perplexed the engagement, and retarded the marriage of Edward and herself, had he been otherwise free; and she had seen almost enough to be thankful, for her own sake, that one greater obstacle preserved her from suffering under any other of Mrs. Ferrars's creation, preserved her from all dependence upon her caprice, or any solicitude for her good opinion. Or at least, if she did not bring ~~herself~~ quite to rejoice in Edward's being fettered to Lucy, she determined, that had Lucy been more amiable, she ought to have rejoiced.

She wondered that Lucy's spirits could be so very much elevated by the civility of Mrs. Ferrars; that her interest and her vanity should so very much blind her as to make

only paid her a compliment to herself, — or derive encouragement a preference only given her, her real situation unknown. It was so, had not only been declared by Lucy's eyes at the time, but was declared over again the next morning more openly; her particular desire Lady Berkeley on the chance seeing her alone, and her how happy she

The chance proved a lucky one; for a message from Mrs. Ferrars soon she arrived carried Mrs. Jennings away.

"My dear friend," cried Lucy, as soon as they were by themselves, "I am so happy of your happiness. Could any thing so flattering as Mrs. Ferrars's way of treating me yesterday? exceeding so as was I! You know how I dreaded the thoughts of seeing her; the very I introduced, there was an affability in her behaviour as really should soon say, she had quite took a fancy to me. Now was not it so? You saw it all; and was not you quite struck with it?"

"She was certainly very civil to you."

"Civil! — Did you nothing but only civility? — I saw a vast deal more. Such kindness as fell to the share of nobody but me! — No pride, no hauteur, and your sister just the same — an affability!"

Elinor talked of something else, Lucy pressed to that she had for her happiness; and was obliged to go on.

"Undoubtedly, they had known your engagement," said she, "nothing could be more flattering than their treatment of you; — but that was the case —"

"I guessed you would say so," replied Lucy, quickly; — "but there was no reason in the world why Mrs. Ferrars should seem to like me, if she did not, and her liking me is every thing. You shan't me my I am sure it will all end well, and there will be no all, to what I used to think. Mrs. Ferrars is a charming woman, and so is your sister. They are both delightful women indeed! — I wonder I should never hear you say how agreeable Miss Ferrars was!"

To this Eliza had no answer to make, and did not attempt any.

"Are you ill, ~~my~~ Dashwood?—you seem low—you don't speak;—sure you ~~are~~ well."

"I never was ~~in~~ better health."

"I am glad of it with all my heart; but really you did ~~not~~ look it. I should be so sorry to have you ill; you, that have been ~~my~~ greatest comfort ~~to~~ me in ~~the~~ world!—Heaven ~~knows~~ ~~how~~ I ~~should~~ have done ~~without~~ your friendship."

~~She~~ tried to make a civil answer, though doubting her success. But ~~she~~ seemed ~~to~~ satisfy Lucy, for ~~she~~ directly replied,—

"Indeed I ~~am~~ perfectly convinced of your regard ~~to~~ me, and, ~~as~~ ~~for~~ Edward's love, it is the greatest comfort I have. Poor Edward! But now there ~~is~~ one good thing, we shall be able to meet, and meet pretty often, for Lady Middleton's delighted with ~~my~~ Dashwood, ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~is~~ ~~be~~ a good deal in Harley Street, I dare say, ~~and~~ Edward spends half his time with ~~his~~ sister—besides, Lady Middleton ~~and~~ Mrs. Ferrars will visit now;—and Mrs. Ferrars and your sister ~~are~~ both so good ~~to~~ say, ~~more~~ than once, they should always ~~be~~ glad to ~~see~~ me. They ~~are~~ such charming women!—I ~~am~~ ~~sure~~ if ever you ~~see~~ your sister what I think of her, you ~~must~~ speak too high."

~~She~~ would ~~not~~ give her any encouragement ~~to~~ hope that she ~~should~~ tell her sister. Lucy continued,—

"I am ~~sure~~ I should have ~~seen~~ it ~~in~~ a moment, if Mrs. Ferrars had took a dislike to me. If ~~she~~ had only made ~~me~~ a formal courtesy, for instance, without saying a word, and ~~she~~ ~~had~~ took any notice of me, ~~she~~ ~~must~~ looked ~~in~~ ~~as~~ a pleasant way—you know what I mean—if I had been treated ~~in~~ that forbidding sort of way, I ~~must~~ have gave ~~up~~ all up in despair. I could ~~not~~ have stood it. For where she ~~does~~ dislike, I know ~~it~~ ~~is~~ most violent."

~~She~~ was prevented ~~from~~ making ~~any~~ reply to this ~~her~~ triumph, by ~~the~~ door's being thrown ~~open~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ servant's announcing ~~that~~ Ferrars, ~~and~~ Edward's immediately walk-

~~It~~ was a very awkward moment; ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~must~~

each was so. They all looked exceedingly foolish ; and Edward seemed to have as great an inclination to walk the room again in advance of it. In very circumstance, the unpleasantest which they each have to avoid, they were only all three together, but were together without the relief of any other person. The recovered themselves first. It was Lucy's to put forward, and the appearance of creasy kept up. could therefore only tenderness, and slightly addressing him,

But Elinor came to do ; and as anxious was she, his and her own, it well, that herself, after a moment's recollection, welcome him, with a look and manner that almost easy, and almost open ; and another ruggle, another still improved them. She would allow the presence of Lucy, the consciousness of injustice towards herself, deter her from saying she happy to see him, and that she had very much regretted being home, when he before in Berkeley Street. She would be frightened from paying him those attentions which, a friend and almost a relation, his due, by the observant eyes of Lucy, though she perceived them be narrowly watching her.

Her some Edward, he had courage enough to sit down ; but his embarrassment exceeded that of the ladies in a proportion which the rendered reasonable, though his might rare ; his heart indifference Lucy's, could conscience have quite the Elinor's.

Lucy, with a demure and air, seemed determined to make a contribution to the comfort of the others, and say a word ; and almost every thing proceeded Elinor, who was obliged information about her mother's health, their coming to town, &c. which Edward ought to have enquired about,

exertions did stop here ; she soon afterwards



felt herself so heroically disposed as to determine, in pretence of fetching Marianne, to leave the others by themselves; she really did it, in the same manner, for she loitered away several minutes on the landing-place, the most high-minded fortitude, before she went to her sister. When that was once done, however, it was all raptures and transports; and Marianne's joy drew her into the drawing-room immediately. Her pleasure in seeing him was like every other of her feelings, strong in itself, and strongly spoken. She took him with a hand that would be taken, and a voice that expressed the affection of a sister.

"Dear Edward!" she cried, "this is a moment of great happiness! I would almost make amends for every thing!"

Edward tried to return her kindness as it deserved, but before such witnesses he dared not say half what he really felt. Again they all sat down, and for a moment or two all were silent; while Marianne was looking with the same speaking tenderness, sometimes at Edward, sometimes at Elinor, regretting only that their delight in each other should be checked by Lucy's unwelcome presence. Edward was the first to speak, and it was to notice Marianne's altered looks, and express his fear of her not finding London agree with her.

"Oh, don't think of me!" she replied, in a spirited earnestness, though her eyes were full with tears as she spoke, "don't think of my health. Elinor is well, you see. That is enough for us both."

This remark was not calculated to make Edward or Marianne more anxious to conciliate the good will of Lucy, who looked up at them with a very benignant expression.

"Do you like London?" said Edward, willing to say something which might introduce another subject.

"Not at all. I expected much pleasure from it, but I have found none. The sight of you, Edward, is the only comfort it has afforded; and, thank Heaven! you are as you always were!"

She paused — no one spoke.

"I think, Eliza," she presently added, "we must employ Edward to take care of us in our return to Barton. In a week or two, I suppose, we shall be going; and, I trust, Edward will not be very unwilling to accept the charge."

From Edward expected something, but that it was nobody knew, not even himself. Mrs. Marianne, who saw his agitation, and soon easily traced it to whatever cause best pleased herself, was perfectly satisfied, and soon talked of something else.

"We spent last a day, Edward, in Harley Street yesterday! So dull, so wretchedly dull! But I have much to say to you on that head, which cannot be said now."

She then, with the discretion of the old lady, the assurance of her finding their mutual relatives more disagreeable than ever, and of her being particularly disgusted with his mother, till they were more in private.

"Why were you not there, Edward? Why did you not come?"

"I was engaged elsewhere."

"Engaged! What was that, when such friends were to be met?"

"Perhaps, Mrs. Marianne," cried Lucy, eager to take some revenge on her, "you think every man makes upon engagements, if they have no choice in keep them, little as well as great."

She was very angry; but Mrs. Marianne seemed entirely insensible of the sting; for she calmly replied, —

"Not so, indeed; for, seriously speaking, I am very sure that conscience only kept Edward from Harley Street. And I really believe he has the most delicate conscience in the world; the most scrupulous in performing every engagement, however minute, and however it may make against his interest or pleasure. He is the most fearful of giving pain, of wounding expectation, and the most incapable of being selfish, of any body I ever saw. Edward, it is so, and I will say it. What! are you never to hear yourself praised?—Then you must be no friend of mine!

for those who will accept of my love and esteem must submit to my open commendation."

The nature of her commendation, in the present case, however, happened to be particularly ill suited to the feelings of two thirds of her auditors, and was so very unexhilarating to Edward, that he very soon got up to go.

"Going so soon!" said Marianne; "my dear Edward, this must not be."

And drawing him a little aside, she whispered her persuasion. Lucy could not stay much longer. But her encouragement failed, for he would go; and Lucy who would have outstayed him had his visit been two hours, soon afterwards went away.

"What can bring her here so often?" said Marianne, on her leaving them. "Could she not see that we wanted her gone! — how teasing to Edward!"

"Why so? — we were all his friends, and Lucy has been the longest known to him of any. It is but natural that he should like to see her as well as ourselves."

Marianne looked at her steadily, and said, "You know, Elinor, that this is a kind of talking which I cannot bear. If you only hope to have your assertion contradicted, as I must suppose to be the case, you ought to recollect that I am the last person in the world to do it. I cannot descend to be tricked out of assurances that are not really wanted."

She then left the room; and Elinor dared not follow her to say more, for bound as she was by her promise of secrecy to Lucy, she could give no information that would convince Marianne; and painful as the consequences to her still continuing in an error might be, she was obliged to submit to it. The only hope was, that Edward would not often expose her or himself to the distress of hearing Marianne's mistaken warmth, nor to the repetition of any other part of the pain that had attended their recent meeting — and this she had every reason to expect.

## XIV.

Within a few days after this meeting, the newspapers of the world, that the lady of the Palmer, safely delivered of a heir; a very interesting and satisfactory paragraph, at least to those who knew it before.

This event, highly important to Mrs. Jennings's happiness, produced a temporary alteration in the disposal of her time, influenced, in a degree, her engagements of her friends; for as she was not so possible as Charlotte, she did not return every morning as she was dressed, and did not return till late in the evening; and the Miss Dashwoods, at the particular request of the Middletons, spent the whole of every day in Conduit Street, where, for comfort, they would much rather have remained, at least all the morning, in Mrs. Jennings's house; but it was not a thing to be urged against the wishes of every body. Their hours were therefore made up by Lady Middleton and the two Misses, by whom their company was, in fact, a little valued as it was professedly sought.

They had too much sense to be desirable companions to the former; and by the latter they were considered with a jealous eye, as intruding on her ground, and sharing the thing which they wanted to monopolize. Though more polite than Lady Middleton's behaviour to Elinor and Marianne, she did not really like them at all. Because they neither feared nor her children, she could not believe them good-natured; and because they were fond of reading, she fancied them satirical: perhaps without exactly knowing what it was to be satirical; but it did not signify. It was common use, and easily given.

Their presence was a restraint both on her and on Lucy. It checked the idleness of one, and the business of the other. Lady Middleton was ashamed of doing nothing before them,

and the flattery which Lucy was proud to think of and administer at other times she feared they would despise her for offering. Miss Steele was the least discomposed of the three by their presence; and she was in their power to reconcile them entirely. She gave them only a few minutes of the conversation between Marianne and Sir Willoughby she would have thought herself amply rewarded for the sacrifice of the best place by the fire after dinner, which their arrival occasioned. But this conciliation was not granted; for though she often offered her expressions of pity for her sister to Elinor, and then once dropped a reflection on the inconstancy of beaux before Marianne; no effect was produced, but a look of indifference from the former, or of disgust in the latter. An effort even yet lighter might have made her their friend: — would they only have laughed at her about the Doctor! But so little were they, any more than the others, inclined to oblige her, that if Sir John dined from home she might spend a whole day without hearing any other rally on the subject than what she was kind enough to bestow on herself.

All these jealousies and discontents, however, were so totally unsuspected by Mrs. Jennings, that she thought it a delightful thing for the girls to be together; and generally congratulated her young friends every night on having escaped the company of a stupid old woman so long. She joined them sometimes at Sir John's, and sometimes at her own house; wherever she always found the same spirits, full of delight and importance, attributing Charlotte's well doing to her own care, and ready to give so exact, so minute an account of her situation, as only Miss Steele's curiosity enough to satisfy. One thing did disturb her; and of that she made her daily complaint. Mr. Palmer maintained the common, but unfatherly opinion among his sex, of all children being alike; and though she could plainly perceive, at different times, the most striking resemblance between this baby and every one of his relations on both sides, there was no convincing his father of it; no persuading him to believe that it was not exactly like every other baby of the same age; nor could he even be brought to acknow-

the simple proposition of its being the finest child in the world.

I come now to the relation of a misfortune which about this time befall John Dashwood. It so happened that while her two Mrs. Jennings were first calling on her in Harley Street, another of her acquaintance dropt in — a lady apparently likely pro-  
duce to her. while the imaginations of other people will carry away wrong judgments our  
conduct, decide it by all one's  
happiness always mercy of chance. In the present instance, this last-arrived lady al-  
tered her fancy so to outrun truth and probability, on  
merely hearing the name of the lady, and  
understanding them Mr. Dashwood's sisters, im-  
mediately concluded them to be staying in Harley Street;  
and this misconstruction produced, within a day or  
afterwards, cards of invitation for them, as well as for their  
brother and sister, to a small musical party in her house;  
of which was, that Mrs. John Dashwood  
was obliged to mount not only to the exceedingly great in-  
convenience of sending her carriage for the Mrs. Dash-  
woods, but, what was still worse, must be subject to  
the unpleasantness of appearing to them with attention;  
and who could tell that they might not expect to go out  
with her a second time? The power of disappointing them,  
it was true, must always be here. But that was not enough;  
for when people are determined on a mode of conduct which  
they know to be wrong, they are injured by the expectation  
of something better from them.

Marianne had now been brought, by degrees, so much  
accustomed to going out every day, that she was not at  
all conscious of whether she was or not;  
she prepared quietly and mechanically every  
thing though without expecting any, and very often without knowing, till  
the last moment, where it was to take her.

To her dress and appearance she was grown so perfectly  
accustomed as not to bestow half the consideration on it,  
during the whole of her toilet, which she received from

Miss Steele in the first five minutes of their being together, when it was finished. Nothing escaped her intense observation and general curiosity; she saw every thing, and asked every thing; was never easy till she knew the price of every part of Marianne's dress; could have guessed the number of her gowns altogether with better judgment than Marianne herself; and was not without hopes of finding out, before they parted, how much her washing cost per week, and how much she had every year to spend upon herself. The impertinence of this kind of scrutinies, moreover, was generally concluded with a compliment, which, though meant as its douceur, was considered by Marianne as the greatest impertinence of all; for after undergoing an examination of the value and make of her gown, the colour of her shoes, and the arrangement of her hair, she was almost sure of being told, that upon "her word she looked vastly smart, and she dared to say would make a great many conquests."

With such encouragement as this was she dismissed, on the present occasion, to her brother's carriage; which they were ready to find it stopped at the door, a punctuality not very agreeable to their sister-in-law, who had preceded them to the house of her acquaintance, and was there hoping for some delay on their part, that might inconvenience either her or her coachman.

The events of the evening were very remarkable. The party, like other musical parties, comprehended a great many people who had real taste for the performance, and a great many more who had none at all; and the performers themselves were, as usual, in great estimation, and that of their immediate friends, the first private performers in England.

As neither musical, nor affecting, she made no scruple of turning away her eyes from the grand piano-forte whenever it suited her, and unrestrained even by the presence of a harp, and a violoncello, to fix them at pleasure on any other object in the room. In one of these excursive glances she perceived, among a group of young men, the very he who had given them a lesson on toothpick-cases at Gray's. She perceived him

afterwards looking at herself, and speaking familiarly to her brother; and had just determined to find out his name from the latter, when they both came towards her, and Mr. Dashwood introduced him to her as Mr. Robert Ferrars.

He bowed to her with great civility, and bowed his head into a bow, which assured her, as plainly as words could have done, that he was exactly the coxcomb she had heard him described to be by Lucy. Happy had it been for her, if her regard for Edward had depended less on his own merit than on the merit of his nearest relations! For Mr. Ferrars must have given the finishing touches to the character of his mother and sister would have begun. Mr. Ferrars wondered at the emptiness of the conversation of men, and did not see that the emptiness of the conversation of the one put her at all out of charity with the modesty and worth of the other. Why they were different, Robert explained to her himself, in the course of a quarter of an hour's conversation; for, talking of his brother, and lamenting the extreme gauche which he really showed, kept him from mixing in proper society, he candidly and generously attributed it much less to any natural deficiency than to the misfortune of a private education; while he himself, though probably without any particular, any marked superiority by nature, merely the advantage of a public school, was as well fitted to mix in the world as any other man.

"Upon my soul," he added, "I believe it is nothing more; and so I often tell my mother, when she is grieving about it. 'My dear madam,' I always say to her, 'you must make yourself easy. The evil is now irremediable, and it has been entirely your own doing. Why, I am persuaded by my uncle, Sir Robert, against your own judgment, to place Edward in private tuition, at the most critical time of his life? You had only sent him, as well as myself, to Mr. Pratt's, all would have been prevented. The way in which I always consider the matter, and my mother is perfectly convinced of her error.'"

Klinton would not oppose his opinion, because, whatever



might be her general estimation of the advantage of public school, she could not think of Edward's abode in Mr. Pratt's family with any satisfaction.

"You reside in Devonshire, I think," was his next observation, "in a cottage near Dawlish."

Elinor set him right as to its situation; and it seemed rather surprising to him that any body could live in Devonshire without living near Dawlish. He bestowed his hearty approbation, however, on their species of house.

"For my own part," said he, "I am excessively fond of a cottage; there is always so much comfort, so much elegance about them. And I protest, if I had any money to spare, I should buy a little land and build one myself, within a short distance of London, where I might settle myself down at any time, and collect a few friends about me, and be happy. I advise every body who is going to build, to build a cottage. My friend Lord Courtland came to me the other day on purpose to ask my advice, and laid before me three plans of Bonomi's. I was to decide on the best of them. 'My dear Courtland,' said I, immediately throwing them all into the fire, 'do not adopt either of them, but by all means build a cottage.' And that, I fancy, will be the end of it.

"Some people imagine that there can be no accommodations, no space in a cottage; but this is all a mistake. I was at my friend Elliott's, near Dartford. Lady Elliott wished to give a dance. 'How can it be done?' said she: 'my dear Ferrers, do tell me how it is to be managed. There is not a room in this cottage that will hold ten couple; and where can the supper be?' I immediately saw that there could be no difficulty in it, so I said, 'My Lady Elliott, do not be uneasy. The dining-parlour will admit eighteen couple; card-tables may be placed in the drawing-room; the library may be open for tea and other refreshments; and let the supper be set out in the saloon.' Lady Elliott was delighted with the thought. We measured the dining-room, and found it would hold exactly eighteen couple, — and the affair was arranged precisely after my plan. So that, in fact, you see, if people do but know how to set

about it, every comfort may be as well enjoyed in a cottage as in the most spacious dwelling."

Elinor agreed to all, for she did not think her the compliment of rational opposition.

As John Dashwood had no more pleasure in music than his sister, her mind was equally at liberty to fix on any thing else; and a thought struck her, during the evening, which she communicated to his wife, for her approbation, when they got home. The mistake, in supposing her guests, had suggested the propriety of their being really invited to such, and Mrs. Jennings's expense kept her home. The expense was nothing; the inconvenience more; and it was altogether a violation which the delicacy of his conscience pointed out to be requisite to complete enfranchisement from his promise to his father. Fanny was the proposal.

"I do not see how it can be done," said she, "without affronting Lady Middleton, who they spend every day with her; otherwise I should be exceedingly glad to do it. You know I am always ready to pay any attention in my power, as my taking them out this evening shows. But they are Lady Middleton's visitors. How can I ask them away from her?"

Her husband, with great humility, did not see the force of her objection. "They had already spent a week in this manner in Conduit Street, and Lady Middleton could not be displeased at their giving the same number of days in such relations."

Fanny paused a moment, and then, with vigour, said,—

"My love, I would ask them with all my heart, if it was in my power. But I had just settled within myself to ask the Miss Steeles to spend a few days with us. They are very well behaved, good kind of girls; and I think the attention is due to them, as their uncle did so very well by Edward. We can ask your sisters some other year, you know; but the Miss Steeles may not be in town any more. I am sure you will like them; indeed, you do like them,

you know, very much already, and so does my mother ; and they are such favourites with Harry !”

Mr. Dashwood was convinced. ~~He~~ saw the necessity of inviting ~~the~~ ~~Miss~~ ~~Steeles~~ immediately ; and his ~~conscience~~ was pacified by the resolution of inviting his sisters another year ; at the same time, however, silyly suspecting that another year would make the invitation needless, by bringing Elinor to town as Colonel Brandon's wife, and Marianne as *their* visitor.

Fanny, rejoicing ~~in~~ her escape, and proud of the ready wit that had procured it, wrote the next morning to Lucy, to request her company and her sister's, for some days, in Harley Street, as soon as Lady Middleton could spare ~~them~~. This was enough to make Lucy really and reasonably happy. Mrs. Dashwood seemed actually working for her herself ; cherishing all her hopes, and promoting all her views ! Such an opportunity of being with Edward and his family was, above all things, the most material to her interest, and such an invitation the most gratifying to her feelings ! It was an advantage that could not be too gratefully acknowledged, nor too speedily made use of ; and the visit to Lady Middleton, which had not before had ~~any~~ precise limits, was instantly discovered to have been always meant to end in ~~some~~ days' time.

When the note was shown to Elinor, as it was within ten minutes after its arrival, it gave her, for the ~~first~~ time, some share in the expectations of Lucy ; for such a mark of uncommon kindness, vouchsafed on so short an acquaintance, seemed to declare that the good will ~~showed~~ her arose ~~from~~ something more than merely ~~showed~~ against herself ; and might be brought, by time and address, to ~~any~~ every thing ~~Lucy~~ wished. Her flattery had already subdued the pride of Lady Middleton, and made an entry into the close heart of Mrs. John Dashwood ; and these were ~~things~~ that laid open the probability of greater.

The Miss Steeles removed to Harley Street ; and all that ~~remained~~ of ~~their~~ influence ~~was~~ strengthened ~~in~~ expectation of the event. Sir John, who called on them more than once, brought home such accounts of the favour they were in as must be universally striking. Mrs. Dash-

wood had never been so much pleased with any young women in her life as she was with them; had given each of them a needle-book made by some emigrant; called Lucy by her Christian name; and did not know whether she should ever be able to part with them.

## VOLUME III

## CHAPTER I.

Mrs. PALMER was so well at the end of a fortnight that her mother felt it no longer necessary to give up the whole of her time to her ; and, contenting herself with visiting her once or twice a day, returned from that period to her own home, and her own habits, in which she found the Dashwoods very ready to re-assume their former share.

About the third or fourth morning after their being thus resettled in Berkeley Street, Mrs. Jennings, on returning from her ordinary visit to Mrs. Palmer, entered the drawing-room, where Elinor was sitting by herself, with an air of such hurrying importance as prepared her to hear something wonderful ; and giving her time only to form that idea, began directly to justify it by saying,—

" Lord ! dear Miss Dashwood ! have you news ? "

" No, ma'am. What is it ? "

" Something so strange ! But you shall hear all. I got to Mr. Palmer's, I found Charlotte quite in a fuss about the child. She was sure it was very ill — it cried, and fretted, and was all over pimples. So I looked directly, and, ' Lord ! my dear,' says I, ' it is nothing in the world but the red gum ; ' and nurse said just the same. But Charlotte, she would not be satisfied, so Mr. Donovan was sent for ; and luckily he happened to be just come in from Harley Street, so he stepped over directly, and as soon as ever he saw the child he said just as we did, that it was nothing in the world but the red gum, and then Charlotte was easy. And so, just as he was going away

again, it came into my head, I am sure I do not know how I happened to think of it, but it came into my head to ask him if there was any news. So upon that he smirked, and simpered, and looked grave, and seemed to know something or other, and at last he said in a whisper, 'For fear my unpleasant report should reach the young ladies under your care as to their sister's indisposition, I think it advisable to say, that I believe there is no great reason for alarm; I hope Mrs. Dashwood will do very well.'

"What is Fanny ill?"

"That is exactly what I said, my dear. 'Lord!' says I, 'is Mrs. Dashwood ill?' So then he all comes out; and the long and the short of the matter, by all I can learn, seems to be this. Mr. Edward Ferrars, the very young man I told you a joke with you about, (but, however, as it turns out, I am monstrous glad there never was any thing in it,) Mr. Ferrars, it seems, has been engaged above this twelvemonth to my cousin Lucy! There's for you, my dear! And not a creature knowing a syllable of the matter except Nancy! Could you have believed such a thing possible? There is no great wonder in their liking one another; but that matters should be brought so forward between them, and nobody suspect it! That is strange! I never happened to see them together, or I am sure I should have found it out directly. Well, and so this was kept a great secret, for fear of Mrs. Ferrars, and neither she nor your brother or sister suspected a word of the matter till this very morning, poor Nancy, who, you know, is a well-meaning creature, was no conjurer, popped it all out. 'Lord!' thinks she to herself, 'they are all so fond of Lucy, to be sure they will make no difficulty about it;' and so away she went to your sister, who was sitting all alone at her carpet-work, little suspecting what was to come—for she had just been saying to your brother, only five minutes before, that she thought to make a match between Edward and some Lord's daughter or other, I forget who. So you may think what a blow it was to all her vanity and pride. She fell into violent hysterics immediately, with such screams we reached your brother's care, as he was sitting in his own dressing-room down stairs, thinking

writing a letter to his steward in the country. So up he flew directly, and a terrible scene took place, for Lucy was come to town by that time, little dreaming what was going on. Poor soul! I pity her. And I must say, I think she was used very hardly; for your sister scolded like any fury, and soon drove her into a fainting fit. Nancy, she fell upon her knees, and cried bitterly; and your brother, he walked about the room, and said he did not know what to do. Mrs. Dashwood declared they should not stay a minute longer in the house; and your brother was forced to go down upon his knees, too, to persuade her to let them stay till they had packed up their clothes. Then she fell into hysterics again, and he was so frightened that he would send for Mr. Donovan, and Mr. Donovan found the house in all this uproar. The carriage was at the door ready to take my poor cousins away, and they were just stepping in as he came off; poor Lucy in such a condition, he says, she could hardly walk; and Nancy, she was almost as bad. I declare, I have no patience with your sister; and I hope, with all my heart, it will be a match in spite of her. Lord! what a taking poor Mr. Edward will be in when he hears of it! To have his love used so scornfully! for they say he is monstrous fond of her, as well he may. I should not wonder, if he was to be in the greatest of a passion!—and Mr. Donovan thinks just the same. He and I had a great deal of talk about it; and the best of all is, that he is gone back again to Harley Street, that he may be within call when Mrs. Ferrars is told of it; for she was sent for as soon as ever my cousins left the house, for your sister was sure she would be in hysterics too; and so she may, what I care. I have no pity for either of them. I have no notion of people's making such a to-do about money and greatness. There is no reason on earth why Mr. Edward and Lucy should not marry; for I am sure Mrs. Ferrars may afford to do very well by her son; and though Lucy has next to nothing herself, she knows better than any body how to make the most of every thing; and I dare say, if Mrs. Ferrars would only allow him five hundred a year, she would make as good an appearance with it as any body else would with eight. How snug they might live

"cottage—yours—or a bigger—with two maids and two men; and I believe I could help them to a housemaid, for my Betty has a sister out of place, that would suit them exactly."

Here Mrs. Jennings ceased; and as she had had time enough to collect her thoughts, she was able to give such an answer, and make such observations, as the subject might naturally be supposed to produce. Happy to find that she was not suspected of any extraordinary interest in it; Mrs. Jennings (as she of late often hoped might be the case) had not even imagine her at all attached to Edward; and happy to see the rest, in the absence of Marianne, did very well to speak of the matter without embarrassment, and to give her judgment, as she believed, with impartiality in the conduct of every one concerned in it.

She could hardly determine what her own expectation of the matter really was; though she earnestly tried to drive away the notion of its being possible to end otherwise than in the marriage of Edward and Lucy. What Mrs. Jennings would say and do, though there could be no doubt of its nature, she was anxious to hear; and still more anxious to know how Edward would conduct himself. For she felt much compassion;—for Lucy very little;—and it cost her some pains to procure that little;—for the rest of the party none at all.

As Mrs. Jennings could talk of no other subject, she soon saw the necessity of preparing herself for discussion. No one was so lost in undeceiving her, as making her acquainted with the real truth, and endeavouring to bring her to hear it by others, as by betraying her to any one of her sister, or any one against Edward.

Elinor's office was a painful one. She was going to remove what she really believed to be her sister's chief consolation,—to give her particulars of Edward as she feared would ruin him for ever in her good opinion,—and make Marianne, by a resemblance of their situations, feel all her own disappointment over again. But unwelcome as such a task must be, it was



necessary to be done, and Elinor therefore hastened to perform it.

She was very far from wishing to dwell on her own feelings, or to represent herself as suffering much, any other-wise than as the self-command she had practised since her first knowledge of Edward's engagement might suggest a hint of what was practicable to Marianne. Her narration was clear and simple; and though she could not be given without emotion, it was not accompanied by violent agitation, nor impetuous grief. That belonged rather to the hearer, for Marianne listened with horror, and cried excessively. Elinor was to be the comforter of others in her own distresses, no less than in theirs; and all the comfort that could be given by assurances of her own composure of mind, and a very earnest vindication of Edward from every charge but of imprudence, was readily offered.

But Marianne for some time would give credit to neither. Edward seemed a second Willoughby; and acknowledging as Elinor did, that she had loved him most sincerely, could she feel less than herself? As for Lucy Steele, she considered her so totally unamiable, so absolutely incapable of attaching a sensible man, that she could not be persuaded at first to believe, and afterwards to pardon, any former affection of Edward for her. She would not even admit it to have been natural; and Elinor left her to be convinced that it was so, by that which only could convince her, a better knowledge of mankind.

The first communication had been no farther than to state the fact of the engagement, and the length of time it had existed. Marianne's feelings had then broken in, and put an end to all regularity of detail; and for some time all that could be done was to soothe her distress, lessen her alarms, and combat her resentment. The first question on her side, which led to farther particulars, was, —

"How long has this been known to you, Elinor? has he written to you?"

"I have known it these four months. When Lucy first came to Barton Park last November, she told me in confidence of her engagement."

At these words, Marianne's eyes expressed the astonish-

ment which her lips could not utter. After a pause of wonder, she exclaimed, —

"Four months! — how long of the four months?"

"What! while attending me in all my misery, has this been on your heart? — I have reproached you for being happy!"

"It was not fit that you should then know how much I was in reverse."

"Four months!" cried Marianne again. "So calm! — cheerful! How have you been supported?"

"By feeling that I was doing my duty. My promise to Lucy obliged me to be secret. I owed it to her, therefore, to give her hint of the truth; and I owed it to my family and friends, not to leave them a solicitude about me, which I could not be in my power to satisfy."

Marianne seemed much struck.

"I have very often attempted to undecieve yourself and my mother," added Elinor; "and once or twice I have attempted it; but without betraying my trust, I never could have convinced you."

"Four months! and yet you loved him!"

"Yes. But I did not love only him; and while the comfort of others was dear to me, I was glad to spare them knowing how much I felt. Now, I can think and speak of it with calm emotion. I would no longer have you suffer on my account; for I assure you I am longer materially myself. I have many things to support me. I am not conscious of having provoked any disappointment by any imprudence of my own, and I have borne it as much as possible without spreading it farther. I acquit myself of all essential misconduct. I wish him very happy; and I am so myself always doing my duty, that though now he may harbour some regret, in the end he must become so. Lucy does not want action; and that is the best of every thing good may be. And after all, Marianne, what all that is bewitching in the idea of a single and constant attachment, and all that can be said of one's happiness depending entirely on any particular person, it is meant — it is fit — it is

possible that it should — Edward will marry Lucy ; — will marry a woman superior in person and — standing to half her sex ; and time and habit will teach him to forget — — — thought another superior — her."

"If such is your — thinking," — Marianne, "if the loss of — is most valued is so easily to be made — by something else, your resolution, your self-command, are, perhaps, a little less to be wondered at. They are brought more — my comprehension."

"I — you. You — — — I have ever — much. — four months, Marianne, — — — this hanging on my mind, without being — liberty — speak of — — a single creature ; knowing — — — my mother — unhappy whenever it were explained to you, yet unable to prepare you for it in the least. It was — me, — it was in a manner forced — — by the very person herself, whose prior engagement ruined all my prospects ; and told me, as I thought, with triumph, This person's suspicions, therefore, I have had to oppose, by endeavouring to appear in — — where I have been most deeply interested ; and it — not been only once ; I have — her hopes and — — to listen — again — again. I have known myself to be divided from Edward for ever, without hearing one — — that could make — — desire — connection. Nothing has proved him unworthy ; — has any thing declared — — — to me. I — had to contend against — — of his sister, and — insolence of his mother ; — have — — punishment of an attachment, without enjoying — advantages. And all this has been going on — a time when, as you too well know, it has not been my only unhappiness. If you can think — capable of ever feeling, surely you may suppose that I have suffered now. — — — with — — I have brought myself at present — — — matter, the — — — I — — willing to admit, have been — — — painful exertion ; they did not spring up — themselves ; they did not occur to relieve my spirits at first. No, — — — Then, if I had not been bound to silence, perhaps nothing — — have kept me entirely — not — —

"I owed my dearest friends—from openly showing that I was unhappy."

was quite subdued.

"Oh, Elinor," she cried, "you have made me hate myself for ever. How barbarous have I been to you!—who have my only comfort, who have with me in all my misery, who have only suffering me! Is my gratitude? Is this only I make you? Because your merit my myself, I have trying to do it away."

The confession, such a frame of mind as she was now in, had no difficulty obtaining from her whatever promise she required; and, on request, Marianne engaged to speak of to any with the least appearance of bitterness; to Lucy without betraying the smallest increase of dislike to her; and even to see Edward himself, if chance should bring them together, without any diminution of her usual cordiality. These were great concessions; but where Marianne felt that had injured, no reparation could be too much for her to make.

She performed her promise of being discreet, admiration. She attended to all that Mrs. Jennings had to say upon the subject, with an unchanging complexion, dissatisfied from her in nothing, and heard three times to say, "Yes, ma'am." listened to her praise Lucy with only moving her chair to another; and when Mrs. Jennings talked of Edward's affection, it was only a throat. Such advances towards heroism as her sister, ~~there~~ ~~felt~~ equal to any thing herself.

The next morning brought a farther trial of it, a visit from their brother, who came with a most serious aspect to talk over the dreadful affair, and bring them news of wife.

"You have heard, I suppose," said he, with great solemnity, as soon as he was seated, "of the very shocking discovery that took place under our roof yesterday."

They all looked their assent; seemed too awful a speech.

"Your sister," he continued, "has suffered dreadfully ;

Mrs. Ferrara too — in short it has been a scene of such complicated distress — but I will hope that the storm may be weathered without our being any of us quite overcome. Poor Fanny! she was in hysterics all yesterday. I would not startle you too much. *Edwards* says *she* is nothing materially to be apprehended; her constitution is a good one, and her resolution equal to any thing. *She* has borne it all with the fortitude of an angel! She says she never will think well of any body again; and one cannot wonder at it, after being so deceived! — meeting with such ingratitude, where so much kindness had been shown, so much confidence had been placed! It was quite out of the benevolence of her heart, that she had asked *these* young women to her house; merely because she thought they deserved some attention, were harmless, well-behaved girls, and would be pleasant companions; otherwise we both wished very much to have invited you and Marianne to be with us, while your kind friend there was attending her daughter. And now to be so rewarded! ‘I wish, *she* my heart,’ says poor Fanny, in her affectionate way, ‘that we had asked your sisters instead of them.’”

Here he stopped to be thanked; which being done, he went on.

“What *young* Mrs. Ferrara suffered, when *she* Fanny broke it to her, is not to be described. While she with the truest affection had been planning a most eligible connection for him, was it to be supposed that it could be all the time secretly engaged to another person! — such a suspicion would never have entered *her* head! If *she* suspected any prepossession elsewhere, *she* not be in that quarter. ‘There, to be sure,’ said she, ‘I might have thought myself safe.’ She was quite *so*. We *remained* together, however, as *she* *was* *done*, and *she* last she determined to send for Edward. *He* came. But *she* am sorry to relate what ensued. All that Mrs. Ferrara could say to make him put an end to the engagement, assisted too, as you may well suppose, by my arguments, *and* Fanny’s entreaties, was of no avail. Duty, affection, every thing was disregarded. I never thought Edward so stub-

born, an unfeeling father. His mother explained to him her liberal designs, in case of his marrying Miss Morton; told him she would settle on him the Norfolk estate, which, clear of land-tax, brings in a good thousand a year; offered him a hundred; and in opposition to this, he persisted in this low connection, represented to him the penury which would attend the match. His own thousand pounds was protested should be his all; she would never see him again; and so far would she be from affording him any assistance, that if he were to live any profession with a view of her support, she would be in the power to prevent his advancing it."

Here Marianne, in an ecstasy of indignation, clapped her hands together, and cried, "Gracious God! can this be possible?"

"Well may you wonder, Marianne," replied her brother, "at his obstinacy which is quite as usual as these. Your exclamation is very natural."

Marianne was going to retort, but she remembered her promises, and forbore.

"All this, however," he continued, "was urged in vain. Edward said very little; but what he did say was in the most determined manner. Nothing could prevail on him to give up his engagement. He would stand to it, cost him what it might."

"Then," said Mrs. Jennings with blunt sincerity, no longer able to be silent, "he has acted like an honest man! I beg your pardon, Mr. Dashwood, but I had no other way, I should have thought of him as a rascal. I have some little concern in the business, as well as yourself, for Lucy Steele is my cousin; and I believe there is not a better kind of girl in the world, nor one who more deserves a good husband."

John Dashwood was greatly astonished; but his nature was calm, not open to provocation; and he never wished to offend any body, especially any body of good sense. He replied without any resentment,—

"I would by no means speak disrespectfully of any re-

lation of yours, madam. Miss Lucy Steele is, I dare say, a very deserving young woman; but in the present case, you know, the connection must be impossible. And to have entered into a secret engagement with a young man under her uncle's care, the son of a woman especially of such large fortune as Mrs. Ferrars, is, perhaps, altogether a new extraordinary. In short, I do not mean to reflect upon the behaviour of any person whom you have a regard for, Mrs. Jennings. We all wish her extremely happy; and Mrs. Ferrars's conduct throughout the whole has been such as every conscientious, good mother, in like circumstances, would adopt. It has been dignified and liberal. Edward has drawn his own lot, and I fear it will be a bad one."

Marianne sighed out her similar apprehension; and Edward's heart wrung for the feelings of Edward, while braving his mother's threats, for a woman who could not reward him.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Jennings, "how is it end?"

"I am sorry to say, ma'am, in a most unhappy rupture:—Edward is dismissed for ever from his mother's notice. He left her house yesterday, but where he is gone, whether he is still in town, I do not know; for we of course can make no enquiry."

"Poor young man! and what is to become of him?"

"What, indeed, ma'am! is a melancholy consideration. To the prospect of such affluence! is a situation more deplorable. The interest of five thousand pounds—how is a man on it! And when he is the recollection of his might, how is he fully, within a few months, have been in the receipt of two thousand five hundred a year (for Miss Morton has thirty thousand pounds), I cannot picture to myself a more wretched condition. We must all feel for him; but we cannot do so, because it is totally out of our power to assist him."

"Poor young man!" cried Mrs. Jennings, "I am sure he should be very welcome to bed and board in my house; and so I would tell him if I could see him. It is not fit

he be living about on his own charge now, at lodgings and taverns."

Elinor's heart melted her for such kindness towards Edward, though she could not forbear smiling at the form of it.

"If I only have as much by himself," said Dashwood, "as all his friends were disposed to be by him, he might have been in his proper situation, and would have wanted for nothing; but as it is, it must be of any body's power to assist him. And there is one thing preparing against him, which is worse than all, — his mother has determined, in a very natural kind of spirit, to settle upon Robert immediately, which might have been Edward's, on proper conditions. I met her this morning with her lawyer, talking of her business."

"Well!" said Mrs. Jennings, "that is her revenge. Every body has a way of their own. I don't think mine would be, to make one son independent because another had plagued me."

John got up and walked about the room.

"Can any thing be more galling to the spirit of a man," continued John, "than to see his younger brother in possession of what might have been his? Poor Edward! I feel for him sincerely."

A few minutes more, spent in the same kind of effusion, concluded his visit; and with repeated assurances of his sisters that he really believed there was no material danger in Fanny's indisposition, and that they need therefore be very anxious about it, he went away, leaving three ladies unanimous in their sentiments on the present occasion, as it regarded Mr. Ferrars's conduct, the Dashwoods', and Edward's.

Marianne's indignation burst forth as soon as he quitted the room, and as her vehemence made reserve impossible to Elinor, and Mrs. Jennings, they all joined in a very spirited critique upon the party.



## CHAPTER II.

Jennings was very warm in her praise of his conduct, but only Elinor and Marianne were of his merit. They only knew how little he had had to do to be disobedient, and how small was his consolation, beyond the pleasure of doing right, that he could give to him in the loss of his fortune. Marianne gloried in his integrity; and Marianne forgave all his offences in compassion for his punishment. Though confidence in him was, by this public discovery, restored to its proper state, it was still a subject on which either of them were fond of dwelling when alone. Elinor avoided it upon principle, attending more upon her thoughts, by the warm, positive assurances of Marianne, that belief of Edward's continued affection for herself which she rather wished to do away; and Marianne's courage soon failed her, in trying to converse upon a topic which always left her more dissatisfied with herself than ever, by the comparison it necessarily produced between Elinor's conduct and her own.

She felt all the force of that comparison; but not as her sister had hoped, to urge her to exertion now; she felt it all the pain of continual self-reproach, regretted most bitterly that she had never exerted herself before; she brought only a sense of penitence, without hope of amendment. Her mind was so much weakened, that still further exertion impossible, she was only dispirited.

Nothing new was heard by them, for a day or afterwards, of Mr. Harley Street or Bartlett's Buildings. But though so much of the matter was known to them already, Jennings might have had enough of spreading his knowledge farther, without seeking she had resolved from the first to pay a visit of condolence and enquiry to her cousins as soon as she could; nothing but the hindrance of more visitors than usual had prevented her going within the week.

The ~~third~~ day succeeding their knowledge of the particulars was so fine, so beautiful a Sunday, as to draw many to Kensington Gardens, though it was only the second week in ~~March~~. Mrs. Jennings and Elinor were of the number; ~~and~~ Marianne, who ~~never~~ ~~was~~ the Willoughbys were again ~~in~~ town, and ~~was~~ a constant dread ~~of~~ meeting them, chose ~~to~~ ~~be~~ stay at home, than ~~to~~ into so public a place.

An ~~acquaintance~~ acquaintance of Mrs. Jennings joined ~~them~~ ~~as~~ they entered the Gardens; ~~and~~ Elinor was ~~very~~ sorry that by ~~the~~ continuing ~~to~~ them, ~~was~~ engaging ~~to~~ Mrs. Jennings's conversation, she was herself ~~very~~ quiet ~~and~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ see nothing ~~of~~ the Willoughbys, nothing ~~of~~ Edward, and for some time nothing of any body who ~~came~~ by any chance, whether grave ~~or~~ ~~not~~ be interesting to her. ~~But~~ ~~she~~ she found herself, with ~~some~~ surprise, accompanied by ~~Mr.~~ Steele, who, though looking rather shy, expressed great satisfaction in meeting them; and ~~receiving~~ encouragement ~~from~~ the particular kindness of Mrs. Jennings, left her ~~own~~ party for a short time, ~~to~~ join theirs. Mrs. Jennings immediately whispered ~~to~~ Elinor,—

"Get it all out of her, my dear. She will tell you any thing, if you ask. You see I cannot leave Mrs. Clarke."

It was lucky, however, for Mrs. Jennings's curiosity and Elinor's too, that she would ~~ask~~ any thing ~~being~~ being asked; ~~and~~ nothing would otherwise have ~~been~~ learnt.

"I am so glad to meet you," said Miss Steele, taking her familiarly by the arm — "for I ~~thought~~ ~~to~~ see you of all things in the world." And then lowering her voice, "I ~~thought~~ Mrs. Jennings has heard all about ~~me~~ ~~and~~ angry?"

"Not at all, I believe, with you."

"~~Is~~ is a good thing. And Lady Middleton, is she angry?"

"I cannot suppose ~~it~~ possible that she should."

"I am monstrous glad of it. Good gracious! I have had such a time ~~of~~ it! ~~I~~ never saw Lucy in such a rage in my life. She vowed at first she would never trim me up a new bonnet, nor ~~do~~ any thing else for me again, so long as she lived; but now she is quite come to, and we are as good ~~as~~ as ever. Look, she made me this bow to my hat,

and put in the feather last night. There now, you are going to laugh at me too. But why should not I wear pink? I don't care if it is the Doctor's colour. I am sure, for my part, I have known he *did* like it better than any other colour, if it had happened to say so. My cousins have been so plaguing me! I declare, sometimes I do not know which way to look before them."

She wandered away to a subject on which Elinor had nothing to say; and therefore soon judged it expedient to find her way back again to the first.

"Well, Mr. Dashwood," speaking triumphantly, "people may do what they choose: Mr. Ferrars declaring he would not have Lucy, for it's no good thing, I can tell you; and it's quite a shame for such ill-natured reports to be spread abroad. Whatever Lucy might think about it herself, you know, it was no business of other people to set it down for certain."

"I never say any thing of the kind," hinted she before, "I assure you," said Elinor.

"Oh, did not you? But it was said, I know, very well, and by more than one; for Miss Godby told Miss Sparks, nobody in their senses could expect Mr. Ferrars to give up a woman like Miss Morton, with thirty thousand pounds as her fortune, for Lucy Steele, that had nothing at all; and I got it from Miss Sparks myself. And besides that, my cousin Richard said himself, that when he came to the point, he was afraid Mr. Ferrars would be off; and when Edward did not come near us for three days, I could not tell what to think myself; and I believe in my heart Lucy gave up all for lost; for we came away from your brother's Wednesday, and saw nothing of him all Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and did not know what was become of him. Once Lucy thought to write him, but then her spirit rose against that. However, this morning he came just as we came home from London; then it all came out, how he had been sent for Wednesday to Harley Street, and been talked to by his mother and all of them, and how he had declared before them all that he loved nobody but Lucy, and nobody but Lucy would he

have. ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ by ■■■ passed, ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ had went away from ■■■ mother's house, he ■■■ ■■■ upon ■■■ horse, and rid into ■■■ country, ■■■ where or other; ■■■ how he had stayed ■■■ at ■■■ inn all Thursday ■■■ Friday, on purpose to ■■■ the ■■■ of it. And ■■■ thinking ■■■ all over and over again, ■■■ said, it seemed ■■■ as if, now he ■■■ ■■■ fortune, and no nothing at all, ■■■ would be quite unkind to keep her on to ■■■ engagement, ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ for her loss, ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ nothing but two ■■■ pounds, and no hope of any thing else; and if ■■■ was to go into orders, as he had ■■■ thoughts, ■■■ get nothing but a curacy; and how ■■■ they ■■■ live upon that? ■■■ could not ■■■ ■■■ her doing ■■■ better, and ■■■ he begged, if she ■■■ ■■■ mind ■■■ it, ■■■ put ■■■ end ■■■ the matter directly, and leave him to ■■■ for himself. I heard ■■■ say ■■■ ■■■ plain ■■■ could possibly be. And it was entirely for her sake, and upon her account, that he said a word about being off, and not upon his own. I ■■■ take my oath he never dropt ■■■ syllable of being ■■■ of her, ■■■ of wishing to marry Miss Morton, or any thing ■■■ it. But, ■■■ he sure, Lucy would not give ear to such kind ■■■ talking; so she told him directly (with ■■■ great deal about ■■■ and love, ■■■ know, and all that—Oh, la! ■■■ can't repeat such kind of things you know)—she told him directly, ■■■ had not the least mind ■■■ the world to be off, ■■■ could live with ■■■ upon a trifle, and how ■■■ ■■■ he might have, ■■■ ■■■ very glad to have it all, you know, ■■■ thing of ■■■ kind. ■■■ then he ■■■ ■■■ happy, and ■■■ ■■■ time about what they ■■■ do, and they agreed he should take orders directly, and they must wait to be married till he got a living. And just then I could not bear any more, for my cousin called from below to tell ■■■ Mrs. Richardson was come in her coach, and would take one of us to Kensington Gardens; so I was forced to go into ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ interrupt them, to ask Lucy if ■■■ would like to go, but she did not care to leave Edward; so I just run up stairs ■■■ put on a pair of silk stockings, and came ■■■ with ■■■ Richardsons."

"I ■■■ understand ■■■ you mean by interrupting

them," said Elinor; "you were all in the same room together, were not you?"

"No, indeed, not we. Is! Miss Dashwood, do you think people make love when any body else is by? Oh for shame! To be sure you must know better than that. (Laughing affectedly.) No, no; they were shut up in the drawing-room together, and all I heard was only by listening at the door."

"How!" cried Elinor; "have you been repeating to me what you only hearat yourself by listening at the door? I am sorry I did not know it before; for I certainly would not have suffered you to give me particulars of a conversation which you ought not to have known yourself. How you behave so unfairly by your sister?"

"Oh, is! there is nothing in that. I only stood at the door, and heard what I could. And I am sure Lucy would have done just the same by me; for a year or two back, when Martha Sharpe and I had so many secrets together, she never made any bones of hiding in a closet, or behind a chimney-board, on purpose to hear what we said."

Elinor tried to talk of something else; but Miss Steele could not be kept beyond a couple of minutes, from what was uppermost in her mind.

"Edward talks of going to Oxford soon," said she; "but now he is lodging at No. —, Pall Mall. What an ill-natured woman his mother is, isn't she? And your brother and sister were not very kind! However, I shan't say any thing against them to you; and to be sure they did send us home in their own chariot, which was more than I looked for. And for my part, I was all in a fright for fear your sister should ask us for the huswifes and had gave us a day or two before; but, however, nothing was said about them, and I took care to keep mine out of sight. Edward have got some business at Oxford, he says; so he must go there for a time; and after that, as soon as he can light upon a bishop, he will be ordained. I wonder what curacy he will get! Good gracious! (giggling as she spoke) I'd lay my life I know what my cousins will say, when they hear of it. They will tell me I should write to the Doctor, to get Edward the curacy of his new living. I know they

will; but I am sure I would not do such a thing for all the world. 'La!' I shall say directly, 'I wonder you could think of such a thing. I write to the Doctor, indeed!'"

"Well," said Elinor, "it is a comfort to be prepared against the worst. You have got your answer ready."

Miss Steele was going to reply on the same subject, but the approach of her own party made another more necessary.

"Oh, la! here come the ~~scoundrels~~. I had a vast deal more to say to you, but I must not stay away from them not any longer. I assure you they are very genteel people. He makes a monstrous deal of money, and they keep their coach. I ~~must not~~ speak to ~~the~~ Jennings about myself, but pray tell her I am quite happy to hear she is not in anger against us, and Lady Middleton the same; and if any thing should happen to take you and your ~~party~~ away, and Mrs. Jennings should ~~be~~ company, I am sure we should be very glad to come and stay with her for as long a time as she likes. I suppose Lady ~~Steele~~ won't ask us any more this bout. Good-by; I am sorry Miss ~~Middleton~~ is not here. Remember me kindly to her. La! if you have not got your spotted muslin out! I wonder you was not afraid of its being torn."

Such was her parting ~~words~~; and after ~~she~~ she had ~~only~~ only to ~~say~~ her farewell compliments to ~~the~~ Jennings, ~~before~~ her company ~~was~~ by Mrs. Richardson; and Elinor was left in possession of knowledge which might ~~be~~ her ~~of~~ of reflection ~~some~~ time, though ~~she~~ had learnt very little more than what had been already foreseen and foreplanned in her own mind. Edward's marriage with Lucy was as firmly determined on, and the time of its taking place remained as absolutely uncertain, as she had concluded ~~it~~ ~~to~~ be:—every thing depended, exactly ~~on~~ ~~the~~ expectation, on ~~the~~ getting ~~the~~ preferment, ~~in~~ which, ~~at~~ present, there seemed not the ~~smallest~~ chance.

As soon as they returned to the carriage, Mrs. Jennings was eager for information; but as Elinor wished to spread as little as possible intelligence that had in the first place been so unfairly obtained, she confined herself to the brief

repetition of such simple particulars, as she felt assured Lucy, in her own consequence, would have known. The continuance of their agreement, and the means that were to be taken for promoting its end, was all her communication; and this produced from Mrs. Jennings the following remark:—

"What his having a living!—ay, all know how that will end:—they will wait a twelvemonth, finding no good comes of it, will set down upon a curacy of fifty pounds a year, and interest of his hundred pounds, and then his sister and her husband will give her. Then they will have a home every year! and, Lord help 'em! how poor they will be! I must see what I can give them towards furnishing their house. Two hundred, indeed! as I talked of the other day. No, no, they are a girl of all works. Betty's would never do for them now."

The next morning brought Elinor a letter by the two-penny post from Lucy herself. It ran as follows:—

"Bartlett's Buildings, March.

"I hope my dear Miss Dashwood will excuse the liberty I take of writing to her; but I know your friendship for me will make you pleased to hear such a good account of myself and my dear Edward, and all the troubles we have been through lately, therefore I make no more apologies, but proceed to say that, thank God! though we have suffered dreadfully, we are quite well now, as happy as we always are in another's love. We have had great trials, and great persecutions, but, however, at the same time, gratefully acknowledge many friends, yourself not least among them, whose great kindness I shall always thankfully remember, as Mrs. Jennings too, who I have told of it. I am sure you will be glad to hear, that dear Mrs. Jennings, I spent a happy hour with her yesterday afternoon: he has heard our parting, though earnestly did I, as I thought my duty required, beg him for prudence sake, but he said it never be, he did not regard his mo-

ther's anger, while he could have my affections; our prospects are not very bright, to be sure, but we must wait, and hope for the best; he will be ordained shortly; and should it ever be in your power to recommend him to any body that has a living to bestow, am very sure you will not forget us; and dear Mrs. Jennings too, trust she will speak a good word for us to Sir John, or Mr. Palmer, or my friend that may be able to assist us.—Poor Anne was much to [redacted] for what she did, but she did [redacted] for [redacted] best, so I say nothing; hope Mrs. Jennings won't [redacted] too much trouble to give us a call, should she come [redacted] way [redacted] morning, 't would be a great kindness, and my cousins would be proud to know her.—My paper reminds me to conclude; and begging to be most gratefully and respectfully remembered to her, and to Sir John, and Lady Middleton, and the dear children, when you chance to see them, and love to Miss Marianne,

"I am, &c. &c."

As soon as Elinor had finished it, she performed what she concluded to be its writer's real design, by placing it in the [redacted] of Mrs. Jennings, who read it aloud with many comments of satisfaction and praise.

"Very well, indeed!—how prettily she writes!—ay, that was quite proper to let [redacted] be off if he would. That [redacted] just like Lucy. Poor soul! I wish I [redacted] get him a living, with all my heart. She calls me dear Mrs. Jennings, [redacted] [redacted] is a good-hearted girl as [redacted] lived. Very well, upon my word. [redacted] [redacted] very prettily turned. Yes, yes, I will [redacted] and see her, [redacted] enough. How attentive [redacted] is, [redacted] think of every body!—Thank you, my dear, [redacted] showing it me. It [redacted] as pretty a letter as [redacted] I see, [redacted] does Lucy's head and heart great credit."





coming such feelings; the only ■■■■ counteract them by working on others; ■■■■ represented it, therefore, ■■■■ a measure which would fix the time of her returning to that dear mother, whom ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ eligible, more comfortable ■■■■ any other plan ■■■■ do, ■■■■ perhaps without any greater delay. ■■■■ Cleveland, ■■■■ within a ■■■■ ■■■■ Bristol, the distance ■■■■ ■■■■ beyond one day, though a long day's journey; and their mother's ■■■■ might easily come there ■■■■ attend them down; and as there could ■■■■ ■■■■ occasion for their staying above a week ■■■■ Cleveland, they might now be ■■■■ home ■■■■ more than three weeks' time. As Marianne's ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ was sincere, ■■■■ triumph, with ■■■■ difficulty, ■■■■ ■■■■ imaginary evils ■■■■ ■■■■ started.

Mrs. Jennings ■■■■ so far from being weary of her guests, that ■■■■ pressed ■■■■ very earnestly ■■■■ ■■■■ her again from Cleveland. ■■■■ was grateful for the attention, but it could not alter their design; and their mother's ■■■■ being readily gained, every ■■■■g relative to their return was arranged ■■■■ far ■■■■ it could be; and Marianne found some relief in drawing up ■■■■ statement of the hours that ■■■■ yet ■■■■ divide her from Barton.

"Ah! Colonel, I do ■■■■ know what you and I ■■■■ do without ■■■■ ■■■■ Dashwoode," was Mrs. Jennings's address to him when he first called on her, after their leaving ■■■■ was settled; "for they are quite resolved upon going home ■■■■ the Palmers; ■■■■ how forlorn we shall be when I come back! Lord! we shall ■■■■ and ■■■■ ■■■■ another as dull as ■■■■ cats."

Perhaps ■■■■ Jennings ■■■■ in hopes, by this vigorous sketch of their future ennui, to provoke him to make ■■■■ offer, which might give himself ■■■■ escape from it; ■■■■ if so, she had soon afterwards good reason to ■■■■ her object gained; for, on Elinor's moving ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ take more expeditiously the ■■■■ of a print, ■■■■ she was going to copy for her friend, he followed her to ■■■■ with a look of particular meaning, and conversed with her there for several minutes. ■■■■ ■■■■ of his discourse on

the lady, too, could not escape her observation ; for though she was not intended to listen, and she even changed her seat, she was so near that she might hear, to one by the piano-forte on which she was playing, she could not keep herself from seeing that she changed colour, attended with agitation, and was too intent on what she was pursuing her employment. Her farther confirmation of her hopes, in the interval of Marianne's turning to her lesson another, the Colonel's inevitably reached her ear, in which she was to be apologising for the badness of her music. This was more than beyond doubt. She wondered, indeed, at her thinking it necessary to do so ; but supposed it was proper etiquette. What Elton's reply she could not distinguish, but judged, from the motion of her lips, that she did not think that any material objection ; and Mrs Jennings commended her for her heart for being so honest. They then talked on for a few minutes longer without her catching a syllable, when another lucky stop in Marianne's performance brought her words in the Colonel's calm voice, —

" I am afraid it cannot take place very soon."

Astonished and shocked at an unlover-like a speech, she was ready to cry out, " Lord ! what should hinder it ?" but checking her desire, confined herself to a few ejaculations, —

" It is very strange ! — sure he need not be so old."

This delay on the Colonel's side, however, did not mortify his fair companion ; for she was breaking up the conference afterwards, and moving away, she said, Jennings very plainly, and with a voice which reached her to what she said, —

" I am always myself very much obliged to you."

Mrs. Jennings was delighted with her gratitude, she only wondered, that, after hearing such a sentence, the Colonel should be able to take leave of them, as he immediately did, and went away with-

making her any reply! She had not thought her old friend have made so indifferent a suitor.

"I really passed them was  
"I heard," he, great compassion, "of injustice your family; for, I knowed the man right, he was entirely cast off by them for persevering in his engagement with a very deserving young woman. I been rightly informed. Is it so?"

"It was.  
"The cruelty, the impolitic cruelty," he replied, great feeling, "dividing, or attempting to divide, young people long attached to each other, is terrible. Ferrars does not know what she may be doing — what may drive her son to. I have seen Mr. Ferrars two or three times in Hurley Street, and much pleased with him. He is a young man with whom I can be intimately acquainted in a short time, but I have seen enough of him to wish for his sake, and as a friend of yours, I wish it still more. I understand he intends to take orders. Will you be so good as to tell him that the living of Delsford, now just vacant, I am informed by this day's post, is his, if he think it worth acceptance; that, perhaps, unfortunately circumstanced as he is now, it may be so; I only were more valuable. It is a rectory, but a small one; the late incumbent, I believe, did make more than per annum; and though certainly capable of improvement, I fear as a very comfortable income. It is, however, my pleasure in presenting him will be very great. Pray tell him of it."

"His astonishment at the commission hardly have greater than Colonel really making an of the hand. The preferment, which only two days before she had considered as hopeless for Edward, was already provided to enable him to marry; and she, of all people in the world, was fixed on to bestow it! — such as Mrs. Jennings to vary the cause; but whatever feelings

pure, less pleasing, might have a share in that emotion, for the general benevolence, and her gratitude for the particular friendship, which together prompted Colonel Brandon to this act, were strongly felt, and warmly expressed. She thanked him for it with all her heart, spoke of Edward's principles and disposition in praise which she knew them to deserve; she promised to undertake the commission with pleasure, if it were really his wish to put off so agreeable an office to another. But at the same time she could not help thinking that no one could so well perform it as himself. It was an office, in short, which, unwilling to give Edward the pain of receiving an obligation from her, she would have been very glad to be spared herself; but Colonel Brandon, on motives of equal delicacy, declining it likewise, seemed so desirous to be being given through her means, that she would not, on any account, make farther opposition. Edward, she believed, was still in town, and fortunately she had heard his address from Miss Steele. She could undertake therefore to inform him of it, in the course of the day. After this had settled, Colonel Brandon began to talk of the advantage in securing a respectable and agreeable neighbour, and then said that he mentioned, with regret, that the house was small and inconvenient; an evil which Eliza, as Mrs. Jennings had supposed her to do, made very light of, at least as far as regarded its size.

"The smallness of the house," said she, "I can imagine no inconvenience to them; it will be in proportion to their family and income."

By which the Colonel was surprised to find that, considering Mr. Ferrars's marriage, and the certain consequence of the presentation; for the Delaford living could supply such an income as any body in that style of life would be content with, and so.

"This little rectory can do no more than make Mr. Ferrars comfortable as a bachelor; it cannot enable him to marry. I am sorry to say that my patronage ends with this; my power is hardly more extensive. If, however, by

unforeseen chance it should be in my power to serve him farther, I must think very differently of him than what I now do, if I am not as ready to be useful to him then as I sincerely wish I could be at present. What I am now doing, indeed, seems nothing at all, since I can do so much more than what he has principal, my only object is happiness. The marriage must be a very good; at least, I am sure it must be a place very good."

It was the sentence which, when misunderstood, so justly wounded the delicate feelings of Mrs. Jennings; but, after the narration of what really passed between Mrs. Jennings and Elinor, while they stood at the window, the gratitude expressed by the latter on their parting may perhaps appear, in general, not so reasonably excited, nor so properly worded, than if it had been an actual marriage.

## CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, Miss Dashwood," said Mrs. Jennings, sagaciously smiling, as soon as the gentleman had withdrawn, "I ask you what Colonel has been saying to you; though, upon my honour, I tried to keep out of hearing, I could not help catching enough to understand the business; and I assure you I never was better pleased in my life, I wish you joy of it with all my heart."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Elinor. "It is a great joy to me, and I feel the goodness of it more than I can express. There are not many who have so compassionate a heart! I never was more astonished in my life."

"Lord! dear, you are very modest. I am't the least astonished at it in the world; for I have often thought, late, there was nothing more likely to happen."

"You judged from your knowledge of the Colonel's general benevolence ; but at least you could not foresee that the opportunity would so very soon occur."

"Opportunity ! repeated Mrs. Jennings. "Oh, as to that, when a man has once made up his mind to such a thing, somehow or other he will soon find an opportunity. Well, my dear, I am sure you joy of it again ; and there is a happy couple in the world, I think I shall soon know where to look for them."

"You mean to go to Delaford after them, I suppose," Elinor, with a faint smile.

"Ay, my dear, that I do, indeed ; and as the being a bad one, I do not know what the Colonel would be at, for it is as good a one as ever I saw."

"He spoke of its being out of repair."

"Well, whose fault is that ? Why don't you repair it ? Who should do it but himself ?"

They were interrupted by the servant's coming in to announce the carriage being at the door ; and Mrs. Jennings, immediately preparing to go, said,—

"Well, my dear, I must be gone before I have had half my talk out. But, however, we may have it all over in the evening ; for we shall be quite alone. I do not ask you to go with me, for I dare say your mind is too full of the matter to care for company ; and, besides, you must long to tell your sister all about it."

Marianne had left the room before the conversation began.

"Certainly, ma'am, I shall tell Marianne of it ; but I shall not mention it at present to any body else."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Jennings, rather disappointed. "Then you would not have me tell it Lucy ; for I think of going so far as Holborn to-day."

"No, ma'am, not even Lucy, if you please. My day's delay will not be very material ; and, till I have written to Mr. Ferrars, I ought not to be known to any body else. I shall do so directly. It is of importance that no time should be lost with him ; for he will of course have much to do relative to his ordination."

This speech at first puzzled Mrs. Jennings exceedingly.

Why Ferrars was to be written to in such a hurry could not immediately comprehend a few moments' reflection, however, produced a very happy idea; and she exclaimed,—

"Oh, ho! I understand you. Mr. Ferrars is to be — Well, as — better for him. Ay, to be — he must be ordained in readiness; and I am very glad to find things are so forward between you. But, my dear, is — rather out of character? Should not the Colonel write himself? Sure, he is the proper person."

— quite understood — beginning — Mrs. Jennings's speech, neither did — worth enquiring into; and therefore only replied to its conclusion.

"Colonel — is so delicate a man, that — rather than any one — his intentions — Mr. — than himself."

"And — forced to — it. Well, — odd kind of delicacy! However, I will not disturb you (seeing her preparing — write). You know your — best. So good-by, my dear. I have — of — thing to please — since Charlotte — brought — bed."

And away — went; — returning again — a — ment,—

"I have just been thinking of Betty's sister, my dear. I should be very glad to get her so good a mistress. But whether — would do — a lady's maid, I am sure I can't tell. She is an excellent housemaid, — works very — at her — However, you — of all that — your leisure."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Elinor, not hearing much of what she said, and more anxious to be — than — be mis- — subject.

— begin,—how — in her note to Edward, — was now all her concern. The particular — between — a difficulty — that which to any other person would have been the easiest thing in the world; but she equally feared to say too much or too little, — at deliberating over her paper, —



pen in her hand, till broken in on by the entrance of Edward himself.

He had met Mrs. Jennings at the door, in her way to the carriage, as he came to leave his farewell card; and she, after apologising for not returning herself, had obliged him to enter, by saying that Miss Dashwood was above, and wanted to speak with him on very particular business.

He had just been congratulating herself, in the midst of her perplexity, that however difficult it might be to express herself properly by letter, it was at least preferable to giving her information by word of mouth, when her visitor entered, to force her upon this greatest exertion of all. Her astonishment and confusion were very great on his so sudden appearance. He had been some time in the room since his acquaintance became public, and therefore she knew his knowing her to be acquainted with it; which, with the consciousness of what she had been thinking of, and what she had to tell him, made her feel particularly uncomfortable for some minutes. He, too, was much distressed; and they sat down together in a most promising state of embarrassment. Whether he had asked her pardon for his intrusion on first coming into the room, he could not recollect; but, determining to be on the safe side, he made his apology in form, as soon as he could say any thing, after taking a chair.

"Mrs. Jennings told me," said he, "that you wanted to speak with me; at least I understood her so,—or I certainly should not have intruded on you in such a manner; though, at the same time, I should have been extremely sorry to have missed seeing you and your sister, especially as I will most likely be some time—it is not probable that I should soon have the pleasure of meeting you again. I go to Oxford to-morrow."

"I would not have gone, however," said Elinor, recovering herself, and determined to get over what she so much dreaded as soon as possible, "without receiving our good wishes, even if we had not been able to give them in person. Mrs. Jennings was quite right in what she said. I have something of consequence to inform you of, which I was on the point of communicating by paper. I

charged with a most agreeable (breathing rather faster than usual as he spoke). Brandon, who was here only ten minutes ago, has desired me to say, that, understanding you mean to take orders, he has great pleasure in offering you the living of Delaford, now just vacant, and only wishes it were more valuable. Allow me to congratulate you on having so respectable a well-judging friend, who will join in his wish for the living—it is about a hundred a year—were much more considerable, and such as might better enable you to—as might be more than a temporary accommodation to yourself—such, in short, as might afford all your views of happiness.”

Edwin felt, as he would say to himself, he was to be expected that any one who would say such things to him, would be astonished at the unexpected, such unthought of information could fall of exciting; but he said only these two words,—

“Colonel Brandon!”

“Yes,” continued Elton, gathering more resolution, as some of the worst was over; “Colonel Brandon means it as a testimony of his concern for what has lately passed,—for the cruel situation in which the unjustifiable conduct of your family has placed you,—a concern, which I, Marianne, myself, and all your friends, must share; and, likewise, as a proof of his high esteem for your general character, and his particular approbation of your behaviour on the present occasion.”

“Colonel Brandon give me a living! is it possible?”

“The unkindness of your own relations has made you astonished to find friendship any where.”

“No,” replied he, with sudden consciousness, “not to find it in you; for I cannot be ignorant that to you, to your goodness, I owe it all. I feel it—I am sure I am if I could—but, as you well know, I am no orator.”

“You are very much mistaken. I am sure you that you owe it entirely, almost entirely, to your own merit, Colonel Brandon’s discernment had no hand in it. I did not even know, till I understood the design, that the living was vacant; and I am sure

occurred to me that he might have had such a living in his gift. As a friend of mine, of my family, he may, perhaps, ~~know~~ I know he has, still greater pleasure in bestowing it; but, upon my word, you owe nothing to my solicitation."

~~He~~ obliged her to acknowledge some small share in the action; but she was at the same ~~time~~ unwilling ~~as~~ as the benefactress of Edward, ~~she~~ ~~was~~ acknowledged it ~~with~~ hesitation; ~~which~~ probably contributed ~~to~~ that suspicion in ~~his~~ mind which ~~she~~ recently entered it. For a short time he sat deep in thought, ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~he~~ had ceased to speak; ~~and~~ last, and as ~~it~~ ~~was~~ were rather an effort, he said,—

"Colonel ~~Brandon~~ seems a man of great worth and respectability. I have always heard him spoken of as such, ~~and~~ your brother I know esteems him highly. He ~~is~~ doubtfully a sensible man, and in ~~his~~ manners perfectly gentleman."

"Indeed," replied Elinor, "I believe that you will find him, on farther acquaintance, all that you have ~~heard~~ him to be; and as you will be such very near neighbours (for I understand the parsonage is almost close to the mansion-house) it is particularly important that ~~you~~ should be all this."

Edward made no answer; but when she had turned away her head, gave her a look so serious, so earnest, so uncheerful, as seemed to say, that he might hereafter wish the distance between the parsonage and the mansion-house much greater.

"Colonel Brandon, I think, lodges in St. James's Street," said he, soon afterwards, rising from his chair.

Elinor told him the number of the house.

"I must hurry away, then, to give ~~you~~ ~~those~~ ~~thanks~~ which you will not allow me to give you; to assure him that he has made me a very—an exceedingly happy man."

Elinor did not offer to detain him; and they parted, with a very earnest assurance on her side of her unceasing good wishes for his happiness in every change of situation ~~and~~ might befall him; on his, with rather an attempt to return the same good will, than the power of expressing it.

"When I see him again," said Elinor to herself, as she

door shut him out, "I shall see him the husband of Lucy."

And with this pleasing anticipation she sat down to reconsider the past, recall the words, and endeavour to comprehend all the feelings of Edward; and, of course, to [ ] with discontent.

When Mrs. Jennings came home, though [ ] returned from seeing people whom she had never seen before, and of whom, therefore, [ ] must have a great [ ] say, her [ ] more occupied by the important [ ] in [ ] possession, [ ] by any thing else, that [ ] reverted [ ] again [ ] as [ ] appeared.

"Well, my dear," she cried, "I [ ] you up the young man. Did [ ] I do right? And I suppose you [ ] great difficulty—you [ ] find him very unwilling to accept your proposal?"

"No, ma'am; that was not very likely."

"Well, and how soon [ ] he be ready? For it [ ] all to depend [ ] that."

"Really," said Elinor, "I know so little of [ ] kind of forms, that I can hardly even conjecture as to the time, or [ ] preparation necessary; but I suppose [ ] three months will complete his ordination."

"Two or three months!" cried Mrs. Jennings: "Lord! my dear, how calmly you talk of it; and can the Colonel wait two or three months! Lord bless me! I am sure it would put me quite [ ] patience! And though [ ] be very glad to do a kindness by poor [ ] Ferrara, I do think it is [ ] worth while to wait two or three months for him. Sure, somebody else might [ ] [ ] well; somebody that [ ] orders already."

"My [ ] ma'am," [ ] Elinor, "what [ ] you thinking of? Why, Colonel Brandon's only object is [ ] of use to Mr. Ferrara."

"Lord bless you, my dear! Sure you [ ] not mean to persuade me that the Colonel only marries you for the sake of giving [ ] guineas to Mr. Ferrara!"

The deception could not continue after this; and an explanation immediately took place, by which both gained [ ] for the moment, [ ] any

material loss ■ happiness to either; for Mrs. Jennings only exchanged one form of delight for another, and still without forfeiting her expectation of the first.

"Ay, ay, the parsonage is but a small one," said she, after the first ebullition of surprise and satisfaction was over, "and very likely may be out of repair; but to hear a man apologising, as I thought, for a house that to my knowledge has five sitting rooms on the ground-floor, and I think the housekeeper told me could make up fifteen beds! and to you, too, that had been used to live ■ Barton Cottage! ■ seemed quite ridiculous. But, my dear, we must rouse up the Colonel to do something to the parsonage, and make it comfortable for them, ■ Lucy goes to it."

"■ Colonel Brandon does not seem to have any idea of the living's being enough to allow them to marry."

"The Colonel is a minny, my dear; because he has two thousand a year himself, he thinks ■ nobody else can marry on less. Take ■ word for it, that, if I am alive, I shall be paying a visit at Delaford Parsonage before Michaelmas; and I am sure I shan't go if Lucy an't there."

Elinor was quite of her opinion as to the probability of their not waiting for any thing more.

## CHAPTER V.

EDWARD, having ■ his thanks to Colonel Brandon, proceeded with his happiness to Lucy; and such was the excess of ■ by the time he reached Bartlett's Buildings, that she was able to assure Mrs. Jennings, who called on her again the ■ day with her congratulations, that she had never seen him in such spirits before in her life.

Her own happiness, and her own spirits, were at ■ very certain; and she joined Mrs. Jennings most heartily in her expectation of their being all comfortably together

in Delaford Parsonage before Michaelmas. So she was, at the same time, from any backwardness to give Elinor that credit which Edward would give her, that she spoke of her friendship for them both with the most grateful warmth, was ready to own all her obligation to her, and openly declared that no exertion for their good on her part, either present or future, would surprise her, for she knew her capable of doing any thing in which she was really valued. As for Colonel Brandon, she was only ready to worship him as a saint, and moreover, truly anxious that he should be treated as such in all his worldly concerns; anxious that his wishes should be raised to the utmost; she secretly resolved to do herself, in Delaford, as she possibly could, of his servants, his carriage, his cows, and his poultry.

It was now above a week since John Dashwood had been in Berkeley Street, and as since that time no notice had been taken by them of his wife's indisposition, beyond a casual enquiry, Elinor began to feel it necessary to pay her a visit. This was an obligation, however, which she not only opposed her own inclination, but which had not the assistance of any encouragement from her companions. Marianne, not contented with absolutely refusing to go herself, was very urgent to prevent her sister's going at all; and Mrs. Jennings, though her carriage was always at her service, so very much disliked John Dashwood, that she even her curiosity to see how she looked after her discovery, nor her strong desire to be by taking Edward's part, could overcome her unwillingness to be in his company again. The consequence was, that she was sent out by Mrs. Jennings on a visit, which no one could really have any inclination, and no one the risk of a tête-à-tête with a woman whom neither of the others had so much reason to dislike.

Mrs. Dashwood was denied; but her carriage could not go to her house, her husband accidentally came that he had been just going to call on Berkeley Street, and assuring her that Fanny would be very glad to see her, she came.

They walked up the drawing-room. Nobody was there.

"Fanny is in her own room, I suppose," said he: "I will go to her presently, for I am sure she will have no objection in the world to seeing me. Very much, it, now especially there be—but, however, you and Marianne always my favourites. Why come?"

She made what excuse she could for her.

"I am not sorry to see you alone," he replied, "for I have a good deal to say to you. This living of Colonel Brandon's—can it be true? Was he really given to me? I heard yesterday by chance, and was coming to you on purpose to enquire farther about it."

"It is perfectly true. Colonel Brandon has given the living of Delaford to Edward."

"Really! Well, this is very astonishing!—no relationship!—no connection between them!—and that livings fetch such a price!—what the value of this?"

"About a hundred a year."

"Very well—and for the next presentation to a living of that value—supposing the late incumbent to have been old and sickly, and likely to die soon—he might have got, I dare say—fourteen hundred pounds. And how came he to have that upon this person's death? Now, indeed, it would be a great deal of Colonel Brandon's sense! I wonder he is so improvident in a point of such natural concern! Well, I am convinced that there is a great deal of inconsistency in almost every human character. I suppose, however—on recollection—that the case may probably be so. Edward is only a young man living till the person to whom the Colonel has really given the present—old enough to do it. Ay, that is the fact, depend on it."

She said it, however, very positively; by relating that she had herself been employed in conveying the living of Brandon to Edward,

must understand the terms on which it was given, obliged him to exercise her authority.

"It is truly astonishing!" he cried, after hearing what she said: "what could be the Colonel's motive?"

"A very simple one,—to be of use to the Ferrars."

"Well, well; whatever Colonel Ferrars may be, Edward is a very lucky man. You may mention the matter to Fanny, however; for though I have broke it to her, and she hears it vastly well, she will not like to hear much of it."

Elinor saw some difficulty here in observing, that she thought Fanny might have borne the prospect of acquisition of wealth by her brother, by which neither she nor her father could be possibly impoverished.

"The Ferrars," added he, lowering his voice on the becoming so important a subject, "knows nothing about it at present; and I believe it will be best to keep it entirely concealed from her as long as may be. When the marriage takes place, I fear, she must hear of it all."

"But why should such precaution be used? Though it is not to be supposed that the Ferrars can have the smallest satisfaction in knowing that her son has money enough to live upon, for she must be quite out of the question; yet why, after her late behaviour, should she supposed to feel at all? She has done with her son,—she has cast him off for ever, and has made it plain to whom she had any influence cast off likewise. Surely, after doing this, she is imagined liable to any impression of grief or of joy on his account: she is interested in any thing that affects him. She would be so weak as to throw away her comfort as a child, and yet retain the anxiety of a parent!"

"Ah! Elinor," said John, "your reasoning is very good; but it is founded on ignorance of human nature. When Edward's unhappy situation takes place, depend upon it, his mother will feel as much as if she had never disowned him; and therefore every circumstance may happen that dreadful event must be concealed from her as much as possible. Her father can never forget her son."



"You surprise me. I nearly have escaped her mercury by this time."

"You wrong her exceedingly. Mrs. Ferrars is one of the most sensible mothers in the world."

Elinor said so.

"Now," said Dashwood, "of Robert's marrying Morton."

"of Robert's marrying Morton."

Elinor, smiling in her brother's tone, calmly replied, —

"My lady, I have no choice in the affair."

"Choice! how do you mean?"

"I only mean that I suppose, from your manner of speaking, that you are the same to Mrs. Morton whether she marry Robert or Robert."

"Certainly, there can be no difference; for Robert will now, to all intents and purposes, be considered as the eldest son; and, as to any thing else, they are both very agreeable young men: I do not know that one is superior to the other."

Elinor said so more, and John also for a short time silent. His conversation ended thus: —

"Of this thing, my dear sister," kindly taking her hand, and speaking in an awful whisper, "I may tell you; and I tell it, because I know it will gratify you. I have good reason to think — indeed I have it from the best authority, — that I shall not repeat it; for otherwise I would very willingly say any thing about it, — but I have it from the very best authority, — not that I have precisely heard Mrs. Ferrars say it herself, but her daughter said it, and I have it from her, — that, in short, whatever objections there might be against a certain — a certain connection, you understand me, — I would have been very preferable to her, — it would have given her half the vexation that she does. I am exceedingly pleased to hear that this is the light; a very gratifying circumstance, you know, to us." "It would have been beyond comparison," she said, "the least evil of the two; and she would be glad to compound now for nothing worse." But, however, all that is quite beside the question, — not to be thought of, as mentioned. As to my attachment, you

know, it never could be: all that is gone by. **But** I thought I would just tell you of this, because I knew how much it must please you. Not that you have any reason to regret, my dear Elinor: there is no doubt of your doing exceedingly well, — quite as well, or better, perhaps, all things considered. Has Colonel Brandon been with you lately?"

Elinor had **been** enough, if not to gratify **her** vanity and **her** self-importance, **to** agitate her nerves and fill her mind; and she **was** therefore glad to be spared from **the** necessity of saying much in reply herself, **and** **from** the danger of hearing any thing more from her brother, by **the** entrance of Mr. Robert Ferrars. After a few moments' chat, **Mr.** Dashwood, recollecting that Fanny was yet uninformed of **her** sister's being there, quitted **the** room in quest of her; and Elinor was left to improve her acquaintance with Robert, who, by the **same** unconcern, the happy self-complacency of his manner, while enjoying **the** a **degree** of his mother's love and liberality, **the** the prejudices of his **own** brother, earned only by his **own** dissipated **mode** of life **that** brother's integrity, **was** confirming her most unfavourable opinion of his head and

They had scarcely been two minutes by themselves, before **he** began to speak of Edward; for he, too, had heard of the living, and was very inquisitive on the subject. **He** repeated the particulars of it, as she had given them to John; and **Mr.** Robert, though very different, was not less striking than it had been on **him**. He laughed most immoderately. **His** idea **of** **being** a clergyman, **was** living in a small parsonage-house, distant **from** beyond measure; and when **he** was **in** **the** **imagery** of Edward reading prayers in a white surplice, and publishing the banns of marriage between **Mr.** Mary Brown, **and** **nothing** more

Elinor, **she** waited in **the** **vanity** the conclusion of such folly, could not restrain her eyes from being fixed on him with a look that spoke all the con-  
**was** a look, however, very well be-

stowed; for it relieved her own feelings, and gave no intelligence to him. He was recalled from wit to wisdom, not by any reproof of hers, but by his own sensibility.

"I must treat it as a joke," said he, at last, recovering himself. He laughingly had considerably lengthened out the genuine gaiety of the moment; "but, upon my soul, I am a poor creature. Poor Edward! he is ruined for ever. I am extremely sorry for it; for I know him to be a very good-hearted creature,—as well-meaning a fellow, perhaps, as any in the world. You must judge of him, Mr. Dashwood, from your slight acquaintance. Poor Edward! His manners are certainly the happiest I ever saw. But we are not all born, you know, with the same powers,—the same address. Poor Edward! to see him in a circle of strangers! To be sure it was pitiable enough; but, upon my soul, I believe he has a good heart as any in the kingdom; and I declare and protest to you, I never was so shocked in my life as when it all burst forth. I could not believe it. My mother was the first person who told me of it; and I, feeling myself called on to act with resolution, immediately said to her,—'My dear madam, I do not know what you may intend to do on the occasion; but as for myself, I must say, that if Edward does marry this young woman, I will see him again.' That was what I said immediately. I was most uncommonly shocked, indeed. Poor Edward! he has lost himself completely,—about himself out for ever from all decent society! But, as I directly said to my mother, I am not in the least surprised at it: from his style of education, it was always to be expected. My mother was frantic."

"How you were with the lady?"

"Yes; once, when she was staying in my house, it happened to drop in a few minutes; and I saw quite enough of her: she was an awkward country girl, without style, elegance, and almost without beauty. I knew her perfectly. Just the kind of girl I should be likely to captivate poor Edward. I was immediately, as soon as my mother related the affair to me, sent to him myself, and dissuaded him from the match."

It was too late then, I found, to do any thing ; for, luckily, I was in the way at first, and did nothing till after the breach had taken place, when it was not for me, you know, to interfere. But, had I been earlier, I think it is most probable that something might have been hit on. I certainly should have represented it in a very strong light. ' My fellow,' I should have said, ' what you are doing, is making a most disgraceful connection, and such a one as your family are unanimous in disapproving.' I should have helped thinking, in short, I should have found ; but now it is all too late. He must be starved, you know, that is certain ; absolutely starved."

He had just settled this point with great composure, when the entrance of Mrs. John Dashwood put an end to the subject. But though she never spoke of it out of her own family, Elinor could not but feel its influence on her mind. The something like confusion of countenance which she entered, and which she attempted to conceal by her cordiality and her behaviour. She even proceeded so far as to be concerned to find that Elinor and her sister were so soon to leave town, as she had hoped to see more of them ; an exertion in which her husband, who attended her into the room, and hung round her over her accents, seemed to distinguish every thing that she said as graceful.

## VI.

One other short day in Harley Street, in which Elinor received her brother's congratulations on her travelling so far towards Barton without any expense, and on Mr. Brandon's being to follow them to Norland in a day or two, completed the intercourse of the brother and sister in town ; and a faint invitation from Fanny, to come to Norland whenever it should happen to be in their way.

which of all things was the most unlikely to occur, with a more warm, though less public, assurance, from John to Elinor, of the promptitude with which he should come to see her at Delaford, was all that foretold any meeting in the country.

It amused her to observe that all her friends seemed determined to send her to Delaford; a place, in which, of all others, she would now least choose to visit, or wish to reside; for not only was it considered as her future home by her brother and Mrs. Jennings, but even Lucy, when they parted, gave her a pressing invitation to visit her there.

Very early in April, and tolerably early in the day, the two parties from Hanover Square and Berkeley Street set out from their respective houses, to meet, by appointment, on the road. For the convenience of Charlotte and her child, they were to be more than two days on their journey; and Mr. Palmer, travelling more expeditiously with Colonel Brandon, was to join them at Cleveland soon after their arrival.

Marianne, few as had been her hours of comfort in London, and eager as she had long been to quit it, could not, when it came to the point, bid adieu to the house in which she had for the last time enjoyed those hopes, and that confidence, at Willoughby, which were now extinguished forever, without great pain. She could she the place in which Willoughby remained, busy in engagements, in schemes, in which she have no part; without shedding

Elinor's satisfaction, at her removal, was more positive. She saw no object for her lingering thoughts to fix on; she left no creature behind, from whom she would give her a moment's regret to be divided for ever; she was pleased to be free herself from the persecution of Lucy's friendship; she was grateful for bringing her sister away unseen by Willoughby since his marriage; she went forward with hope to what a tranquillity might do in restoring Marianne's peace of mind, and confirming her own.

Their journey was safely performed. The second day

brought them into the chartered, or the prohibited, county of Somerset; for so much was it dwelt on by turns in Marianne's imagination; and in the forenoon the third they drove up to Cleveland.

It was a spacious, modern-built house, on a sloping lawn. It had no park, but the pleasure-grounds were tolerably extensive; and, like every other place of the same degree of importance, it had an open shrubbery, a wood walk; a road of smooth gravel, winding a plantation, a lawn was over with timber; the house was under the guardianship of the fir, the mountain-ash, the scacia, and a host of them altogether, interspersed with Lombardy poplars, shut the offices.

She entered the house with a heart swelling with emotion from the consciousness of being only eighty miles from Barton, and not thirty from Combe Magna; and before she had been five minutes within its walls, while the others were busily helping Charlotte to show her child the housekeeper, she quitted again, stealing away through the winding shrubberies, now just beginning to be in beauty, to gain a distant eminence; where, from the elian temple, her eye, wandering over a wide tract of country to the south-east, could fondly rest on the ridge of the horizon, and fancy that from the summits Combe Magna might be seen.

In such moments of precious, of invaluable misery, she rejoiced in tears of agony to be at Cleveland; and as she returned by a different circuit to the house, feeling all the happy privilege of country liberty, of wandering in place to place in free and luxurious solitude, she resolved to spend almost every hour of every day, in the Palmers, in the indulgence of the solitary

She returned just in time to join the others, as they quitted the house, on an excursion through its immediate premises; and the rest of the morning was easily away in lounging the garden, examining the bloom upon the walks, listening to the gardener's lamentations upon blights,—in dawdling through

the greenhouse, where the loss of her favourite plants, unwarily exposed, ■■■ nipped by the lingering frost, raised the laughter ■ Charlotte,—and in visiting her poultry-yard, where, in ■■ disappointed hopes of her dairy-maid, by hens forsaking their nests, or being stolen by a fox, ■ in ■■ rapid increase of ■ promising ■■ brood, ■■ found fresh sources of merriment.

The morning was fine and dry, and Marianne, in her plan of employment abroad, had no idea of any change of weather during their stay at Ormeau. With great surprise, therefore, did she find herself prevented, by a settled rain, from going out again after dinner. She had depended on a twilight walk to the Grecian temple, and perhaps all over the grounds, and an evening merely cold or damp would not have deterred her from it; but a heavy and settled rain even she could not fancy dry or pleasant weather for walking.

Their party was small, and the hours passed quietly away. Mrs. Palmer had her child, and Miss Jennings her carpet-work: they talked of the friends they had left behind; arranged Lady [redacted] engagements, [redacted] wondered whether Mr. Palmer and Colonel Brandon would get farther than Reading that night. Elinor, however concerned [redacted] it, joined [redacted] their discourse; [redacted] Marianne, who had the knack [redacted] finding her way [redacted] every [redacted] to the library, however it might [redacted] avoided by the family in general, soon procured herself a book.

Nothing was wanting on Mrs. Palmer's side to con-  
stant and friendly good-humour to do, to make  
themselves welcome. The openness and heartiness  
of her manner more than atoned for that want of recol-  
lection and elegance which made her often deficient in  
the point of politeness; her kindness, however, by a  
pretty face, was engaging; her folly, though evident,  
was not disgusting, and it was so concealed; that  
Elinor could forgive every thing but her laugh.

The two gentlemen arrived the [redacted] day to a very late dinner, affording a pleasant enlargement of [redacted] party, [redacted] [redacted] variety [redacted] conversation, [redacted] [redacted] long

morning of the same continued rain had reduced very low.

Elinor had seen so little of Mr. Palmer, and in that little had seen so much variety in his manners to her mother and herself, that she knew not what to expect to find him in his own family. Mr. Palmer him, however, perfectly gentleman in his manners to his visitors, was only occasionally so to his wife and her mother; was him very capable of being a pleasant companion, and only prevented from being so always, by his great an aptitude to fancy himself much superior to people in general, as he does himself to Mrs. Jennings and Charlotte. For some of his character and habits, they were marked, as Mr. Palmer perceived, with no less than all unusual in his sex and time of life. He was nice in his eating, uncertain in his hours; fond of his child, though affecting to slight it; and idled away the mornings at billiards, which ought to have been devoted to business. Mr. Palmer him, however, upon the whole, much better than she had expected, and in her heart was not sorry that she could like him more; not sorry to be driven by observation of his epicurism, his selfishness, and his conceit, to him with complacency on the remembrance of Edward's generous temper, simple taste, and diffident feelings.

Mr. Edward, at least of some of his concerns, had received intelligence from Colonel Brandon, who had been into Devonshire lately; and who, treating her at home as the disinterested friend of Mr. Ferrars, and Mr. Delaford, described its deficiencies, told her what he did towards removing them. His behaviour to her in this, as well as in every other particular, was a pleasure in meeting her after an absence of only a few days, and his readiness with her, in his deference to her opinion, might very well justify Mrs. Jennings's persuasion of his attachment, and would have been enough, perhaps, had not Elinor still, as from the first, been Marianne his real favourite, to make her suspect it. But as it was such a notion had



scarcely moved her head, except by Mrs. Jennings's suggestion ; she could not help believing the most observant of the two : she watched him while Mrs. Jennings thought only of his behaviour ; his looks or anxious expression on his face, in her head and throat, the beginning of a heavy cold, however unexpressed by words, entirely escaped the latter lady's observation, — she could discover in them the quick feelings, the alarm of a lover.

Two delightful twilight walks on the third and fourth evenings of her being there, not merely on the dry gravel of the shrubbery, but all over the grounds, and especially in the most distant parts of them, where there was something more of wildness than in the rest, where the grass were the oldest, and the grass was the longest and wettest, had — assisted by the still greater imprudence of sitting in her shoes and stockings — given Marianne a cold so violent, as, though for a day or two trifled with or denied, would force itself by increasing ailments on the concern of every body, and the notice of herself. Prescriptions procured in from all quarters, and, as usual, were all declined. Though heavy, feverish, with a pain in her limbs, a cough, and a sore throat, a good night's rest was to cure her entirely ; it was with difficulty that she prevailed on her, when she went to bed, to try one or two of the simplest of the remedies.

## VII.

Marianne got up the next morning at her usual time ; every enquiry replied that she was better, and tried to prove herself so, by engaging in her accustomed employments. But a day spent in sitting shivering over the fire with a book in her hand, which she was unable to read, or in lying, weary and languid, on a sofa, did not speak much in favour of her

amendment; and when, at last, she went early to bed, more indisposed, Colonel Brandon was only assisting her sister's composure, who, though attending and nursing her all the day, against her inclination, and forcing proper medicines on her at night, trusted, like Marianne, to the certainty and efficacy of sleep.

A very quiet night, however, disappointed the expectation of both; and when Marianne, after persisting in rising, continued herself unable to sit up, and returned voluntarily to her bed, Elinor was very ready to adopt Mrs. Jennings's advice, in sending Mrs. Palmer's apothecary.

He came, examined his patient, and though encouraging Miss Dashwood to expect that a very few days would restore her sister to health, yet, by pronouncing her disorder to have a putrid tendency, and allowing the word "infection" to pass his lips, gave instant alarm to Mrs. Palmer, on her baby's account. Mrs. Jennings, who was inclined from first to think Miss Dashwood's complaint more serious than Elinor, now looked very grave on Mr. Harri's report, and confirming Charlotte's fears and caution, urged the necessity of her immediate removal with her infant; and Mr. Palmer, though treating their apprehensions as idle, found her anxiety and importunity to be withstood. Her departure, therefore, was set on; and, within an hour after Harri's arrival, was set off, with her little boy and his nurse, for the house of a near relation of Mr. Palmer's, who lived a few miles on the other side of Bath; whither her husband promised, at her entreaty, to join her in a day or two; and was equally urgent with her mother to accompany her. Mrs. Jennings, however, with a heart which really love her, declared her long endeavouring, by her own care, to supply to her the place of her mother she had taken her from; and Elinor found her, on every occasion, a most willing and active helpmate, desirous to share all her fatigues, and often, by her better experience in nursing, of material use.

Marianne, languid and low from the nature of her malady, feeling herself universally ill, no longer hope recovered; and no idea of what have produced, but an unlucky illness, every on that day they have begun their journey home; and, the way by a scheme of Mrs. Jennings, to have their mother by surprise on the following forenoon. little she was all lamentation of the delay; though her spirits, make her believe, was really believed herself, that it would be a very short one.

day produced little or no amendment of the patient; certainly was better, and, except there was amendment, did appear worse. Their party now farther reduced; for Mr. Palmer, though very unwilling to go, as well from real humanity and goodness as from a dislike of appearing to be frightened away by his wife, persuaded at last, by Colonel Brandon, to perform his promise of following her; and while he was preparing to go, Colonel himself, a much greater exertion, began of going likewise. Here, however, the kindness of Mrs. Jennings interposed most acceptably; for to send the Colonel away while her love was in so much uneasiness on her account would be to deprive them both, thought, of every comfort; and, therefore, telling him at once that stay in Cleveland was herself; that she should play at piquet in the evening, while Dashwood above with her sister, &c. she urged him so strongly to remain, that he, who was gratifying the of his heart by a compliance, could not long demur; especially Mrs. Jennings's entreaty warmly seconded by Mr. Palmer, who seemed a relief to in leaving well able to advise any emergency.

she, of course, kept ignorance of all these arrangements. She knew not that she had been the means sending the members of Cleveland sever from the of their arrival. It gave her no sur-

prise **nothing** **Mrs. Palmer**; and as it **her** **no concern**, she **mentioned** her

Two days passed away from the time **departure**; and her situation continued, with **ation**, **Harris**, who attended her every day still **boldly** **a speedy recovery**; and Miss **equally sanguine**; but the expectation of the **by** **so cheerful**. Mrs. Jennings **determined**, very early in the seizure, **Marianne** would **it**; and Colonel Brandon, who was chiefly of **in listening** to Mrs. Jennings's forebodings, was **in** **of mind** **their influence**. He tried to reason himself **of fears**, which the **judgment** **the apothecary** seemed **render**; **the many** hours of each day in which he was left entirely alone **but too favourable** for the admission of every melancholy idea; and he could not expect **his mind** the persuasion **he** **Marianne** no more.

On the morning of the **day**, however, the gloomy anticipations of **were almost** done away; for when Mr. Harris arrived, he declared his patient materially better. Her pulse **much stronger**, and every symptom more favourable than on the preceding visit. Elinor, **firmed** in every pleasant hope, was all cheerfulness; **joicing** that, **her letters** to her mother, she had pursued her own judgment rather **her friend's**, in making very light **the indisposition** which delayed them at Cleveland; **almost fixing** on **time when** **would be** **travel**.

**the day** **close** **anxiously** as it began. Towards **evening** **became ill** again, growing **heavy**, restless, and uncomfortable **before**. Her sister, however, **sanguine**, **willing** **attribute** the change **nothing more** than the fatigue **having** **up** **have** her **made**; and carefully administering **prescribed**, **her**, with satisfaction, **at last** into a slumber, **which** **expected** **beneficial** effects. **The sleep**, though not so quiet as Elinor wished to see it, lasted a considerable time; and anxious

to observe the result of it herself, she resolved to sit with her during the whole of it. Mrs. Jennings, knowing nothing of any change in the patient, went unusually early to bed; her maid, who was one of the principal nurses, was recreating herself in the housekeeper's room, and Elinor remained alone with Marianne.

The repose of the latter became more and more disturbed; and her sister, who watched, with unremitting attention, her continual change of posture, and heard the frequent but inarticulate sounds of complaint ~~which~~ passed her lips, was almost wishing to rouse her from so painful a slumber, ~~when~~ Marianne, suddenly awakened by some accidental noise in the house, started hastily up, and, with feverish wildness, cried out,—

"Is mamma coming?"

"~~Yes~~ yet," replied the other, concealing her terror, and assisting Marianne to lie down again; "but she will be here, I hope, before it is long. It is a great way, you know, from hence to Barton."

"~~Yes~~ ~~she~~ ~~will~~ ~~go~~ round by London," ~~said~~ Marianne, in the same ~~calm~~ manner. "I shall ~~be~~ ~~here~~, if she goes by London."

Elinor perceived, with alarm, that she ~~was~~ quite herself, and, while attempting to soothe her, eagerly felt her pulse. It was lower and quicker than ever. And Marianne, still talking wildly of mamma, her alarm increased so rapidly, as to determine her on sending instantly for Mr. Harris, and despatching a messenger to Barton for her mother. To consult with Colonel Brandon on the best means of effecting the latter was a thought which immediately followed the resolution of its performance; and as soon she had rung up the maid to take her place by her sister, she hastened down to the drawing-room, where she knew he was generally to ~~be~~ ~~found~~ ~~at~~ a much later hour than the present.

~~There~~ was no time for hesitation. Her fears and her difficulties were immediately before him. Her fears, he had no courage, no confidence, to attempt the removal of: he listened to them in silent dependence; but her difficulties were instantly obviated; for, with a readiness that ~~surprised~~

to speak the occasion, and the service pre-arranged in his mind, in himself as the messenger who should fetch Mrs. Dashwood. Elinor made no resistance that was not easily overcome. She thanked him with brief, though fervent gratitude; and when he went to hurry off his servant with a message to Mr. Harris, and an order for post-horses directly, she wrote a few lines to her mother.

The comfort of such a friend at that moment as Colonel Brandon, — of such a companion for her mother, — how gratefully was it felt! a companion whose judgment would guide, whose attendance must relieve, and whose friendship might soothe her! As far as the shock of such a summons could be lessened to her, his presence, his manners, his assistance, would lessen it.

He, meanwhile, whatever he might feel, acted with all the firmness of a collected mind, made every necessary arrangement with the utmost despatch, and with exactness the time in which she might look for his return. Not a moment was lost in delay of any kind. The horses arrived, even as they were expected; and Colonel Brandon only pressing her hand with a look of solemnity, and a few words spoken too low to reach her ear, hurried into the carriage. It was then about twelve o'clock, and she returned to her sister's apartment to wait for the arrival of the apothecary, and to watch by her the rest of the night. It was a night of almost equal suffering to both. Hour after hour passed away in sleepless pain and delirium on Marianne's side, and in the most cruel anxiety on Elinor's, before Mr. Harris appeared. Her apprehensions once raised paid by their excess for all her former security; and the servant who sat up with her, for she would not allow Mrs. Jennings to be called, only tortured her by what she always thought.

They were still, in intervals, incoherently on her mother; and whenever she mentioned her name it gave a pang to the heart of poor Elinor, who, reproaching herself for having trifled with so many days of illness, and wretched for some immediate relief, feared that all relief might soon be in vain, that every thing had been delayed too long, and pictured to herself her suffer-

his mother arriving too late to see this darling child, he saw her rational.

He was on the point of sending again for Mr. Harris, or if he could not come, for some other advice, when the former — but he did not come — o'clock — arrived. His opinion, however, was that the patient was in a very dangerous delay; for though acknowledging a very unexpected and unpleasant alteration in his patient, he would not allow the danger to be material, and talked of the relief which a fresh bloodletting would procure, with a confidence which, in a lesser degree, was communicated to Elinor. He promised to be again in the course of three or four hours; and the patient and her anxious attendant more composed than he had found them.

With strong concern, and with many reproaches not being called in their aid, did Mrs. Jennings hear the morning of what had passed. Her former apprehensions, with greater reason restored, left her no doubt of the event; and though trying to speak comfort to Elinor, her conviction of her sister's danger would not allow her to offer the comfort of hope. Her heart was really grieved. The rapid decay, the early death of a girl so young, so lovely as Marianne, must have struck a less interested person with concern. On Mrs. Jennings's compassion she had other claims. She had been for three months her companion, under her care, she was known to have been greatly injured, and long unhappy. The loss of her sister, particularly a favourite, was a great loss to her; and as for her mother, when Mrs. Jennings was that Marianne might probably have been what Charlotte was herself, her sympathy for her sufferings was very sincere.

Mr. Harris was punctual in his second visit; but he was to be disappointed in his hopes of what he would produce. His medicines failed; the fever was not subdued; and the patient only more quiet — more herself — remained in a heavy stupor. Elinor, catching all, and more than all, in a moment, proposed to call in farther aid. But he judged it unnecessary: he had tried to try some other application, of

whose success was almost as [ ] as [ ] last ; [ ] concluded with encouraging [ ] which reached the ear but could not enter the heart of Miss [ ]. She was calm, except when she thought of her mother ; but she was almost hopeless ; and [ ] this state [ ] noon, scarcely stirring [ ] bed, [ ] thoughts wandering from [ ] image of grief, [ ] suffering friend to another ; and her spirits oppressed to [ ] by [ ] conversation of [ ] Jennings, [ ] scrupled [ ] the severity [ ] danger of [ ] attack to [ ] many weeks of previous indisposition [ ] Marianne's disappointment [ ] brought [ ] [ ] [ ] [ ] of [ ] idea, and it [ ] fresh misery [ ] her [ ]

About noon, however, she began — but with a caution — a dread of disappointment which for [ ] time kept her [ ] [ ] her friend — to fancy, [ ] hope she could perceive a slight amendment in her sister's pulse : she waited, watched, and [ ] it again [ ] again ; and at last, [ ] agitation more [ ] to bury under exterior [ ] [ ] her foregoing distress, ventured to communicate her hopes. Mrs. Jennings, though forced, on examination, to acknowledge a temporary revival, tried to keep her young friend from indulging a thought of [ ] [ ] ; and Elmer, conning [ ] every injunction [ ] distrust, told herself likewise not to hope. But it was too late. Hope [ ] already entered ; and feeling all [ ] anxious flutter, [ ] bent over her sister to watch — she hardly knew [ ] what. Half [ ] hour passed away, and [ ] symptom yet [ ] her. [ ] [ ] [ ] it. [ ] breath, her skin, her lips, all flattered [ ] with signs of amendment ; and Marianne [ ] her eyes [ ] her with a rational, though languid, gaze. Anxiety and hope [ ] oppressed [ ] in equal degrees, and [ ] her no [ ] of tranquillity till the arrival of Mr. Harris [ ] o'clock ; when his [ ] [ ] on [ ] recovery [ ] her sister even surpassing [ ] expectation, [ ] her confidence, comfort, and tears of joy.

[ ] was [ ] every respect materially better ; and he [ ] entirely out of danger. [ ] Jennings, per-



haps satisfied with the partial justification of her feelings which had been found in their late alarm, his judgment, admitted, with feigned joy, soon with unequivocal cheerfulness, probability of an entire recovery.

Elinor could not be cheerful. Her joy was of a different kind, and led to any thing rather than to gaiety. Marianne, life, health, friends, and to her doting mother, was an to her heart with sensations of exquisite comfort, expend it in gratitude; but led to no outward demonstrations of joy, no words, no All within her breast was satisfaction, sweet and strong.

She continued by the of her sister, with little intermission, the whole afternoon; calming every fear, flying enquiry her spirits, supplying every succour, and watching almost every every breath. The possibility of a relapse would, of course, in some moments, occur to remind her of what anxiety was; when saw, frequent and minute examination, that every symptom of recovery continued, and saw Marianne at six o'clock into a quiet, steady, to all appearance comfortable, sleep, she silenced every doubt.

The time was now drawing on when Colonel Brandon might be expected back. At ten o'clock, she trusted, at least not much later, her mother would be relieved from the dreadful suspense in which she must now be travelling towards them. The Colonel, too!—perhaps scarcely less an object of pity! Oh, how slow was the progress of time which yet kept them in ignorance!

At seven o'clock, leaving Marianne still sweetly asleep, she joined Mrs. Jennings in the drawing-room to tea. Of breakfast she had been kept by her fears, and of dinner by their sudden reverse, from eating much; and the present refreshment, therefore, with such feelings of content as she brought to it, particularly welcome. Mrs. Jennings have persuaded her, at its conclusion, to take some mother's arrival, and allow her to take her place by Marianne; but Elinor had no sense of fatigue, no capability of sleep at that moment about her, and she was not to be kept away from her sister an unnecessary

Jennings, therefore, attending her in her chamber, to satisfy herself in her right, left her again to her charge and thoughts, retired to her room to write and sleep.

Night was cold and stormy. The wind round the house, rain against the windows; but Elinor, happiness within, regarded it with satisfaction. The travellers, they had reward to store, every present inconvenience.

At eight. It was ten, she would have been convinced that she had heard a carriage driving up the house; and strong was the persuasion that she did, in spite of the almost impossibility of their being already come, that she moved into the adjoining dressing-closet, opened a window shutter, to be of the truth. She instantly saw that her ears were deceived. Her glaring lamps of a carriage immediately in view. By their uncertain light she thought she could discern it to be drawn by four horses; and this, while she told the excess of her poor mother's alarm, gave some explanation of such unexpected rapidity.

Never in her life had Elinor found so difficult to be calm at that moment. The knowledge of what her mother was feeling as the carriage stopped at the door, — of her doubt — her dread, — perhaps her despair! — and of what she must tell! with such knowledge it was impossible to be calm. All that remained to be done was to be speedy; and, therefore, staying only till she could leave Jennings's with her sister, she hurried down.

She was in the vestibule, as she passed along the lobby, assured that they were already in the house. She rushed forwards towards the drawing-room: she saw it, — and saw only Willoughby.

## [REDACTED] VIII.

Elmson, starting back with a look of horror at the sight of him, obeyed the first impulse of her heart in turning instantly to quit the room; and her hand was already on the lock, when its action was suspended by his hastily advancing, and saying, in a voice rather a command than supplication, —

"Miss Dashwood, half an hour — for ten minutes — I want you to stay."

"No, sir," she replied with firmness, "I cannot. Your business must be with my servants, I suppose, forgot to tell you that Mr. Palmer was not in the house."

"Had they told me," she said with vehemence, "that Mr. Palmer and all his relations were at the devil, it would not have turned me from the door. My business is with you, and only you."

"With me!" — in the utmost amazement: — "well, sir — be quick — and if you can — less violent."

"Sit down, and I will be both."

She hesitated; she knew not what to do. The possibility of Colonel Brandon's arriving and finding him there came across her. But she had resolved to hear him; and her curiosity no less than her honour was engaged. After a moment's recollection, therefore, concluding her prudence required despatch, she gave her acquiescence would promote it, she walked silently towards the table, and sat down. He took the opposite chair; and for half a minute not a word was said by either.

"Pray be quick, sir," said Elton, impatiently; "I have no time to spare."

He was sitting in an attitude of deep meditation, and seemed not to hear her.

"Your sister," he, with abruptness, "afterwards," is out of danger. I heard from the servant. God be praised! But is it true? is it really true?"

Elinor would not speak. He repeated the enquiry with yet greater eagerness.

"For God's sake tell me, is she out of danger, or is she not?"

"I hope she is."

He rose up, and walked across the room.

"I am here much half an hour ago; — but since I am here," speaking in a forced vivacity, he returned to his seat, — "what does it signify? For once, I am in the wood — it is the time, perhaps — let us be cheerful together. I am in a fine mood for gaiety. Tell me honestly," a deeper glow overspreading his cheeks, "do you think me a knave or a fool?"

There was in him a greater astonishment than she began to think that he was in liquor; — the strangeness of such a visit, and of such manners, seemed no otherwise intelligible; and with this impression he immediately rose, saying, —

"Willoughby, I advise you, at present, to return to Combe. I have no leisure to remain with you longer. Whatever your business may be with me, it will be better recollected and explained to-morrow."

"I understand you," he replied, with an expressive smile, and a voice perfectly calm; "yes, I am very drunk. A pint of porter with my beef at Marlborough was enough to do me."

"At Marlborough!" cried Elinor, more and more at a loss to understand what he would be at.

"Yes — I was in London this morning at eight o'clock, and the only minutes I have spent since that time are my chairmen's procured me a nunchion at Marlborough."

The manner, and the intelligence of his words as he spoke, convincing Elinor, that whatever other unpardonable folly might bring him to Cleveland, he had brought there by intoxication, she said, after a moment's recollection, —

"Willoughby, you ought to feel, that I certainly do not mean to pass, your coming here upon my notice, requires a very particular explanation. What is that you mean by it?"

"I mean," said he, with serious energy, "if I can, to mean me some degree than you I mean of some kind explanation, some kind apology, for past; I open my heart to you, by convincing you, that though I have been always a blockhead, I have always a reason, I have something forgiveness from Me—from your sister."

"Is it of your coming?"

"Upon my word it is," was his answer, with a warmth brought the former Willoughby her branches, and, in spite of herself, made her him sin-

"If that is all, you may be satisfied already; I have done, she has long forgiven you."

"She?" he cried, in the same eager tone. "Then she forgiven me before she ought to have done it. Will you forgive me again, and on more reasonable grounds. Will you do me?"

Elinor her assent.

"I do know," said he, after a pause of expectation on her side, and thoughtfulness on his own, "how I may have accounted for my behaviour to your sister, what diabolical motive you may have imputed to me. Perhaps you will hardly think the better of me,—it is worth the trial, however,—and you shall hear every thing. When I became intimate in your family, I had no other intention, no other view to acquaintance, than to my time pleasantly while I was obliged to remain in Devonshire, more pleasantly than I had done before. Your sister's lovely person, and interesting could but please me; and her behaviour to me from the first was a kind—it is astonishing, when I think what it was, that my heart have been first, I confess, my vanity only was elevated by it. Of her happiness, thinking only of my own amusement, giving me feelings which I had always been much in the habit of indulging, I deavoured, by every means in my power, to myself pleasing her, any design of returning affection."

“Dashwood, at this point, turning her eyes on him with the most angry contempt, stopped him, by saying,—

“It is hardly worth while, Mr. Willoughby, for you to relate, or to me to hear, any longer. I cannot be pained by any thing. Do not let me be pained by hearing any thing more on the subject.”

“I insist on your hearing the whole of it,” he replied. “My fortune was never large, and I had always been expensive, always in the habit of associating with people of lower rank than myself. Every year added to my coming of age, or even before, I believe, had added to my debts; and though I was the son of my old cousin, Mr. Smith, was to set me free, yet I was being uncertain, and possibly far distant, it had been for some time my intention to re-establish my circumstances by marrying a woman of lower rank than myself. Your sister, therefore, was not a thing I thought of; and with a meanness, selfishness, cruelty, which I was indignant, no contemptuous look, of yours, I was ever reprobate enough,—I was trying in vain, trying to engage her regard, without a thought of returning it. One thing may be said of me: in that horrid state of selfish vanity, I know the nature of the injury I meditated, because I did not then know what it was to love. But have I loved it? May it be doubted; for, I really loved, I have sacrificed my feelings to vanity, to avarice; or, more, could I have sacrificed hers? I have done it. To avoid a comparative poverty, which I was sure society would have deprived me of all the horrors, I have, by raising myself to affluence, every thing that could make me a blessing.”

“You did, then,” said Elinor, a little softened, “believe yourself at that time to be in love with her?”

“To have felt such attractions, was I not tender to her? There was a great deal of earth in her. It? Yes, I found myself, by insensible degrees, sincerely in love with her; and my happiest hours were spent with her when I was strictly honourable, and my feelings blameless. Even then, however, when fully engaged in paying my

addresses to her, I allowed myself most improperly to put off, from day to day, the moment of doing it, from an unwillingness to enter into an engagement while my circumstances were so greatly embarrassed. I ~~was~~ not reason here — nor will I stop for you to expatiate on the absurdity, and the worse than absurdity, of scrupling to engage my faith where my honour was already bound. The event has proved that I was a cunning fool, providing with great circumspection for a possible opportunity of making myself contemptible and wretched for ever. At last, however, my resolution was taken; and I had determined, as soon as I could engage her alone, to justify ~~my~~ attentions I had so invariably paid her, and openly assure her ~~that~~ ~~my~~ ~~affection~~ I ~~was~~ already taken ~~to~~ pains to display. But in the interim — in the interim ~~of~~ the very few hours that were to pass before I could have an opportunity of speaking with her in private — a circumstance occurred — an unlucky circumstance — to ruin all my resolution, and with ~~it~~ all my comfort. A discovery took place," — here he hesitated and ~~dropped~~ down. "Mrs. Smith had somehow or other been informed, I imagine by some ~~person~~ relation, whose interest it was to deprive me of her favour, of an affair, a connection — but I need not explain myself farther," he added, looking at her with a heightened colour and an enquiring eye, — "your particular intimacy — you have probably heard the whole story long ago."

"I have," returned Elmor, colouring likewise, and hardening her heart anew against any compassion for him, "I have heard it all; and how you will explain ~~any~~ any part of your guilt in that dreadful business I confess is beyond my comprehension."

"Remember," cried Willoughby, "from whom you received the account. Could it be an impartial one? I acknowledge that her situation and her character ought to have been respected by me. I do not mean to justify myself, but at the same time cannot leave you to suppose that I have nothing to urge — that because she was injured she was irreproachable, and because I was a libertine, she must be a ~~monster~~. If the violence of her passions, ~~her~~ weakness of her understanding — I do not mean, however, to defend

myself. My affliction for me deserved better treatment ; and I often, with great self-reproach, thought of the girl which, for a very short time, had been creating me. I — I heartily wish I had been. I have injured more herself ; I have injured one, (may I say it ?) was scarcely less here ; and whose mind — oh, how infinitely superior !”

“ Your indifference, however, towards my unfortunate girl — it, unpleasant — the subject may be — your heart is no apology for your cruel neglect of her. Do not your- self by any weakness, any natural understanding on her side, in the cruelty so evident to yours. You have known, that you are enjoying yourself in Devonshire, pursuing schemes, always gay, always happy, and reduced to the extremest indigence.”

“ But, upon my soul, I did not know it,” he warmly replied : “ I did not recollect that I had omitted to give my direction ; common might have told her how it out.”

“ Well, sir, and what Mrs. Smith ? ”

“ She taxed me with the offence at once, and my confusion may be guessed. The purity of her life, the formality of her notions, her ignorance of the world, — every thing was against me. The master would not deny, and vain was every endeavour to soften it. She was pre- viously disposed, I believe, to doubt the morality of my conduct in general, and was, moreover, discontented with the very little attention, the very little portion of my time that I had bestowed on her in my present visit. It ended in a total breach. By one measure I might have myself. The height of her morality, good woman ! forgive the past, if I marry. That could not be ; and I was formally dismissed from her and her house. The night following this affair — I was to go the next morning — was spent by me in at- tending my conduct. My affection for Marianne, was great, but it ended too soon. My affection for Marianne,



thorough conviction of her attachment to me — all these things outweigh that dread of poverty, or the dread of the necessity of riches, I was naturally inclined to feel, and expensive society had increased. I had reason to believe myself secure of my present wife, if I chose to address her, and I persuaded myself to think that nothing else in common prudence remained for me to do. A heavy scene, however, awaited me before I could leave Devonshire: I was engaged to dine with you on that very day; some apology was therefore necessary for my breaking the engagement. Whether I should write this apology, or deliver it in person, was a point of long debate. To see Marianne I felt would be dreadful; and I even doubted whether I could see her again and keep to my resolution. In that point, however, I undervalued my own magnanimity, as the event declared; for I went, I saw her, and saw her miserable, and left her miserable; — and left her hoping never to see her again."

"Why did you call, Mr. Willoughby?" said Elinor, reproachfully; "a note would have answered every purpose. Why was it necessary to call?"

"It was necessary to my own pride. I could not bear to leave the country in a manner that might lead you, or the rest of the neighbourhood, to suspect any part of what had really passed between Mrs. Smith and myself, and I resolved, therefore, on calling at the cottage, in my way to Honiton. My sight of your dear sister, however, was really dreadful; and, to heighten the matter, I found her alone. You were all gone I do not know where. I had left her only the evening before, so fully, so firmly resolved within myself on doing right! A few hours were to have engaged her to me for ever; and I remember how happy, how gay were my spirits, as I walked from the cottage to Allenham, satisfied with myself, delighted with every body! But in this, our last interview of friendship, I approached her with a sense of guilt that almost took from me the power of dissembling. Her sorrow, her disappointment, her deep regret, when I told her that I was obliged to leave Devonshire so immediately — I never shall forget it —

united, too, with such reliance, such confidence in me! Oh, God! what a hard-hearted rascal I was!"

They were both silent for a few moments. Elinor first spoke.

"Did you tell her that you should soon return?"

"I ~~do~~ know what I ~~told~~ her," he replied, impatiently; "~~she~~ ~~was~~ ~~due~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~past~~, beyond a doubt, ~~all~~ ~~likelihood~~ much more than was justified by the future. I ~~would~~ ~~have~~ of it. It won't ~~be~~ ~~too~~ ~~soon~~ ~~came~~ your dear mother to torture me farther, ~~with~~ ~~all~~ ~~her~~ ~~confidence~~. ~~Thank~~ ~~Heaven~~! It ~~will~~ ~~torture~~ ~~me~~. I was ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~company~~ ~~of~~ ~~Mr~~ ~~Dashwood~~, you ~~must~~ ~~have~~ ~~an~~ ~~idea~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~comfort~~ ~~it~~ ~~gives~~ ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~look~~ ~~on~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~ ~~misery~~. I ~~was~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~grudge~~ ~~to~~ ~~myself~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~stupid~~, rascally folly of my own heart, that ~~my~~ ~~past~~ ~~sufferings~~ ~~under~~ ~~me~~ ~~are~~ ~~only~~ ~~triumph~~ ~~and~~ ~~exultation~~ ~~to~~ ~~me~~ ~~now~~. ~~I~~ ~~went~~, ~~left~~ ~~all~~ ~~that~~ ~~I~~ ~~loved~~, and went to those to whom, at best, I ~~was~~ ~~only~~ ~~indifferent~~. My journey to town—travelling with my ~~own~~ ~~horses~~, and therefore ~~so~~ ~~tediously~~—no creature ~~to~~ ~~speak~~ ~~to~~—my ~~own~~ ~~reflections~~ ~~so~~ ~~cheerful~~—when I looked forward every thing so inviting!—when I looked back ~~at~~ ~~Barton~~, ~~the~~ ~~picture~~ ~~so~~ ~~soothing~~!—oh, it was a ~~very~~ ~~pleasant~~ ~~journey~~!"

He stopped.

"Well, sir," said Elinor, who, though pitying him, grew impatient for ~~his~~ ~~departure~~, "and this is all?"

"All!—no!—have you forgot what passed ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~town~~? ~~The~~ ~~dear~~ ~~letter~~? Did she show ~~it~~ ~~you~~?"

"Yes, I saw every note that passed."

"~~How~~ ~~the~~ ~~note~~ ~~of~~ ~~hers~~ ~~reached~~ ~~me~~, (as it immediately did, for I was ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~company~~ ~~of~~ ~~Mr~~ ~~Dashwood~~ the whole time,) what I felt is, in ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~phrase~~, ~~as~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~expressed~~; ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~more~~ ~~simple~~ ~~and~~, perhaps ~~the~~ ~~simple~~ ~~in~~ ~~any~~ ~~emotion~~, my feelings were very, very painful. Every line, every word, was—in the hackneyed metaphor ~~as~~ ~~the~~ ~~dear~~ ~~writer~~, were ~~as~~ ~~here~~, would forbid—a dagger to my heart. To know that Marianne was in town was, in the same language, a thunderbolt. Thunderbolts and daggers! what a reproof would she have given me! Her taste, her opinions—I believe

they are better known to me than my own, and I am — they — dearer."

— heart, — undergone many changes in the course of this extraordinary conversation, was now softened again; yet she felt it her duty to check such ideas in — companion — last.

" — is — right, Mr. Willoughby. — that you are married. Relate only what — your conscience you — necessary for — to hear."

" —'s note, by assuring me — I — as dear to her as in former days, — that in spite of — many, many weeks we had been separated, she was as constant in — own feelings, — as full of — — constancy of mine as ever, — awakened all my remembrance. I — awakened, because time and London, business — dissipation, — in some measure quieted it, and I had been growing a fine hardened villain, fancying myself indifferent — her, and choosing to fancy that she too must have become indifferent to me; talking to myself of our past attachment — a mere idle, trifling, business; shrugging up — — in proof of its being so, and silencing every reproach, overcoming every scruple, by secretly saying now and then, 'I shall be heartily glad to hear she is well married.' But this note made me know myself better. I felt that she was infinitely dearer to me than any other woman in the world, and that I was using her infamously. But every thing was then just settled between Miss Grey and me. To retreat was impossible. All that I had to do was to avoid you both. I sent — answer to Marianne, intending by that means to preserve myself from her further notice; and for some time I was even determined not to call in Berkeley Street; but — last, judging it wiser to affect the air of a cool, common acquaintance than any thing else, I watched you all safely out of the house one morning, and left my name."

" Watched us out of the house!"

" Even so. You would be surprised to hear how often I watched you, how often I was on the point of falling in — you. I have entered many a shop to avoid your sight as the carriage drove by. Lodging as I did in Bond

Street, was hardly a day in which I did not catch a glimpse of one or other of you ; and nothing but the most constant watchfulness on my side, a most invariably prevailing desire to keep out of your sight, could have separated us so long. I avoided the Middletons as much as possible, as well as every body else who was likely to prove an acquaintance in common. When, however, being in town, however, I happened on the John, I believe, the first day of his coming, and the day I had spent at Mrs. Jennings's. He asked me to a party, a dance at his house in the evening. Had he not told me as an acquaintance that you and your sister were to be there, I should not have been so certain a thing as myself near him. The next morning brought another short visit from Marianne — still affectionate, open, artless, confiding — every thing that could make my conduct towards her hateful. I could not answer it. I tried — but could not refrain. I thought of her, I believe, every moment of the day. If you can pity me, Miss Dashwood, pity my situation at that time. With my head and heart full of your sister, I was forced to play the happy lover to another woman ! Those three or four weeks were worse than all. Well, at last, as I need not tell you, you were sent to me ; and what a sweet figure I cut ! what an evening of agony it was ! Marianne, beautiful as an angel on one side, calling me Willoughby such a name ! Oh, God ! holding her hand and asking me for an explanation, with those bewitching eyes and such speaking solicitude — my sister ! and Sophia, jealous as the serpent on the other hand, looking all the while — Well, it does not signify ; it is over now. It was an evening ! I was away from you all as soon as I could ; but I had seen Marianne's face as white as death. It was the last, last look I ever had of her ; the manner in which she appeared to me was a horrid sight ! Yet when I thought of her to-day as really dying, it was a kind of comfort to me to imagine that I knew exactly how she would appear to those who saw her in this world. She was constantly before me, as I was in the house."

A short pause of mutual thoughtfulness succeeded. Willoughby first rousing himself, broke thus : —

" Well, let me make haste and be gone. Your sister is certainly better, certainly out of danger ? "

" We are assured of it. "

" Your poor mother too ! dotting on Marianna. "

" But the letter, Mr. Willoughby, your own letter : have you ~~any~~ thing to say about that ? "

" Yes, yes, ~~that~~ in particular. Your sister wrote ~~me~~ again, ~~you~~ know, ~~the~~ very ~~same~~ morning. You ~~now~~ what ~~she~~ ~~was~~ I was breakfasting at the Ellisons, — and her letter, with some others, was brought to me ~~at~~ my lodgings. It happened ~~that~~ Sophia's eye ~~was~~ caught mine ; — and ~~the~~ size, the elegance of the paper, ~~the~~ handwriting altogether, immediately gave her a suspicion. Some vague report had reached her before of my attachment ~~to~~ some young lady in Devonshire, and what had passed within her observation the preceding evening had ~~confirmed~~ who the young lady was, ~~and~~ made her more jealous than ever. Affecting that ~~of~~ of playfulness, the ~~more~~ ~~when~~ ~~is~~ delightful ~~in~~ a woman ~~who~~ loves, she opened the letter directly, and read its contents. She was well paid for her impudence. She read what made her wretched. Her wretchedness I could have borne, but her passion — her malice — ~~at~~ all events ~~it~~ must be appeased. And, in short, what do you think of my ~~style~~ style of letter-writing ? — delicate — tender — truly ~~beautiful~~ — was it not ? "

" Your wife ! The letter was ~~in~~ your own handwriting. "

" Yes, but I had only the credit ~~of~~ servilely copying such sentences as I was ashamed to put my name to. ~~The~~ original was ~~in~~ her own — her ~~own~~ happy thoughts ~~in~~ gentle diction. But what could I do ? We were engaged, every thing ~~in~~ preparation, the day almost fixed — but I am talking like a fool. Preparation ! Day ! In honest words, her money was necessary to me, and in a situation ~~like~~ ~~mine~~ any thing was to be done to prevent a rupture. And after all, what did it signify to my character, in the opinion of Marianna and her friends, in what language my



had believed you. You [redacted] proved your heart less wicked, much less wicked. But I hardly knew — the misery that you have inflicted — I hardly know what could have made [redacted] worse."

"Will you repeat to your sister, when she is recovered, what I have been telling you? Let me be a little lightened, too, in her opinion as well as in yours. You tell me that she has forgiven me already. Let me be able to fancy that a better knowledge [redacted] my heart, [redacted] [redacted] my present feelings, will draw from her a more spontaneous, more natural, more gentle, [redacted] dignified, forgiveness. Tell her of my misery and my penitence; — tell her that my heart was never inconstant to her; and, [redacted] you will, that at this [redacted] [redacted] is dearer to me than ever."

"I will tell her all that is necessary to what may comparatively [redacted] called your justification. [redacted] you have not explained [redacted] [redacted] the particular [redacted] of your coming now, [redacted] how you heard of her illness."

"Last night, [redacted] Drury Lane lobby, I [redacted] against Sir John Middleton; and when he saw who I was, for the [redacted] time these [redacted] months, [redacted] spoke to me. That he had cut me [redacted] since my marriage, I [redacted] [redacted] without [redacted] or resentment. Now, however, his good-natured, honest, stupid soul, [redacted] of indignation against me, and [redacted] for your sister, could [redacted] [redacted] the temptation of telling [redacted] what he knew ought to, though probably he did not think it would, [redacted] [redacted] horribly. As bluntly as [redacted] could speak it, therefore, [redacted] told [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] was dying [redacted] a putrid fever at Cleveland — a letter that morning [redacted] from Mrs. Jennings declared her danger [redacted] imminent — the [redacted] all [redacted] off in a fright, &c. [redacted] too much shocked [redacted] be able to pass myself off as [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] undiscerning Sir John. [redacted] [redacted] was [redacted] in seeing mine [redacted]; and [redacted] much [redacted] [redacted] ill-will [redacted] done [redacted] [redacted] when [redacted] parted, [redacted] almost [redacted] me by [redacted] [redacted] while he reminded me of an old promise about a pointer [redacted] happy. What I felt on hearing [redacted] your sister was dying, and dying, too, believing [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] earth, scorning, hating me in [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] — [redacted] how could I tell what horrid projects might not have

been imputed? I was sure would represent me as capable of any thing. My [redacted] soon made, and at eight [redacted] this morning I [redacted] my carriage. [redacted] you know all."

Elinor [redacted] answer. [redacted] thoughts were silently [redacted] on [redacted] irreparable injury [redacted] early [redacted] pence, and [redacted] consequent habits of idleness, dissipation, and luxury, [redacted] made in the mind, [redacted] character, the happiness, [redacted] a [redacted] who, [redacted] every advantage [redacted] person [redacted] talents, [redacted] a disposition naturally [redacted] honest, and [redacted] feeling, affectionate temper. The [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] extravagant and vain—extravagance [redacted] vanity [redacted] [redacted] cold-hearted and selfish. Vanity, while seeking [redacted] own giddy triumph [redacted] the expense of another, had involved him in a real attachment, which extravagance, [redacted] least [redacted] offspring, necessity, had required to be sacrificed. Each faulty propensity in leading [redacted] [redacted] evil, had led [redacted] likewise [redacted] punishment. The attachment, from which against honour, against feeling, against every better interest he had outwardly [redacted] himself, now, [redacted] no longer allowable, governed every thought; [redacted] the connection, for the sake of which he had, with little scruple, left her sister [redacted] misery, [redacted] likely to prove a [redacted] of unhappiness to himself of a far [redacted] incurable nature. From a reverie [redacted] this kind [redacted] was recalled at the end of some minutes by Willoughby, who, rousing himself from a reverie [redacted] least equally painful, started up in preparation for going, [redacted] said, —

"There [redacted] [redacted] in staying here; I [redacted] [redacted] off."

"Are you going [redacted] [redacted] town?"

"No — [redacted] Combe Magna. I have business there; from thence [redacted] in a day or two. Good-by."

He [redacted] [redacted] hand. She could [redacted] refuse to give him hers: he pressed it with affection.

"And [redacted] [redacted] think something better [redacted] [redacted] than you did?" said he, letting it fall, and leaning against [redacted] mantel-piece, as if forgetting [redacted] was to go.

[redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] did; — that [redacted] [redacted] forgave, pitied, [redacted] [redacted] — was [redacted] [redacted] in [redacted] happiness — [redacted] [redacted] some gentle counsel [redacted] [redacted] behaviour



likely to promote it. His was very encouraging.

"As to that," said he, "I must rub through the world as well as I can. Domestic happiness is out of the question. If, however, I am allowed to think that you and yours feel an interest in my fate and actions, it may be the means — it may put me on my guard — at least it will be something to live for. Marianne, to be sure, is lost to me for ever. I even by this chance am liberty again —"

Elinor stopped him with a reproof.

"Well," he replied, "once more good-by. I shall now away and live in dread of one event."

"What do you mean?"

"Your sister's marriage."

"You are very wrong. She can never be more lost to you than she is now."

"But she will be gained by some one else. And if that some one should be the very he whom, of all others, I could least bear — but I will not stay to rob myself of all your compassionate good-will, by showing that where I have most injured I can least forgive. Good-by, — bless you!"

And with these words he almost ran out of the room.

## CHAPTER IX.

ELINOR, for some time after he left her, for some time even after the sound of his carriage had been away, remained too much oppressed by a crowd of ideas, widely differing in themselves, but of which sadness was the general result, to think even of her sister.

Willoughby, — whom only half an hour ago she had regarded as the most worthless of men, — Willoughby, in spite of all his faults, excited a degree of commiseration for the sufferings produced by them, which made her think of him as now separated ever from her family, with a

tenderness, a regret, rather in proportion, as she soon acknowledged herself, to his merits. His regard for her was heightened by the knowledge that she ought not in reason to have weight : by the power of uncommon attraction, and by the lively ardor of her love for Marianne, which is even innocent indulgence. That she could feel his influence less.

When she returned to the room, Marianne found her just awaking, by so long a sleep as the loss of her hopes. Elinor's heart was full. The past, the present, the future, Willoughby's visit, her safety, and her mother's expected arrival, threw her altogether into an agitation of spirits which kept every indication of fatigue, and made her only fearful of betraying her sister. Short was the time, however, in which that fear could affect her ; for within half an hour of Willoughby's leaving the house, she was again down stairs by another carriage. Eager to see her mother every unnecessary moment's horrible suspense, she immediately into the hall, and reached the outward door just in time to receive and support her as she entered it.

Mrs. Dashwood, whose terror they drew near produced almost the conviction of Marianne's being no more, had no voice to enquire after her, no voice for Elinor : she, waiting neither for salutation nor enquiry, instantly gave the joyful relief ; and her mother, catching her with all her usual warmth, was in as much rapture by her happiness as she had been by her return. She was supported into the drawing-room between her daughter and her friend ; and there, shedding again joy, though unable to speak, she again and again, turning from her intervals of grief to her hand, with a look which spoke of her gratitude, and her conviction of her sharing herself in the bliss of the moment. He shared it, however, in a more even greater than her own.

As soon as Mrs. Dashwood had recovered herself, to see

was her first desire ; in two minutes she was with her beloved child, rendered dearer to her than ever by absence, unhappiness, and danger. Her delight, as she saw what each felt in the meeting, was only checked by an apprehension of its robbing her of sleep : Dashwood could be calm, she could be even prudent, when the life of a child was at stake ; and Marianne, satisfied knowing her mother was near her, of being too quiet for conversation, readily complied with the quiet prescribed by every one around her. She would sit up with her all night ; nor, in compliance with her mother's entreaty, rest. But rest, which she night entirely sleepless, many of the night wearing anxiety, requisite, was kept off by the presence of spirits. Willoughby, " poor Willoughby," as she allowed herself to him, constantly in her thoughts ; she would but have heard his vindication for the world, and blamed, now acquitted herself for having judged him harshly before. Her promise of relating it to her sister was invariably painful. The performance of it, dreaded what effect Marianne might be ; doubted whether, after such an explanation, she could ever be happy with another ; and for a moment wished Willoughby a widower. Then, remembering Colonel Brandon, reproved herself, felt that his sufferings and constancy, more than his rival's, the reward of his due, and that thing rather than Willoughby's death.

Colonel Brandon's errand at had been much softened in Dashwood by her own previous alarm ; for so great her uneasiness, she had already determined to go for Cleveland that very day, without waiting for any further intelligence, and had her journey before her arrival, that the Careys were then expected every Margaret away, as her mother was unwilling where she might be.

continued to mend every day ; her brilliant cheerfulness of spirit, her spirits proved her to be, as she repeatedly declared herself, one of

happiest in the world. The declaration, — witness the proofs, without sometimes wondering — mother ever reconciled. But Dashwood, trusting to the temperate — her own disappointment, which Elinor — her, — led by — of her joy — only — would — it. — restored — her, — danger in which, — she — began to feel, her own, mistaken judgment in encouraging the unfortunate — to Willoughby — place her; and — recovery she had yet another — of joy, unthought — by Elinor. It was thus imparted — her, as — opportunity — private conference between — occurred.

"At — are alone. — Elinor, you — yet — my happiness. Colonel Brandon loves Marianne. He has told me so himself."

Her daughter, feeling by turns both pleased and pained, surprised and — surprised, was all silent attention.

"You — like me, dear Elinor, or I — at your composure now. Had I sat down to wish for any possible good to my family, I should have fixed — Colonel Brandon's marrying one of you, as the object most desirable; and I believe Marianne will be the most happy with him — the two."

Elinor — half inclined to ask her — thinking — satisfied that none, founded on an impartial consideration of their age, characters, or feelings, could be given: — her mother must always be — away by her imagination, — interesting subject; and, therefore, instead of an enquiry, she passed it off with a smile.

"He opened — whole heart — yesterday as we travelled. It — quite — quite undesignedly. I, — may well believe, — of nothing — my —: — he could not conceal his distress; I saw that — equalled my own; — he, perhaps thinking — friendship, as the world now goes, would not justify so warm a sympathy; or rather, not thinking — all, I — giving way to — feelings, made me acquainted with his earnest, tender, constant, affection for Marianne."

loved her, my Elinor, ever since the first moment of seeing her."

Here, however, perceived, language, not professional Colonel Brandon, but natural, of her mother's active fancy, which ed every thing delightful as it came.

"His regard for her, infinitely surpassing any thing that Willoughby ever felt or feigned, as much more warm, as more sincere or constant, whichever we are to call it, has through all the knowledge of dear Marianne's unhappy prepossession for that worthless young man! without selfishness, without encouraging a hope! he have seen her happy another. Such a mind! such openness, such sincerity! No one can be so true to his aim."

"Colonel Brandon's character," Elinor, "as an excellent man, is well established."

"I know it is," replied her mother, seriously, "or, after such a warning, I should be the last to be affected, or even to be pleased by it. But his coming for me, as he did, with such active, such ready friendship, is enough to prove one of the worthiest of men."

"His character, however," answered Elinor, "does rest on one act of kindness, to which his affection for Marianne, his humanity in the case, would have prompted him. To the Jennings, the Middletons, been long and intimately known: they equally love and respect him; and even my knowledge of him, though lately acquired, is very considerable; and so highly do I value and esteem him, that if can be happy with him, I be as ready as yourself to think our connection the greatest blessing to us in the world. answer you give him? allow to hope?"

"Oh, my love! I could not then talk of hope to him or to myself. might, moment, dying. But he did not ask for hope, or encouragement. was an involuntary confidence, irrepressible and soothing friend, not an application to a parent. Yet, after a time, I did say, for, first, I was quite overcome, that if she lived, as I trusted she might, greatest happiness

would lie in promoting their marriage; and since our arrival, [redacted] our delightful security, I [redacted] repeated [redacted] more fully, [redacted] given [redacted] every encouragement [redacted] power. Time, a very little time, I [redacted] him, [redacted] no every thing; Marianne's heart is not to be wasted for ever on such a man as Willoughby. His own merits must soon secure it."

"To judge from the Colonel's spirits, however, you have not yet made [redacted] equally sanguine."

"No. [redacted] Marianne's [redacted] no deeply rooted for any change in it under a great length of time; [redacted] supposing her heart again free, [redacted] himself [redacted] believe, [redacted] a [redacted] disposition he could [redacted] her. There, however, [redacted] quite [redacted] [redacted] is only as [redacted] beyond [redacted] as to be an advantage, [redacted] to [redacted] his character [redacted] principles fixed; and his disposition, I [redacted] convinced, [redacted] exactly the very [redacted] to make your sister happy. And [redacted] person, his manners, too, [redacted] all in his favour. My partiality does not blind me: he certainly is not [redacted] handsome as Willoughby; but, at [redacted] same time, there is something much [redacted] pleasing in his [redacted]. [redacted] was always a something, if you remember, in Willoughby's eyes at times, which I did not like."

[redacted] could not remember it; but her mother, without waiting [redacted] her [redacted] continued, —

"[redacted] his [redacted] Colonel's manners are [redacted] only more pleasing [redacted] than Willoughby's ever were, [redacted] they are of a [redacted] I well know to be more solidly attaching [redacted]. Their gentleness, [redacted] genuine [redacted] other people, and their [redacted] simplicity, [redacted] much more [redacted] with [redacted] disposition [redacted] liveliness, [redacted] artificial, [redacted] often ill-timed, [redacted] other. I am very sure myself, that [redacted] Willoughby [redacted] as really amiable, as he [redacted] proved [redacted] contrary, [redacted] yet [redacted] have [redacted] so happy [redacted] as [redacted] will be [redacted] Colonel Brandon."

She paused. [redacted] daughter could not quite agree with her; but her dissent was not heard, and therefore gave no

"At Delaford, she will be within an easy distance of me," ■■■■ said Dashwood, "■■■■ if I ■■■■ at Barton; and ■■■■ all probability, — for I hear it is a large village, — ■■■■ ■■■■ certainly must be some small house or cottage close by, that would suit us quite as well as our present situation."

Poor Elinor! — here was a new scheme for getting her ■■■■ Delaford! — but her spirit was stubborn.

"His fortune too! — for at my ■■■■ of life, you know, every body cares about *that*; — and though I neither know, nor ~~there~~ ~~we~~ know, what ■■■■ really is, I am sure ■■■■ must be a good one."

■■■■ they were interrupted by the entrance of a ■■■■ person; ■■■■ ■■■■ withdrew to think ■■■■ over in private, to wish success to her friend, and yet, in wishing it, to feel a pang for Willoughby.

## CHAPTER X.

MARIANNE'S illness, though weakening in its kind, had not been long enough to make her recovery slow; and with youth, natural strength, and her mother's presence in aid, it proceeded ■■■■ smoothly as to enable her to remove, within four days ■■■■ the arrival of the latter, into Mrs. Palmer's dressing-room. When there, ■■■■ her ■■■■ particular ■■■■ quest, ■■■■ she was impatient to pour forth her thanks to him for fetching her mother, Colonel Brandon was invited to visit her.

His emotion in entering the room, ■■■■ seeing her altered looks, ■■■■ ■■■■ receiving the pale hand which ■■■■ immediately held ■■■■ him, was such as, ■■■■ ■■■■ conjecture, must ■■■■ ■■■■ something more than his suspicion for Marianne, or the consciousness of its being known to others; and she soon discovered, in his melancholy eye and varying complexion as he looked at her sister, the probable recurrence

many past scenes of misery and pain, brought by between Marianne and Eliza already acknowledged, now strengthened by her eye, sickly skin, posture of reclining weakness, the warm acknowledgment of peculiar obligation.

Mrs. Dashwood, what passed than her daughter, a very differently influenced, and watching a very different effect, nothing in Colonel's behaviour what from simple self-evident sensations, while in the and words Marianne persuaded herself think that something more gratitude already dawned.

of another day or two, growing visibly stronger every twelve hours, Mrs. Dashwood, urged equally by and her daughter's wishes, began of removing to Barton. On her depended those of her two friends: Mrs. Jennings could not quit Cleveland during the Dashwoods' stay; and Colonel Brandon was brought, by their united request, consider his there equally determinate, not equally indispensable. At Mrs. Jennings's united request in return, Mrs. Dashwood was prevailed on to accept the use of his carriage on her journey back, for the better accommodation of her sick child; and the Colonel, joint invitation of Mrs. Dashwood and Mrs. Jennings, whose active good-nature made her friendly and hospitable other people as well as herself, engaged with pleasure to it by a visit at the cottage, the course of a weeks.

The day of separation and departure arrived; and Marianne, taking particular lengthened a leave Jennings, earnestly grateful, so respect kind wishes as seemed due to her heart from acknowledgment inattention, and bidding farewell with cordiality a friend, carefully assisted by the carriage, of which he seemed anxious that she should engross at least Mrs. Dashwood and then followed, and the others were left by themselves, talk of the travellers, and their own duties, Jennings was



summoned to her chaise to take comfort in the gossip of her maid for the loss of her young companions; and immediately took his solitary way to Bathurst.

The Dashwoods were two days on the road, and her journey on both without essential fatigue. Every thing that the most anxious affection, the most solicitous care, could do to render her comfortable, was done by her watchful companion, and her reward was her bodily ease and her spirits. To Elinor, the observation of the latter was particularly grateful. She, who had seen her so constantly suffering, oppressed by anguish of mind, and neither courage to speak of, nor could conceal, now saw with a joy, which no one could equally share, an apparent composure of mind, which, in being the result, as she trusted, of serious reflection, eventually led to contentment.

As they approached Barton, indeed, and the scenes, of which every field and every tree brought peculiar, some painful recollection, she grew silent and thoughtful, and turning away her eyes from their notice, sat earnestly gazing through the window. Here Elinor could neither wonder nor blame; and when she saw Marianne from the carriage, that she was crying, she only saw an emotion which in itself to raise any thing but tender pity, and an unobtrusiveness which was praise. The whole of the subsequent journey, she traced the progress of a mind awakened to mental exertion; for no sooner had they entered the common sitting-room, than Marianne turned her eyes around it with an air of resolute firmness, as if determined at once to subject herself to the sight of every object which the remembrance of Willoughby was connected. She said little, but every sentence aimed at cheerfulness; and though a sigh sometimes escaped her, it never passed without a smile. After dinner she would try her piano-forte. She went to it; but the music on which her eye first rested was one, procured for her by Willoughby, containing

some of the duets, bearing on its own name in his hand-writing. She then, holding her head, put the music aside, and, after running over the keys for a minute, complained of feebleness in her fingers, and closed the instrument again ; declaring, however, with firmness, as she did so, that she should in future practise much.

The morning produced no such symptoms. On the contrary, with a body alike strengthened by rest, she spoke more genuine spirit, anticipating the pleasure of Margaret's return, and talking of the family party would be restored, of her pursuits and cheerful society, as the only happiness worth a wish.

"When the weather is settled, and I have recovered my strength," she, "we will take long walks together every day. We will walk to the farm on the edge of the down, and see how the children grow on ; we will walk to Sir John's new plantations at Barton Cross, and the Abbeyland ; and we will often go to the ruins of the Priory, and try to trace the foundations as we are told they once reached. I know we shall be happy. I know the summer will pass happily away. I mean never to be later in rising than six, and from time till dinner I shall divide every hour between music and reading. I have formed my plan, and am determined to go on a course of serious study. Our library is well known to me, to which I resorted to for every thing beyond mere amusement ; there are many works well worth reading in the Park ; and there are others of modern production, which I know I can borrow at the British Museum. By reading only a few hours a day, I shall gain the same in a twelvemonth a great deal of instruction which I now feel myself to want."

Elizabetta honoured her with a plan which originated so nobly as this ; though smiling to see the same eager fancy which had been leading her to the indulgence of languid indolence now introducing a more active employment and self-control. Her smile, however, changed to a frown when

that her promise Willoughby was unfulfilled, might again unsettle the mind of Marianne, and ruin, at least a time, the prospect of busy tranquillity. Willing therefore to delay an hour, she resolved to till her sister's mind was more secure, she appointed it. She was however only in the

Marianne had been two or three days at home before the weather was fine enough for an invalid like herself to venture out. But at last a soft, genial morning appeared, such as might tempt the daughter's mother to the mother's confidence; and Marianne, leaning on her arm, was authorised to walk as long as she could without fatigue, in the lane before the house.

The sisters set out at a pace, slow as the feebleness of Marianne required; and they had not only gone far beyond the house as to admit a full view of the hill, the important hill behind, when pausing with her eyes turned towards it, Marianne calmly said,—

"There, exactly there," pointing with one hand, "that projecting mound, there I fell; and there I first saw Willoughby."

Her voice sunk with the word, but presently reviving, she added,—

"I am thankful to find that I can look with so little pain on the spot! Shall we ever talk on that subject, Elinor?" hesitatingly it was said. "Or will it be wrong? I can talk of it now, I hope, as I ought to do."

She tenderly invited her to be open.

"As for regret," said Marianne, "I have done with that, as far as he is concerned. I do not mean to talk to you of what my feelings have been for him, but what they are now. At present, if I could be satisfied on one point, if I could be allowed to think that he was not always acting a part, not always deceiving me; but above all, if I could be assured that he never was so very wicked as my fears have sometimes fancied him, since the story of that unfortunate girl——"

She stopped. Joyfully her sister answered,—

"You could be assured of that, you think you should be easy."

"Yes. My of doubly involved in it; not only is it horrible to suspect a person, who has been to me, of designs, what me myself? What, in mine, but a most shamefully unguarded pose me to—"

"How, then," asked her sister, "would his behaviour?"

"I would him—oh, how gladly would I suppose him!—only sickle, very, very sickle."

She was debating within the eligibility of beginning her story directly, postponing it till Marianne were in stronger health; and they crept on for a few minutes in silence.

"I am wishing him too much good," said Anne last, with a sigh, "when I wish secret reflection may be no more unpleasant than my own. He suffer enough in them."

"Do you compare your conduct with his?"

"No. I compare it with what it ought have been; I compare it with yours."

"Our situations have borne little resemblance."

"They have borne more than our conduct. I not, Elinor, your kindness defend what I know your judgment. My illness made me think. It has given me leisure calmness for serious recollection. Long before I enough recovered I talk, I was perfectly to reflect. I considered past: I saw my own behaviour, since beginning acquaintance him autumn, nothing a imprudence myself, and I saw my feelings had prepared my sufferings, and that my was under you to the grave. My illness, I well knew, had been entirely brought on by myself by such negligence of my own health, as I had felt, even at the time, to be wrong.

Had I died, it would have been self-destruction. I did not know my danger till the danger was removed; but such feelings as these reflections gave me, I wonder at my recovery, — wonder that the very eagerness of my desire to live, to have time for atonement to my God, and to you all, did not kill me at once. Had I died, in what peculiar misery should I have left you, my nurse, my friend, my sister! You had seen all the fretful selfishness of my latter days; all my murmurings, all my heart! How should I have lived in your remembrance! My mother, too! How could you have consoled her! I express my own abhorrence of myself. Whenever I looked towards the past, I saw some duty neglected, or some fault indulged. Every body seemed injured by me. The kindness, the unceasing kindness, of Mrs. Jennings, I repaid with ungrateful contempt. To the Middletons, the Palmers, the Steeles, to every common acquaintance even, I had been insolent and unjust; with a heart against their merits, and a temper irritated by their very attention. To John, to Fanny, yes, even to them, little as they deserve, I had given less than their due. But you, you above all, above my mother, I had wronged by me. I, and only I, knew your heart and its sorrows; yet, to what did it influence me? — not to any compassion that could benefit you or myself. Your example was before me; but to what avail? Was I more like you and your comfort? Did I imitate your forbearance, or lessen your restraints, by taking any part in those offices of general complaisance or particular gratitude which you had hitherto been left to discharge alone? No; less when I knew you to be unhappy, than when I had served you at ease, did I turn away from every exertion of duty or friendship; scarcely allowing sorrow to me, but regretting only which I was leaving you, for whom I professed an affection, to be miserable for my sake."

Here ceased the rapid flow of her self-reproving spirit; and Elinor, impatient to soothe, though too honest to flatter, gave her instantly that praise and support which she frank-

ness her [redacted] as well deserved. [redacted] pressed her [redacted] and replied,—

“ You are very good. The future must be my proof. I have laid down my plan, and if I am capable of adhering to it, my feelings shall [redacted] governed [redacted] my temper improved. They shall no longer worry others, [redacted] torture myself. I shall [redacted] live solely for my family. You, my mother, [redacted] Margaret, [redacted] henceforth be [redacted] [redacted] to me ; [redacted] will [redacted] my [redacted] entirely between you. From you, [redacted] my home, [redacted] I [redacted] never again have the smallest excitement [redacted] move ; and [redacted] I do mix in other society, [redacted] [redacted] only [redacted] that my spirit [redacted] humbled, my heart amended, and [redacted] I can practice [redacted] civilities, [redacted] [redacted] of life, with gentleness [redacted] forbearance. As [redacted] Willoughby, to say that I shall soon, or that I [redacted] [redacted] forget him, would be idle. His remembrance [redacted] [redacted] overcome by no change of circumstances or opinions. [redacted] It shall be regulated, it shall be [redacted] by religion, by reason, by constant employment.”

She paused — and added, in a lower voice, “ If I could but know his heart, every thing would become easy.”

Elinor, who had [redacted] [redacted] for some time reflecting on the propriety or impropriety of speedily hazarding her narration, without feeling [redacted] all nearer decision than [redacted] first, heard this ; and perceiving that an [redacted] [redacted] did nothing resolution must do all, soon found herself leading to the [redacted]

[redacted] managed the recital, as she hoped, with address ; prepared her anxious listener with caution ; related simply and honestly the chief points on [redacted] Willoughby grounded [redacted] apology ; [redacted] justice [redacted] repentance, and softened only his protestations of present regard. Marianne said not a word. [redacted] trembled : her eyes were fixed on [redacted] ground ; [redacted] her lips became whiter than even [redacted] [redacted] left them. A thousand enquiries sprung up from her heart, but she [redacted] not urge one. She caught every syllable with panting eagerness : her hand, unknowingly to herself, closely pressed her sister's, and tears covered her [redacted]

Elinor, dreading her being tired, led her towards home ; and till they reached the door of the cottage, easily con-

jecturing what his curiosity might be, though he questioned her to speak it, of nothing Willoughby, conversation together; and was carefully in every particular of speech and look, where he could be safely indulged. As soon as they entered the house, Marianne, with a word of gratitude, and words just through her tears, "mamma," her sister, slowly up would attempt to disturb a as what she sought; with a anxiously pre-arranging result, and a resolution of reviving subject again, fail to do it, the the parlour the parting injunction.

## CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Dashwood did not hear, unmoved, her former favourite. She rejoiced in his being cleared from some part of his imputed guilt; she was sorry for him; she wished him happy. But the feelings of the past could not be recalled. Nothing could restore him a unbroken, a character unblemished, anne. Nothing could do away knowledge what the latter had suffered through his means, the guilt his conduct towards Eliza. Nothing could replace him, therefore, his former esteem, injure his interests or Brandon.

Had Dashwood, like her daughter, Willoughby's story from himself,—had she witnessed his distress, and been under the influence of his countenance and manner,—it is probable her compassion would have been greater. But it was neither in Elinor's power, nor in her wish, to rouse such feelings in another, by her retailed explanation, as had at first been called forth in her. Her given calmness to her judgment, and sobered her own opinion of Willoughby's deserts:

she wished, therefore, to declare only the simple truth, and lay open such facts as were really due to his character, without any embellishment of tenderness to lead the fancy astray.

In the evening, when they were all three together, Elinor began voluntarily to speak of him again; and without an effort, the restless, unquiet thoughtfulness in which she had been for some time previously sitting, her rising colour, as she spoke, and her unsteady voice, plainly showed.

"I wish to assure you both," said she, "that I see every thing as you can desire me to do."

Elinor interrupted her instantly with soothing tenderness, and Elinor, who really valued her sister's unbiassed opinion, by an easy sign, engaged her silence. Marianne slowly continued,—

"It is a great relief to me, what you told me this morning; I have exactly what I wished to hear." For a moment her voice was lost; but recovering herself, she added, "greater than before."—"I am perfectly satisfied, I wish for no change. I never could have been happy with him, after knowing, sooner or later I must have known, all this. I should have had no confidence, no— Nothing could have done away with my feelings."

"I know it, I know it," cried her mother. "Happy as a man of those practices! Who could so injured the peace of the dearest of our friends, and the best of men! No—my Marianne has not a heart to be made happy by such a man! Her conscience, her sensitive conscience, would have felt all that the conscience of her husband ought to have felt."

Marianne sighed, and repeated, "I wish for no change."

"You consider the matter," said Elinor, "exactly as a good mind and a sound understanding would consider it; I dare say you perceive, as well as myself, that only in this, and many other circumstances, enough to convince you your marriage has involved you in troubles and disappointments, which you have poorly supported by an affection, and



side, much less certain. Had you married, you must have been always poor. His expensiveness is acknowledged even by himself; and his whole conduct declares, that self-denial is a word hardly understood by him. His demands, your inexperience together, on a small, very small income, must have brought on distresses which would not be less grievous to you, from having been entirely unknown and unthought of before. Your sense of honour and honesty must tell you, I know, when in your situation, to attempt all the economy that would appear to you possible; and, perhaps, as long as your frugality retrenched only on your comfort, you might have been suffered to practise it, but beyond that—and how soon would the utmost of your single management do to stop the ruin when it begun your marriage? beyond that, had you endeavoured, however reasonably, to abridge his enjoyments, is it not to be feared, that instead of prevailing on feelings so selfish to consent to it, you would have lessened your own influence on his heart, and him regret the connection which involved him in difficulties?"

Marianne's lips quivered, and she repeated the word "Selfish?" in a tone that implied, "Do you really think him selfish?"

"The worse of his behaviour," replied Elinor, "from the beginning to the end of the affair, has been grounded on selfishness. It was selfishness first that supported with your affections; which afterwards, when his own were engaged, made him delay the confession of it, and which finally carried him from Barton. His own enjoyment, or his ease, was, in every particular, his ruling principle."

"It is very true. His happiness never was his object."

"At present," continued Elinor, "he regrets what he has done. And why does he regret it? Because he finds he has lost his happiness. It is now his only comfort—he suffers from no evil of that kind; and he thinks only that he has married a woman of a less amiable temper than yourself. Does it thence follow that he had

married you, he would have been happy? The inconveniences would have been different. He would then have suffered under the pecuniary distresses which, when they are removed, he now reckons as nothing. He would have had a wife of whose temper he could make no complaint, but he would have been always necessitous—always poor; he probably would soon have learned to rank the comforts of a clear estate and good income as of far less importance, even to domestic happiness than the mere temper of a wife."

"I have not a doubt of it," said Marianne; "and I have nothing to regret—nothing but my own folly."

"Say your mother's imprudence, my child," said Mrs. Dashwood: "she must be answerable."

Marianne would not let her proceed; and Elinor, feeling that their own error, wished to avoid any survey of the past that might weaken her sister's spirits; she, therefore, pursuing the first subject, immediately continued,—

"One may, I think, be fairly drawn from the story—that all Willoughby's have been the first against virtue, in their behaviour to Miss Williams. That crime has been the origin of every lesser one, and of all his present discontents."

She said this feelingly in her remark; and by her to an enumeration of Colonel Brandon's injuries, merits, wars, friendship and design could unitedly dictate. Her daughter did not look, however, as if much of it were heard by her.

Elinor, according to her expectation, saw, on the two or three following days, that Marianne did not continue to gain strength as she had done; but while her resolution was unshaken, and she still tried to appear cheerful and easy, her sister could safely trust to the effect of time upon her health.

Margaret returned, and the family were again all restored to each other, again quietly settled at the cottage; and if not pursuing their usual studies with quite so much

vigour as when they first came to Barton, at least planning a vigorous prosecution of his future.

Elinor was impatient for some tidings of Edward. She had heard nothing of him since her leaving London, nothing new of his plans, nothing certain even of his present abode. No letters had passed between her and her brother, in consequence of ill health; and it was first John's there had been any communication:—"We know nothing of our unfortunate Edward, we can make no enquiries of a prohibited subject, he is still at Oxford;" and the intelligence of Edward's situation, by the correspondence, for he was not even mentioned in any of the succeeding letters, was not deemed, however, to be long in ignorance of.

Their conversation had been one morning to business; and when, as he waited at table, he had the enquiries of his friends as to the event of his errand, this was his voluntary communication,—

"I suppose you know, ma'am, that I am married."

Marianne gave a violent start, fixed her eyes upon Elinor, saw her turning pale, and fell back in her chair in hysterics. Mrs. Dashwood, whose eyes, as she answered the servant's enquiry, had intuitively taken the direction, was so perceptive, by Elinor's countenance, how much she really suffered; and, a few days afterwards, by Marianne's situation, knew on which to fix her principal attention.

The servant, who was only one of the maids, who, with Mrs. Dashwood's assistance, supported her into the other room. By that time she was rather better; and her mother, leaving her to the care of Margaret the maid, returned to Elinor, who, though she had ordered, had so far recovered the use of her reason and voice as to be just beginning an enquiry of Thomas, as to the source of his intelligence. Mrs. Dashwood immediately took all that trouble on herself; and had the

benefit of the information without the chance of seeking it.

"Who told you that Mrs. Ferrars was married, Thomas?"

"I saw Mr. Steele myself, ma'am, this morning. Heater, and a lady too, were sitting at the door of the New London Inn, as I was there with a message from Sally to the Park to her brother, who is one of the post-boys. I happened to look up at the chaise, and I saw directly the youngest Mr. Steele; so I took my hat, and she knew me and called me, enquired of you, ma'am, and the other ladies, especially Mrs. Marianne, and bid me give her compliments and Mr. Ferrars's, and best compliments and service, and how sorry they were they had not time to come on and see you; they were in a great hurry to go forwards, they were going further down for a while, but however, when they come back, they'd make sure to come and see you."

"Did she say you she was married, Thomas?"

"Yes, ma'am. She smiled, and said how she had changed her name since she was in parts. She was always a very affable, free-spoken young lady, and very well behaved. So, I made her wish her joy."

"Did Mr. Steele go in the carriage with her?"

"Yes, ma'am, I just saw him leaning back in it, but he did not look up: he never was a gentleman at all."

Her heart could easily account for her not putting this forward; and Mrs. Steele probably the same explanation.

"Was there no one else in the carriage?"

"No, ma'am, only they two."

"Do you know where they came from?"

"They came straight from town, as Miss Lucy — Mrs. Ferrars told me."

"And are going farther westward?"

"Yes, ma'am — but not to hide long. They will soon be back again, and then they'd be sure to call here."

Mrs. Dashwood now looked at her daughter; but Eliza knew better than to expect them. She recognised the

whole of Lucy in the message, and was very confident **that** Edward would never come near **her**. She **then** in a low voice, to her mother, that they were probably going down to Mr. Pratt's, near Plymouth.

Thomas's intelligence seemed over. Elinor looked as if she wished to hear more.

"Did you see them off, before you came away?"

"No, ma'am—the horses was just coming out, **but** I could not bide any longer; I was afraid of being late."

"Did Mrs. Ferrars look well?"

"Yes, ma'am, she said how she was very well; and to my mind she was always a very handsome young lady—and she seemed vastly contented."

Mrs. Dashwood could think of no other question; **and** Thomas and the table-cloth, now alike needless, were soon afterwards dismissed. Marianne had already sent to say, that she should eat nothing more. Mrs. Dashwood's and Elinor's appetites were equally lost; and Margaret might think herself very well off that, with so much uneasiness as both her sisters had lately experienced, so much reason as they had often had to be careless of their meals, she had never been obliged to go without her dinner before.

When the dessert and the wine were arranged, and Mrs. Dashwood and Elinor were left by themselves, they remained long together in a similarity of thoughtfulness and silence. Mrs. Dashwood feared to hazard any remark, and ventured not to offer consolation. She now found that she had erred in relying on Elinor's representation of herself; and justly concluded that every thing had been expressly softened at this time, to spare her from an increase of unhappiness, suffering as she then had suffered **from** Marianne. She found that she had been misled by the careful, the considerate attention of her daughter, to think the attachment, which once she had so well understood, much slighter in reality than she had been wont to believe, or than it was now proved to be. She feared that under this persuasion she had been unjust, inattentive, nay, almost unkind, to her Elinor; that **her** affliction, **because** more acknowledged, more immediately before her, had too much engrossed her tenderness, and led her away to forget

that in [redacted] might have a daughter suffering [redacted] as much, certainly with less self-provocation and greater [redacted]

[redacted] found the difference between [redacted] expectation [redacted] an unpleasant event, [redacted] [redacted] it, [redacted] certainty [redacted] [redacted] now [redacted] that, in spite of herself, she had always [redacted] a hope, [redacted] Edward remained single, that something [redacted] occur to prevent his marrying Lucy; that some resolution of his own, some mediation of friends, or some more eligible opportunity of [redacted] for the lady, would arise [redacted] amidst [redacted] happiness of all. But he was now married; [redacted] [redacted] condemned her heart for the lurking flattery which so often heightened the pain of the intelligence.

That he should be married so soon, before (as she imagined) he could be in orders, and consequently before he could be in possession of the living, surprised her a little at first; but [redacted] soon saw how likely it was [redacted] Lucy, [redacted] her self-provident care, in her haste to secure him, should overlook every thing but the risk of delay. They [redacted] married, — married in town, — and now hastening [redacted] [redacted] her uncle's. What had Edward felt on being within four [redacted] [redacted] Barton, — on seeing [redacted] mother's servant, — on hearing Lucy's message!

They would soon, she supposed, be settled at Delaford: — Delaford, — that place [redacted] which so much conspired [redacted] give her an interest; which she wished to be acquainted with, and yet desired to avoid. She saw them [redacted] an instant in their parsonage-house: saw in Lucy the active, contriving manager; uniting at once a desire of smart appearance with the utmost frugality, and ashamed to be suspected of half her economical practices; pursuing her own interest in

thought; courted the favour of Colonel Brandon, of Mrs. Jennings, and of every wealthy friend. Edward, knew not what she saw, what she wished. Happy or unhappy, nothing pleased her: she turned away her head from every one but him.

Elinor flattered herself that some one of their connections in London would write to them to announce the event, and give further particulars; day after day passed off, and brought no letter, no tidings. Though uncertain what she was to blame, what she was to fault in every friend. They were all thoughtless of her.

"What do you mean by Colonel Brandon, ma'am?" was an enquiry which sprung from the impatience of her mind to have something going on.

"I wrote to him, my love, last week, and rather expect to see than to hear from him again. I earnestly pressed his coming to us, and should not be surprised to see him walk in to-day, or to-morrow, or any day."

"This is gaining something, — something to look forward to. Colonel Brandon must have some information to give."

Scarcely had she so determined it, when the figure of a man on horseback drew her eyes to the window. He stopped at the gate. It was a gentleman, — it was Colonel Brandon. She should hear more, and she waited in expectation of it. But it was not Colonel Brandon; neither his air, nor his height. Were it possible, she should say it must be Edward. She looked again. It had just dismounted: she could not be mistaken, — it was Edward. She moved away, and sat down. "I will be calm, — I will be mistress of myself."

In a moment she perceived that the others were likewise aware of the mistake. She saw her mother and Marianne change colour, — saw them look at herself, and whisper a few sentences to each other. She would have given the world to be able to speak, and to make them understand that she hoped no coolness, no slight, would appear in their

behaviour to him ; but she had no utterance, and was obliged to leave all to his own discretion.

Not a syllable passed aloud. They all waited in silence for the appearance of their visitor. His footsteps were heard along the gravel path : in a moment he was in the passage, and in another he was before them.

His countenance, as he entered the room, was so happy, so kind to Elinor. His complexion was so fresh with agitation ; his eyes looked as if of his reception, and conscious of the welcome he had met with. Mrs. Dashwood, however, conforming, as she trusted, to the wishes of that daughter, by whom she then meant, in the warmth of her heart, to be guided in every thing, met him with a look of joyful complacency, and with her hand, and with her voice, she expressed her joy.

He coloured, and stammered out an unintelligible reply. Elinor's lips had moved with her mother's ; and, when the moment of action was over, she was so shaken that she could not speak to him. But he was then so late ; and, with a meaning so plain upon her face, she sat down again, and was so much affected by the weather.

Marianne had retreated as far as possible out of sight, to conceal her distress ; and Margaret, understanding some part, but not the whole of the case, thought it incumbent on her to be dignified, and therefore took a seat as far from him as she could, and maintained a strict silence.

Elinor had ceased to rejoice in the dryness of the weather, a very awful pause took place. It was put an end to by Mrs. Dashwood, who felt obliged to hope that he was very well. In a hurried manner, he replied in the affirmative.

Another pause.

Elinor, resolving to comfort herself, though fearing the sound of his voice, now said,—

“ Is he at Longstaple ? ”

“ At Longstaple ! ” he replied, with an air of surprise.

“ No ; my mother is in town.”

“ I meant,” said Elinor, taking a seat at the table, “ to enquire after Mrs. Edward Ferrara.”

She dared not speak up ; but her mother and Marianne



both turned their eyes on him. He coloured, perplexed, looked doubtfully, and, after some hesitation, said,—

“Perhaps you mean my brother: you mean Mrs.— Mrs. Robert Ferrars.”

“Mrs. Robert Ferrars!” was repeated by Marianne and her mother in an accent of the utmost amazement; and though Elinor could not speak, even her eyes were fixed on him with the same impatient wonder. He rose from his seat, and walked to the window, apparently from not knowing what to do; took up a pair of scissors that lay there; and, while spoiling both them and their sheath by cutting the latter to pieces as he spoke, said, in a hurried voice,—

“Perhaps you do not know: you may not have heard that my brother lately married—to the youngest—to Miss Lucy Steele.”

His words echoed unspeakable words by all but Elinor, who sat, her head leaning over her work, in a state of such agitation as made her hardly know where she was.

“Yes,” said he: “they were married last week, and are now at Dawlish.”

Elinor could sit it no longer. She almost ran out of the room; and, as soon as the door was closed, burst into tears of joy, which at first she thought would never cease. Her father, who had till then looked any where, rather than at her, saw her hurry away, and perhaps saw, or even heard, her emotion; immediately afterwards he fell into a reverie, which no remarks, no enquiries, no affectionate address of Mrs. Dashwood could penetrate; and at last, without saying a word, quitted the room, and walked out towards the village, leaving the others in the greatest astonishment and perplexity on a change in his situation so wonderful and so sudden,—a perplexity which they had no means of ascertaining but by their own conjectures.

UNACCOUNTABLE, however, as the circumstances of his release might appear to the whole family, it was certain that Edward was free; and to what purpose that freedom would be employed was easily pre-determined by all;—for after experiencing the blessings of one imprudent engagement, contracted without his mother's consent, as he had already done for more than four years, nothing less could be expected of him in the failure of that, than the contraction of another.

His errand at Barton, in fact, was a simple one. It was only to ask Elinor to marry him; and considering that he was not altogether inexperienced in such a question, it might seem strange that he should feel so nervous in the present case as he really did, so much in need of encouragement and fresh air.

How soon he had walked himself into the proper resolution, however, how soon an opportunity of exercising it occurred, in what manner he expressed himself, and how he was received, need not be particularly told. This only need be said;—that when they all sat down to table at eight o'clock, about three hours after his arrival, his lady, engaged her mother's consent, and was not only in the rapturous profession of the lover, but, in the reality of manner and truth, one of the happiest women in the nation. He was more than commonly joyful. He had more than the ordinary triumph of accepted love to gladden his heart, and to cheer his spirits. He was released, without any reproach to himself, from an entanglement which had long afflicted his misery, from a woman whom he had long ceased to love; and he was once to that security with another, which he had never before thought of almost with despair, as soon as he had learned to consider it with desire. He was brought, not from doubt or suspense, but from misery to happiness; and the change

openly spoken a genuine, flowing, grateful cheerfulness, his friends had never before.

His heart was now open to Elmer; all its weaknesses, all its errors confessed, and his boyish attachment to Lucy with philosophic dignity of twenty-four.

"It was a foolish, idle on my side," he, "the consequence of ignorance of the world, of employment. Had my mother given me some active profession when I was removed at eighteen from Pratt, I think, nay, I am sure, would never have happened; though I left Longstaple I thought, at that time, a unconquerable preference for my niece, yet, I then any pursuit, any object to my time and keep me at a distance from her for a few months, I should very soon have outgrown the fancied attachment, especially by mixing more with the world, as in such I must have done. Instead of having any thing to do, instead of having any profession chosen for me, or being allowed to choose my myself, I returned home completely idle; for the first twelvemonth afterwards I not even the nominal employment, which belonging to the university would have given me, I not entered Oxford till I was nineteen. I therefore nothing in the world to do, but to fancy myself love; as my mother did make my home in every respect comfortable, as I my friend, my companion my brother, and disliked acquaintance, it was unnatural to be very at Longstaple, where I always myself at home, and was always sure of a welcome; and accordingly I spent the greatest part of my life there from eighteen to nineteen: Lucy appeared every thing and obliging. pretty — at least I thought so then; and I seen so little of I make comparisons, and see no. Considering every thing, therefore, I hope, foolish as my engagement was, foolish as it has since in every way been proved, it was not at the time an unnatural or piece of folly."

change a few hours wrought the minds and the happiness of the Dashwoods, was such—so great—as promised them all of a sleepless night. Dashwood, happy comfortable, how Edward, praise enough, enough without wounding his delicacy, nor how once to give unrestrained together, and yet enjoy, as wished, sight and society both.

Comparisons speak her happiness only by her joy, though as her love for her sister, was of a kind to give her spirits nor language.

Ellnor—how are her feelings described? of learning that Lucy married another, Edward free, to the justifying the hopes which instantly followed, she every thing by turns but tranquil. But when the had passed, when she found every doubt, every solicitude removed, compared her situation with what lately it had been,—saw him honourably released his former engagement,—saw him instantly profiting by release, to address herself and declare an affection tender, as constant as she had ever supposed it to be,—she oppressed, she overcome by her own felicity; happily disposed as is the human mind easily familiar with any change for the better, required several hours to give sedateness to her spirits, any degree tranquillity to her heart.

was at the cottage at for a week; whatever other claims might made him, was impossible than a given up enjoyment of Ellnor's company, suffice that was he mid of the past, present, and the future; though a very few hours spent of incessant talking will despatch subjects really common between any creatures, yet with lovers it is them no subject finished, no communication made, till made least twenty times over.

Lucy's marriage, the unceasing and reasonable wonder among them all, formed of course one of the earliest discussions of the lovers; and Elinor's particular knowledge of each party made it appear to her, in every view, as one of the most extraordinary and ~~unaccountable~~ ~~unaccountable~~ she had ever heard. How they could be thrown together, and by what attraction Robert could be drawn on to marry a girl, of whose beauty she had herself heard him speak without any admiration, — a girl, too, already engaged to his brother, and on whose account that brother had been thrown off by his family, — it was beyond ~~any~~ comprehension to make out. To her own heart it was a delightful affair, to her imagination it was even a ridiculous one, but to ~~any~~ reason, her judgment, it was completely a puzzle.

Edward could only attempt an explanation by supposing, that, perhaps, at ~~any~~ accidentally meeting, the vanity of the one had been so worked on by the flattery of the other, as to lead by degrees to all the rest. Elinor remembered what Robert had told her in Harley Street, of his opinion of what his own mediation in his brother's affairs might have done, if applied to in time. She repeated it to Edward.

"That was exactly like Robert," was his immediate observation. "And that," he presently added, "might perhaps be in his head when the acquaintance between them first began. And Lucy, perhaps, at first might think only of procuring his good offices in ~~any~~ favour. ~~any~~ designs might afterwards arise."

How long it had been carrying on between them, however, he was equally at a loss with herself to make out; for at Oxford, where he had remained by choice ever since his quitting London, he had had no means of hearing of her but from herself, and her letters to the very last were ~~nothing~~ less frequent nor less affectionate than usual. ~~Not~~ the smallest suspicion, therefore, had ever occurred to prepare him for what followed; and when ~~any~~ last ~~any~~ burst on him in a letter from Lucy herself, he had been for some time, he believed, half stupified between the wonder, the horror, and the joy of such a deliverance. ~~any~~ put the letter into Elinor's hands.

" Dear Sir,

" Being very sure I have long lost your affections, I have thought myself at liberty to bestow my own on another, and have no doubt of being as happy with him as I once used to think I might be with you ; but I scorn to accept a hand while the heart was another's. Sincerely wish you happy in your choice, and it shall not be my fault if we are not always good friends, as our near relationship now makes proper. I can safely say I owe you no ill-will, and am sure you will be too generous to me any ill. Your brother has gained my entirely ; and as we could not live without one another, we are just returned from the altar, and are now on our way to Dawlish for a few weeks ; which place your dear brother has great curiosity to see, and thought I would first you these few lines, and shall always remain,

" Your sincere wellwisher, friend, and sister,

" LEVY FENKLE.

" I have burnt your letters, and return your picture opportunity. To destroy my scrawls — but the ring with my hair you are very welcome to keep."

Ellinor read and returned it without any comment.

" I will not ask your opinion of it as a composition," said Edward. " For worlds would I have a letter of hers seen by you in former days. In a sister it is bad enough, but in a wife ! how I have blushed over the pages of her writing ! and I believe I may say that since the first half year of our foolish business this is the only I received from her, substance made me any amends for the defect of the style."

" How they may have come about," said Mrs. after a pause, " they are certainly married ; and your mother has brought on herself a most appropriate punishment. The independence she settled on Robert, through resentment against you, has put it in his power to make his own choice ; and she has actually been bribing one son with a thousand a year to do the very deed which she disinherited the other for intending to do. She will hardly

be less hurt, I [redacted] by Robert's marrying Lucy, [redacted] the [redacted] have [redacted] by your marrying her."

"She will [redacted] more hurt by it, [redacted] Robert always [redacted] her [redacted]. She will [redacted] more hurt by it, [redacted] [redacted] same principle [redacted] forgive [redacted] much sooner."

In what [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] present between them Edward knew not, for [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] his family [redacted] yet [redacted] attempted by him. He had quitted Oxford within four-and-twenty hours [redacted] Lucy's letter arrived, and with only one object before him, the nearest road to Barton, had had no leisure to form any scheme of conduct, with which that road did not hold the most intimate connection. He could do nothing till he were assured of his fate with Miss Dashwood; and by his rapidity in seeking that fate, it is to be supposed, in spite of the jealousy with which he had once thought of Colonel Brandon, in spite of the modesty with which he rated his own merits, and the politeness with which he talked of [redacted] doubts, [redacted] did not, upon the whole, expect a very cruel reception. It was his business, however, to say that he did, and he said it very prettily. What he might say on the subject a twelvemonth after must be referred to the imagination of husbands and wives.

That Lucy had certainly meant to deceive, to go off with a flourish of malice against him in her [redacted] by Thomas, was perfectly clear to Elton; [redacted] himself, now thoroughly enlightened on her character, had no scruple [redacted] believing her capable of the utmost meanness of [redacted] ill-nature. Though [redacted] [redacted] had been long opened, [redacted] before his acquaintance with [redacted] began, to her ignorance [redacted] a [redacted] [redacted] liberality [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] opinions, they had been equally imputed, by him, [redacted] her [redacted] of education; and till her last letter reached him, he had always believed [redacted] to [redacted] a well-disposed, good-hearted girl, [redacted] thoroughly attached to [redacted]. Nothing was such a persuasion could have prevented his putting an end to an engagement, which, long before the discovery of it laid [redacted] open to his mother's anger, [redacted] [redacted] a [redacted] source [redacted] disquiet [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

"I thought [redacted] my duty," [redacted] he, "independent of my

to give her the option of continuing the engagement or not, when I was renounced by my mother, and stood to all appearance without a friend in the world to me in such a situation as that, where there was nothing to tempt my avarice or my vanity any living creature, how could I suppose, when she so earnestly, so warmly insisted on sharing my fate, whatever it might be, any thing but my disinterested regard for her inducement? And even now, I cannot comprehend on what motive she acted, or what fancied advantage she could see in her, to be united to a man for whom she had no regard, and who had only a few thousand pounds in the world. But she was a Colonel's daughter, and she gave me a living."

"No; but one might suppose that something would occur in your favour; that your own family might in the end relent. And at any rate, she lost nothing by continuing the engagement, for she has proved that it fettered neither her inclination nor her actions. The connection was certainly a respectable one, and probably gained her consideration among her friends; and, if nothing more advantageous occurred, it would be better for her to marry you than be single."

Edward was, of course, immediately convinced that nothing could have been more natural than Lucy's conduct, nor more self-evident than the motive of it.

He reproached her, however, harshly as he always did, for the imprudence which compliments themselves, for having spent so much time with him at Norland, when she might have seen his inconstancy.

"Your behaviour was certainly very wrong," said she; "because, I say nothing of my own conviction, our relations were all set away by it to fancy and expect what, as you were so situated, I never be."

He could only plead an ignorance of his own heart, and a confidence in the force of his engagement.

"I was simple enough to think, that my faith was pledged to another, there could be no danger in my being with you; and the consciousness of my engagement was to keep my heart as safe and sacred as my honour.



I felt that I admired you, but I told myself it was only friendship ; and till I began to make comparisons between yourself and Lucy, I did not know how far I was got. After that, I suppose, I was wrong in remaining so much in Sussex ; and the arguments with which I reconciled myself to the expediency of it were no better than these : — The danger is my own ; I am doing no injury to any body but myself."

Elinor smiled, and shook her head.

Edward heard with pleasure of Colonel Brandon's being expected at the cottage, as he really wished, not only to be better acquainted with him, but to have an opportunity of convincing him, that he no longer resented his giving him the living of Delaford. "Which, at present," said he, "thanks so ungraciously delivered as mine were on the occasion, I must think I have never forgiven him for offering."

Now he felt astonished himself that he had never yet been to the place. But so little interest had he taken in the matter, that he owed all his knowledge of the house, garden, and glebe, extent of the parish, condition of the land, and of its tithes, to Elinor herself, who had heard so much of it from Colonel Brandon, and heard it with so much attention, as to be entirely mistress of the subject.

One question after this only remained undecided between them ; one difficulty only was to be overcome. They were brought together by mutual affection, with the approbation of their real friends ; their intimate knowledge of each other seemed to make their happiness certain, and they only wanted something to live upon. Edward had two thousand pounds, and Elinor one, which, with Delaford living, was all that they could call their own ; for it was impossible that Mrs. Dashwood should advance any thing ; and they were neither of them quite enough in love to think that three hundred and fifty pounds a year would supply them with the comforts of life.

Edward was not entirely without hopes of some favourable change in his mother towards him ; and on that he rested for the residue of their income. But Elinor had no such dependence ; for, since Edward would still be unable

to marry Miss Morton, and his choosing \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ spoken of \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Ferrars's flattering language as \_\_\_\_\_ a lesser evil than his choosing Lucy Steele, she feared that Robert's offence would serve no other purpose than to \_\_\_\_\_ Fanny.

\_\_\_\_\_ days after \_\_\_\_\_ arrival \_\_\_\_\_ Brandon appeared, \_\_\_\_\_ complete Mrs. Dashwood's satisfaction, and to give \_\_\_\_\_ dignity of having, for the \_\_\_\_\_ time since her living \_\_\_\_\_ Barton, \_\_\_\_\_ company with her \_\_\_\_\_ her house would \_\_\_\_\_ allowed \_\_\_\_\_ retain the privilege \_\_\_\_\_ first \_\_\_\_\_ and Colonel Brandon, therefore, walked every night \_\_\_\_\_ quarters \_\_\_\_\_ the Park; from whence he usually returned in the morning, early enough \_\_\_\_\_ interrupt the lovers' \_\_\_\_\_ tête-à-tête before breakfast.

A \_\_\_\_\_ weeks' residence \_\_\_\_\_ Delaford, where, \_\_\_\_\_ his evening hours \_\_\_\_\_ least, he had little \_\_\_\_\_ do but \_\_\_\_\_ calculate the disproportion between thirty-six and seventeen, brought him to Barton in a temper of mind which needed all the improvement in Matianne's looks, all the kindness of her welcome, and all the encouragement of her mother's language, to make it cheerful. Among such friends, however, and such flattery, he did revive. No \_\_\_\_\_ of Lucy's marriage had yet reached him: he knew nothing of what had passed; and the first hours of his visit were \_\_\_\_\_ quently spent in hearing \_\_\_\_\_ wondering. Every thing \_\_\_\_\_ explained \_\_\_\_\_ him by \_\_\_\_\_ Dashwood; and he \_\_\_\_\_ rejoices in what he had done for \_\_\_\_\_ Ferrars, since eventually it promoted \_\_\_\_\_ interest of Elinor.

It would be needless to say, that the gentlemen advanced in the good opinion of each other, as they advanced in each other's acquaintance, for it could \_\_\_\_\_ otherwise. Their resemblance \_\_\_\_\_ good principles and good \_\_\_\_\_ position \_\_\_\_\_ of thinking, would probably have \_\_\_\_\_ unite them \_\_\_\_\_ friendship, \_\_\_\_\_ other attraction; \_\_\_\_\_ being in love with \_\_\_\_\_ sisters, \_\_\_\_\_ of each other, made \_\_\_\_\_ regard \_\_\_\_\_ and immediate, which might otherwise have waited \_\_\_\_\_ effect \_\_\_\_\_ time and judgment.

\_\_\_\_\_ letters \_\_\_\_\_ town, which \_\_\_\_\_ few days \_\_\_\_\_ would \_\_\_\_\_ every nerve in \_\_\_\_\_ body \_\_\_\_\_

port, now arrived to be read with less emotion than mirth. Mrs. Jennings wrote to tell the wonderful tale, to vent her indignation against the jilting girl, to show forth compassion for poor Mr. Edward, who, she was quite upon her husband, was now, by accounts, broken-hearted. "I think," she continued, "nothing was so silly; for it was but two days before Lucy and sat a couple of hours with me. Not a soul suspected any thing of the matter, not even Nancy, who, soul! came crying to me the day after, in a great fright of Mrs. Ferrars, as well as knowing how to Plymouth; Lucy, it seems, wanted money before she went off to be married, on purpose, to make a show with, and poor Nancy had no shillings in the world; I was very glad to give her five guineas to take her down to Exeter, where she thinks of staying three or four weeks with Mrs. Burgess, I hope, I tell her, to fall in with the Doctor again. And I say Lucy's not to bring her along with them, in the chaise is worse than all. Poor Mr. Edward! I cannot get him out of my head, but you must send for him to Barton, and Miss Marianne must try to comfort him."

Mr. Dashwood's strains were more solemn. Mrs. Ferrars was an unfortunate of women — poor Fanny had agonies of sensibility — and her existence each, such a blow, with grateful wonder. Robert's offence was unpardonable, but Lucy's was infinitely less. Of them all again to be mentioned to Mrs. Ferrars; and even, she might hereafter be induced to forgive her. She acknowledged her daughter, she was permitted to appear in her presence. The secrecy with which every thing had been carried on between them was rationally

Edgewood as enormously heightening the crime, because, had able chancuspicion of it occurred to the others, proper measures for it would have been taken to prevent the marriage; such dependence on Elinor to join with him in regret-

Lucy's engagement with Edward had not rather

fulfilled, than thus the means of spreading misery in the family. —

"Mrs. Ferrars has never yet mentioned your name, which surprises me; but, to great astonishment, has been reserved from him on occasion. Perhaps, however, he is kept silent by his fear of offending; I shall, therefore, give him a hint, by a line to Oxford, that his sister and I both think a letter of proper submission to him, addressed perhaps to Fanny, by her shown to her mother, might not be taken; for the tenderness of Mrs. Ferrars's heart, and she would do nothing so much as to do good with her children."

This paragraph of some importance to the prospects and conduct of Edward. It determined him to attempt reconciliation, though not exactly in the pointed manner by their brother and sister.

"A letter of proper submission!" repeated he; "would they have beg my mother's pardon for Robert's ingratitude to her, and breach of honour to me? I make submission. I am grown neither humble nor penitent by what has passed. I am grown very happy; but that would not interest. I know of submission that is proper for me to make."

"You may certainly ask to be forgiven," said Elinor, "because you have offended; and I should think you might now venture so far as to profess some contrition having ever formed the engagement which drew on you your father's anger."

He agreed that he might.

"And when she has forgiven you, perhaps a humble apology may be convenient while acknowledging a second engagement, almost imprudent in her to the first."

"Nothing," he urged against it, but the idea of a proper submission; and, therefore, to make it easier to him, as he declared a much greater willingness to make mean concessions by word of paper, he resolved that, instead of writing to Fanny, he should go to London, personally to her good-

his favour. "And if they really themselves," said Marianne, in her new character of candour, "in bringing about a reconciliation, I shall think Fanny are not entirely merit."

After a visit on Colonel Brandon's of only four days, the gentlemen quitted together. They were immediately Delaford, Edward might personal knowledge home, patron and deciding on improvements were needed to it; thence, after staying a couple of nights, he proceeded his journey town.

## CHAPTER XIV.

APPROPRIATE resistance on the part Mrs. Ferrars, just violent and so steady to preserve her from that reproach which she always fearful of incurring, the reproach of being amiable, Edward admitted to her presence, and pronounced to again her

family of late been exceedingly fluctuating. For many years of her had two sons; crime annihilation of Edward, a few weeks robbed her of; the similar annihilation left her for a fortnight without any; now, by the suscitation of Edward, she again.

In spite of his being allowed live, however, did not feel continuance of existence till his present engagement; publication circumstance, he feared, might give to constitution, carry off as rapidly before. apprehensive caution, therefore, revealed; unexpected calmness. M-a reasonably endeavoured disquade marrying Miss Dashwood, by every in

Mr. Dashwood told him, that in Miss Morton he had a woman of higher and larger fortune; and he made the assertion, by observing that Miss Morton was the daughter of a nobleman worth thirty thousand pounds, while Dashwood was only the daughter of a private gentleman worth no more than three; but when Mr. Dashwood that, though perfectly admitting the truth of her representation, he was by no means inclined to be guided by it, he judged it wisest, from the experience of the past, to submit; and, therefore, after such an ungracious delay as allowed to her own dignity, and as served to prevent every suspicion of good-will, she gave her consent to the marriage of her son and Miss Morton.

What Mr. Dashwood engaged in towards augmenting his fortune was now to be seen; and here it plainly appeared, that though Edward was now her only son, he was by no means her eldest; for while Robert was inevitably endowed with a thousand pounds a year, not the smallest objection was made against Edward's taking orders for the two hundred and fifty at the utmost; nor was any thing promised either for the present or in future, beyond the ten thousand pounds, which had been given with Fanny.

It was as much, however, as was desired, and more than was expected, by Edward and Elinor; and Mrs. Ferrars herself, by her shuffling excuses, seemed the only person surprised at her giving consent.

As an income quite sufficient for their wants thus secured them, they had nothing to wait for after Edward was in possession of his living but the readiness of the house, in which Colonel Brandon, with an intention for the accommodation of Elinor, was making considerable improvements; and after waiting some time for their completion, — after experiencing, as usual, a number of disappointments and delays, from the unaccountable dilatoriness of the workmen, — Elinor, as usual, broke through her positive resolution, and married; and every thing was ready; and the ceremony took place in Barton church early in the month.

Their marriage was spent in the same manner.

friend at the mansion-house ; whence they could superintend the progress of the parsonage, and direct every thing as they liked on the spot ; could choose papers, project shrubberies, invent a sweep. Mrs. Jennings's prophecies, though rather jumbled together, were chiefly fulfilled ; for she was to visit Edward and his wife in their parsonage by Michaelmas ; and she and her husband, as she really believed, one of the happiest couples in the world. They had, in fact, nothing to wish for, but the marriage of Colonel Brandon and Marianne, rather better pasturage for their cows.

They were visited on their first settling by Mrs. Ferrars and friends. Mrs. Ferrars inspected the happiness which she was almost ashamed of having authorised ; and even the Dashwoods were at the expense of a journey from Sussex to do them honour.

"I will not say that I am disappointed, my dear sister," said John, as they were walking together one morning in the gates of Delaford House, "that would be saying too much ; for certainly you have been one of the most fortunate young women in the world, as it is. But, I confess, it would give me great pleasure to see Colonel Brandon brother. His property here, his place, his house, — every thing in so respectable and excellent condition ! And his woods, — I have not seen such timber any where in Dorsetshire as there is now standing in Delaford Hanger ! I think, though, perhaps, Marianne may seem exactly the person to suit him, yet I think it would altogether be better if you were to have her now frequently staying with you ; for, as Colonel Brandon seems a great deal at home, nobody would know what might happen ; for, when people are much thrown together, and are kind of any body else, — and she will always be in your power to set her off to advantage, so forth. In short, you may as well give her a chance : you

though Mrs. Ferrars come to see them, and always treated them with make-believe of decent affection, they were never insulted by her real favour and preference. That was due to the folly of Robert, and the cunning of his wife ; and was earned by





simple expedient, asking it, which, at Lucy's instigation, was adopted. Her forgiveness, first, indeed, was reasonable, comprehended only Robert; and Lucy, who had owed his mother no duty, and therefore could have transgressed none, still remained some weeks longer unpardoned. In humility and in self-condemnation she atoned for her offence, her gratitude for her unkindness she was true with, proffered her humble haughty notice which her by its graciousness, led soon afterwards, by rapid degrees, to the highest state of affection and influence. Lucy became as necessary to Mrs. Ferrars as either Edward or Fanny; and Mrs. Ferrars was never cordially forgiven, having ever refused to marry her, and Elzabet, though superior in fortune and birth, was spoken of as an intruder, and was in every thing considered, and always openly acknowledged, to be a favourite child. They settled in town, received very liberal aid from Mrs. Ferrars, were on the best terms imaginable with the Dashwoods; and, setting aside the jealousies and continually subsisting between Fanny and Lucy, in which their husbands of course took a part, as well as the frequent domestic disagreements between Robert and Lucy themselves, nothing exceeded the harmony in which they lived together.

What Edward had done in the right of his son might have puzzled many people; but what Robert had done might have puzzled them more. It was an arrangement, however, justified by its effects, if not by its cause; nothing ever appeared in Edward's style of living or in his talking to give a suspicion of his regretting his income, or rather leaving his brother too little, or bringing him too much; Edward might be judged from the ready discharge of his duties in every particular, from his increasing attachment to his wife and his home, and from his regular cheerfulness of his spirits, he might be supposed less contented with his lot, no less free from every wish for exchange.

His marriage divided her as little from her family

as could well be contrived, without rendering ~~the~~ Barton entirely useless, for her mother and sisters spent ~~more~~ than half their time with her. ~~Her~~ was acting ~~on~~ motives ~~of~~ policy as well as pleasure in ~~the~~ frequency of her ~~visits~~ at Delaford; for her ~~own~~ bringing Marianne and Colonel ~~into~~ together was hardly less earnest, though rather more ~~expressed~~. It was ~~her~~ darling object. ~~For~~ was ~~the~~ company ~~of~~ her daughter ~~to~~ her, she ~~valued~~ nothing ~~so~~ much as ~~to~~ give ~~her~~ constant enjoyment ~~to~~ her valued friend; ~~and~~ ~~to~~ Marianne ~~in~~ the mansion-house ~~was~~ equally ~~of~~ ~~the~~ and Elinor. They each felt his ~~and~~ their ~~own~~ obligations, and Marianne, by general consent, ~~was~~ ~~to~~ be the reward of all.

With such a confederacy against her—with a knowledge ~~of~~ intimate of his goodness—with a conviction of ~~her~~ fond attachment ~~to~~ herself, which at last, though long after it ~~was~~ observable to every body else—burst ~~on~~ her—what could ~~she~~ do?

Marianne Dashwood was born ~~with~~ extraordinary fate. ~~She~~ born ~~to~~ discover the falshood of her own opinions, and to counteract, by ~~her~~ conduct, her ~~own~~ favourite maxims ~~she~~ born ~~with~~ affection formed so late in life ~~as~~ seventeen, and with no ~~superior~~ strong ~~and~~ lively friendship, voluntarily ~~to~~ give her ~~to~~ another!—and ~~the~~ other, a man who had ~~been~~ less than herself under the ~~weight~~ of a former attachment, whom, two years before, ~~she~~ had considered too old to be married,—and who ~~was~~ sought the constitutional safeguard of a ~~man~~ !

~~So~~ ~~no~~ ~~more~~ Instead of falling a sacrifice ~~to~~ ~~an~~ ~~ir-~~ passion, as ~~she~~ ~~was~~ fondly flattered herself ~~was~~ expecting, instead of remaining ~~at~~ for ~~her~~ her mother, ~~she~~ finding her only pleasures ~~in~~ retirement ~~in~~ study, as afterwards in her more ~~judgment~~ ~~had~~ determined on,—she ~~was~~ submitting ~~to~~ new attachments, entering on new duties, placed in a new home, a wife, ~~in~~ ~~a~~ family, ~~she~~ ~~was~~ patroness ~~of~~ a village.

now as happy as all who be: in Marianne he found for every past affliction: regard and her society gave him animation, his spirits to cheerfulness; and that Marianne her own happiness in forming his, was equally his persuasion and delight in observing her. Marianne found her love by halves; and her whole heart became, in time, as her husband's as it had been to Willoughby.

Willoughby could not live of her marriage without a punishment; and his punishment was soon afterwards complete, in the voluntary forgiveness of Mrs. Smith, who, by stating his marriage with a woman of character as the source of her misery, gave him reason for believing that he behaved with honour towards Marianne might once have been happy and rich. That his repentance and misconduct, which thus brought its own punishment, was sincere, he doubted; nor that he long thought of Colonel Brandon with envy, and of Marianne with regret. That he was for ever incommensurable, that he fled from duty, or contracted an habitual gloom of temper, or died of a broken heart, must not be depended on—for he did neither. He lived to exert, and frequently to enjoy himself. His wife was always out of humour, nor was always uncomfortable; in his choice of horses and dogs, and in sporting of every kind, he was inconsiderate degree of domestic felicity.

Marianne, however, in spite of his inactivity surviving her loss, always retained the regard which he had for him in every thing. He was her, and made his standard of perfection in women; and many a rising beauty would be alighted by him in after-days as bearing no comparison with Mrs. Brandon.

He was prudent enough to remain in the cottage attempting a removal to Delesford; and, fortunately, he and Jennings, when Marianne was taken from them, Margaret had reached an age highly fit for dancing, and very ineligible supposed to be a

and there was which strong family would naturally dictate ; and among the merits and the happiness of Marianne, let it not be ranked as the considerable, that, though sisters, and living almost within sight of other, they live without disagreement between themselves, producing coolness between their husband.

THE END.



## FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

In picture boards, price 2s. each.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 The Young of Mr. Wilder-<br>By [REDACTED] HALGAM                                | 25 The Castaways of the<br>Prairie. By Captain FLACK.                 |
| 3 The Young of [REDACTED]<br>The Phantom [REDACTED] By<br>[REDACTED]              | 26 [REDACTED] Impostors and<br>[REDACTED]                             |
| 6 Running the Blockade. Do.<br>7 Nights at Sea; or, Naval<br>Life during the War. | 27. Choice<br>Good Stories.   |
| 8 Mary Bunyan, the Dreamer's<br>Blind Daughter. By S. R. FAMP.                    | 28 The Card Player's Manual.<br>By [REDACTED]                         |
| 9 [REDACTED] Log Studies, &c. By<br>[REDACTED]                                    | 29 Helen's [REDACTED] and Other<br>People's Children. Illustrated.    |
| 10 [REDACTED] Riddles<br>and Acting Challenges. West.                             | 30 [REDACTED] Miss Mischief. By<br>[REDACTED]. Illustrated.           |
| 11 Josh Billings [REDACTED] Major<br>Jack Downing.                                | 31 Grown-up Babies and<br>Other People. [REDACTED]                    |
| 12 Biglow Papers, by J. R.<br>Lowell, and Salt's Poems.                           | 32 Life in a [REDACTED] Prison.<br>By [REDACTED]                      |
| 13 The Redskins. FLACK.   | 33 [REDACTED] Struggles & Trials<br>Recollections of F. T. [REDACTED] |
| 14 The Diamond Necklace:<br>Confessions of Cate de la Motte.                      | 34. Hunting Adventures [REDACTED]<br>Forest and [REDACTED]            |

## GUSTAVE AIMARD'S NOVELS.

In picture wrapper, price 1s. each; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. 3

- |                                   |                               |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 The Tiger Moyer.                | 14 The Bee Hunters.           |
| 2 The Adventurers.                | 15 Stoneheart.                |
| 3 The Trail Hunter.               | 16 The Last of the [REDACTED] |
| 4 The Gold Seekers.               | 17 Pirates [REDACTED]         |
| 5 [REDACTED] [REDACTED].          | 18 The Prairie [REDACTED]     |
| 6 Queen [REDACTED] the Savannah.  | 19 The Red Track.             |
| 7 The [REDACTED] Scout.           | 20 The [REDACTED] Daughter    |
| 8 The Border Rifles.              | 21 [REDACTED] [REDACTED].     |
| 9 The Trappers of Arkansas        | 22 The [REDACTED] [REDACTED]  |
| 10 The [REDACTED] [REDACTED]      | 23 The Guide of the Desert.   |
| 11 The [REDACTED] [REDACTED]      | 24 The Insurgent Chief.       |
| 12 [REDACTED] Hand.               | 25 The Flying Horseman.       |
| 13 [REDACTED] Smuggler [REDACTED] | 26 The Pearl of the Andes.    |

## LIBRARY OF STANDARD NOVELISTS.

Demy 8vo, in cloth gilt, price 2s. 6d. each.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1 Scott. Containing "Waverley," "Kenilworth," "Ivanhoe," &c.<br>"The Antiquary."                                  |  |
| 2 [REDACTED] Containing "Pelham," "Paul Clifford," "Last Days<br>of Pompeii," and "Eugene Aram."                  |  |
| 3 Marryat. Containing "Midshipman Easy," "Japhet in Search<br>of a Father," "Jacob Faithful," and "Peter Simple." |  |

WARD, LOCK & [REDACTED]

Square, [REDACTED]

New York: 25, Bond Street.

## WARD ■ LOOK'S

In picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- 1 Artemus Ward: His Book.  
 2 Boston's Riddle Book.  
 3 ——— Burlesques.  
 4 ——— Book of Charades.  
 5 The Biglow Papers.  
 6 Saxe's Poema.  
 7 Joe Miller's Jest Book.  
 8 Connubial Silas.  
 9 Fusley. By C. D. WARREN.  
 10 Book-Lug Studies. Ditto.  
 11 Sandy Bar. BEST HARTZ.  
 12 ——— Shaving Camp. Ditto.  
 13 ——— on Chinese. Do.  
 14 ——— Humour.  
 15 Whims. By THOMAS HOOD.  
 16 Oddities. Ditto.  
 17 Innocents Abroad. TWAIR.  
 18 New Pilgrim's Progress.  
 19 By MARK TWAIR.  
 20 Jerrold's Jokes and Wit.  
 21 Jumping Frog. M. TWAIR.  
 22 Letters to Punch. By  
 23 ARTEMUS WARD.  
 24 Artemus Ward among the  
 25 Montrosses.  
 26 Naughty Jemima. Illust.  
 27 Eye Openers. M. TWAIR.  
 28 Practical Jokes. Ditto.  
 29 Screeners. Ditto.  
 30 ——— Ladders, and  
 31 Artemus Ward among Fentons.  
 32 Holmes' ——— and Humour.  
 33 Josh Billings: His Sayings.  
 34 The Danbury Newsmen.  
 35 Mystery of Mr. E. Drood.  
 36 Shaving Them.  
 37 ——— on Mrs. Brown.  
 38 ———  
 39 Mr. Ep ———: His Opinions.  
 40 The Ramble ———  
 41 Major Jack Downing.  
 42 Pagan Child, and other  
 43 Sketches. By BEST HARTZ.  
 44  
 45 Helen's Babies. Illust.  
 46 The Barton Experiment.  
 47 By Author of "Helen's Babies."  
 48 The Mississippi Pilot. By  
 49 MARK TWAIR.  
 50 The Jericho Road.  
 51 Some Other Babies.  
 52 Story of a Honey-moon.  
 53 By C. H. Koss. Illustrated.  
 54 Hans Brekmann's Ballads  
 55 Other People's Children.  
 56 Sequel to "Helen's Babies."  
 57 Cant-paroent. B. JERROLD.  
 58 That Husband of Mine.  
 59 Two Men of Sandy Bar.  
 60 By BEST HARTZ.  
 61 Grown-up Babies. Illust.  
 62 Other People. Ditto.  
 63 Folks in Danbury.  
 64 My Wife's Relations.  
 65 My Mother-in-Law.  
 66 Babbalan's Baby.  
 67 The Scripture Club of  
 68 Valley Real. JOHN HASSERTON.  
 69 That Girl of Mine.  
 70 ———'s Six Lovers.  
 71 Mark Twain's Nightmares.  
 72 ——— Hoodlum  
 73 Bret ——— Stories.  
 74 Bret ———  
 75 Mystery, Traps and Riddles by  
 76 F. C. BYRNE and others. Illus-  
 77 trated by JOHN PROCTOR, &c.  
 78 The Trade ——— Club.  
 79 Illustrated by MARK ———  
 80 and others.  
 81 Bret Harte's Stories of  
 82 the Sierras.  
 83 Mrs. Mayburn's Twins.  
 84 By Author of "Helen's Babies."  
 85 The ——— and  
 86 Another Trap. Illustrated by  
 87 MATT. STRETTON.  
 88 Transformations.  
 89 MAX ANGLER. Illustrated  
 90 MATT. STRETTON. Words.

■■■■■ D. ■■■■■ & CO., Salisbury Square, ■■■■■  
 New York: 12, Bond Street.

## POPULAR EDITIONS AND CHEAP EDITIONS.

**CHARLES LIVER.** By CHARLES LIVER. New Library  
Edition. With Illustrations by GOSSETT THOMSON.  
Royal 8vo, 6s. 6d. To 6d.

## POPULAR TALES BY NOTED ARTISTS.

Fcap. 8vo, picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- 1. **Curly Tim, &c.** By the Author of "That Lass o' Leith."
- 2. **Thao: A Love Story.** By the same.
- 3. **Thao: A Love Story.** By the Author of "Produce Fairly."

## WARD & LOCK'S SHILLING NOVELS.

- 1. **Capt. Macdonald.** LANG.
- 2. **The Flyers of the Hunt.** By JOSEPH MIZIA. Illustrated.
- 3. **The Forger's Wife.** LANG.
- 4. **The Life of a Rascallion.** By JOSEPH MIZIA. Illustrated.
- 5. **My Friend's Wife.** LANG.
- 6. **Stable Secrets.** By JOSEPH MIZIA. Illustrated by "FANT."
- 7. **A Story with a Vengeance.** By A. B. LANG and ANNE LANG.
- 8. **Too Clever by Half.** LANG.
- 9. **Too Good for Me.** LANG.
- 10. **Charles O'Malley.** By CHARLES LIVER. 7s. 6d.
- 11. **The Ragamuffins of Outcast London.** By JAMES GARRARD. 7s. 6d.

## THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d. each.

- 1. **The Willoughbys.** By Mrs. GLEN LINTON.
- 2. **The Beasts and the Boys.** By JAMES FOWEN COHEN.
- 3. **The Blossoming of an Aloe.** By Mrs. CECILIA MARY.
- 4. **Country House Essays.** By JAMES LINTON.
- 5. **No Sign.** By Mrs. GLEN LINTON.
- 6. **Grace Toim.** By JOHN DUNN.

## COMIC HOLIDAY BOOKS.

1s. 6d., with Illustrations, picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- 1. **Easton's Anecdotes.** LANG.
- 2. **Fun for All.**
- 3. **Fun for the Million.**
- 4. **The Funny Fellow's Holiday Book.**
- 5. **Funny People; or, Character Sketches.**
- 6. **Three Wonderful Tales.**

London: **WARD, LOCK & CO.,** Salisbury Square, E.C.

New York: 12, Bond Street.



# POPULAR BOOKS OF HUMOUR.

## WARD & LOCK'S HUMOROUS BOOKS.

In picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- |    |                          |     |                                 |
|----|--------------------------|-----|---------------------------------|
| 1  | Ward: His Book.          | 51  | Illustrations. Illust.          |
| 2  | Book of Charades.        | 52  | The Madon Experiment.           |
| 3  | The Biglow Papers.       | 53  | The Mississippi Pilot.          |
| 4  | Saxe's Poems.            | 54  | The Jericho Road.               |
| 5  | Joe Miller's Jest Book.  | 55  | Some Other Babies.              |
| 6  | Connubial Bliss.         | 56  | Story of a Honey-moon.          |
| 7  | Pusley. By C. D. WARDER. | 57  | People's People.                |
| 8  | Back-Log Studies. Ditto. | 58  | Cent-per-Cent. B. JERROLD.      |
| 9  | Ready Wit. BRET HARTE.   | 59  | That Girl of Mine.              |
| 10 | Working Camp. Ditto.     | 60  | Two Men.                        |
| 11 | The Girl of Mine.        | 61  | Grown-up Babies. Illust.        |
| 12 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 62  | Other People. Ditto.            |
| 13 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 63  | Folks in Danbury.               |
| 14 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 64  | My Wife's Relations.            |
| 15 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 65  | My Mother-in-Law.               |
| 16 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 66  | Babbleton's Baby.               |
| 17 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 67  | The Scripture Club of           |
| 18 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 68  | Valley Road. J. H. HARRISON.    |
| 19 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 69  | That Girl of Mine.              |
| 20 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 70  | Bessie's Six Lovers.            |
| 21 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 71  | Mark Twain's Nightmare.         |
| 22 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 72  | Bret Harte's Hoodlum            |
| 23 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 73  | Band, and other Stories.        |
| 24 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 74  | Bret Harte's Deadwood           |
| 25 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 75  | Mystery. Tales and Gleanings by |
| 26 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 76  | E. C. BURMAN and others. Illus- |
| 27 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 77  | trated by J. H. HARRISON, &c.   |
| 28 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 78  | The Tradersmen's                |
| 29 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 79  | Illustrated by J. H. HARRISON   |
| 30 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 80  | and others.                     |
| 31 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 81  | Bret Harte's Stories of         |
| 32 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 82  | the Sierra.                     |
| 33 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 83  | Mrs. Mayburn's Twins.           |
| 34 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 84  | By Author of "Helen's Babies."  |
| 35 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 85  | The Adversary.                  |
| 36 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 86  | Auntie Tramp. Illustrated by    |
| 37 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 87  | J. H. HARRISON.                 |
| 38 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 88  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 39 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 89  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 40 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 90  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 41 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 91  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 42 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 92  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 43 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 93  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 44 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 94  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 45 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 95  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 46 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 96  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 47 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 97  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 48 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 98  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 49 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 99  | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |
| 50 | By THOMAS HOOD.          | 100 | By THOMAS HOOD.                 |

WARD & LOCK, LTD., Salisbury Square, E.C. New York: 14, Bond Street.

## POPULAR NOVELS AND CHEAP EDITIONS

**CHARLES O'MALLEY.** By **Charles Lever.** New Library  
With Plates by **Pearl** and **Illustrations** of **Charles Lever's**  
Figs. cloth gilt, price 1s. 6d.

## READABLE TALES BY NOTED AUTHORS

Post. 8vo, picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- 1. **Burly Tim, &c.** By the Author of "That Last o' Lewis's."
- 2. **Theo: A Love Story.** By the same.
- 3. **The House of Black.** By the Author of "Faulkner Palfrey."

## WARD & LOCK'S SHILLING NOVELS.

- 1. **Capt. Blackstock.** LANG.
- 2. **Seven Criminals.** LANG.
- 3. **The Flyers of the Hunt.** By **John Mills.** Illustrated.
- 4. **The Forger's Wife.** LANG.
- 5. **The Life of a Gentleman.** By **John Mills.** Illustrated.
- 6. **My Friend's Wife.** LANG.
- 7. **Stable Hands.** By **John Mills.** Illustrated by **Pearl.**
- 8. **A Story with a Vengeance.** LANG.
- 9. **Too Clever by Half.** LANG.
- 10. **Too Much Alike.** LANG.
- 11. **Yankee Humour.** LANG.
- 12. **Charles O'Malley.** By **Charles Lever.** 640 pp.
- 13. **Little Ragamuffins.** Outcast London. By **James Watson.** 32 pp.

## THE COUNTRY HOUSE LIBRARY.

- 1. **The Mad Willoughbys.** By **John Lever.**
- 2. **No Sign.** By **John Castle.**
- 3. **The Blossoming of an Aloe.** By **Mrs. Castle.**
- 4. **Country House Essays.** By **John Castle.**
- 5. **Grace Tolman.** By **John Dargatzidis.**

## COMIC HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Demy 8vo, with Illustrations, picture wrapper, price 1s. each.

- 1. **Beeton's Wit and Humour.**
- 2. **Fun for All.**
- 3. **Beeton's Jokes and Jest.**
- 4. **Fun for the Million.**
- 5. **The Funny Holiday Book.**
- 6. **Funny People; or, Character Sketches.**
- 7. **For Everybody.**
- 8. **Travel.**

**LONDON: WARD & LOCK CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.**  
**NEW YORK: 11, Nassau Street.**

POPULAR SIXPENNY BOOKS.

WARD, LOCK & CO.'S SERIES OF POPULAR  
SIXPENNY BOOKS.

All these books are printed in clear readable type and bound in attractive covers. Many are illustrated—some profusely.

- 1 Waverley. By Sir W. SCOTT.
- 2 Kenilworth. By the Same.
- 3 Ivanhoe. By the Same.
- 4 The Antiquary. By the Same.
- 5 Paul Clifford. By LYTTON BULWER.
- 6 Last Days of Pompeii. By LYTTON BULWER.
- 7 Pelham. By LYTTON BULWER.
- 8 Eugene Aram. By the Same.
- 9 Midshipman Easy. By Capt. MARRYAT.
- 10 Japhet in Search of a Father. By Captain MARRYAT.
- 11 Jacob Faithful. By the Same.
- 12 Peter Simple. By the Same.
- 13 The Pickwick Papers. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Original Engravings by A. B. FOSTER.
- 14 Nicholas Nickleby. By CHARLES DICKENS. With the Original Engravings by FOSTER.
- 15 The Cruelty of the "Midge." By MICHAEL SCOTT.
- 16 Valentine Vox. COCKTON. With the Original Illustrations.
- 17 Charles O'Malley. By CHARLES LEVER. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON.
- 18 Hood's Own. 1st Series. With the Original Illustrations by the Author.
- 19 Arabian Nights' Entertainments. With Illustrations by MILLAR, TENNIEL, and WATSON.
- 20 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 100 Engravings by T. DALSHIEL.
- 21 Longfellow's Poetical Works. With Portrait and Illustrations, on Gilt-edges. Part 1. With 20 Illustrations by T. JOHANNOTT. Part 2. With 100 Illustrations by T. JOHANNOTT.
- 22 Hood's Own. 2nd Series. With the Original Illustrations by the Author.
- 23 Random Shots. By MAX ADLER. With numerous Illustrations.
- 24 An Old Fogey. By MAX ADLER. With numerous Illustrations.
- 25 Helen's Babies. By J. HADDER.
- 26 My Mother-in-Law. [rom.]
- 27 That Husband of Mine.
- 28 The Scripture Club of Valley Road. By the Author of "Helen's Babies."
- 29 Sketches and Tales of London Life. By CHAS. DICKENS.
- 30 That Dreadful Boy, Trotty.
- 31 Democracy: An American Novel.
- 32 But Yet a Woman. By ARTHUR S. HADDER.
- 33 The Art of Money-Getting. By P. T. BARNUM.
- 34 A Bad Boy's Diary.
- 35 Blunders of a Bashful Man. By the Author of "A Bad Boy's Diary."
- 36 Catching a Husband. By the Author of "A Bad Boy's Diary."
- 37 Uncle Remus: His Sayings and Doings. Illustrated.
- 38 Yellowplush Papers. By W. M. THACKERAY.
- 39 Mr. and Mrs. Spoonpendyke.
- 40 Shane Fad's Wedding. By WILLIAM CARLTON.
- 41 Larry McFarland's Wake. By the Same.
- 42 Party Fight and Funeral. By the Same.
- 43 The Midnight Mass. By the Same.
- 44 Phil Purcel, the Pig-Driver. By the Same.
- 45 An Irish Oath. By the Same.
- 46 Going to Maynooth. By the Same.
- 47 Phelim O'Toole's Courtship. By the Same.
- 48 Dominick, the Poor Scholar. By the Same.
- 49 Neal Malone. By the Same.
- 50 X. Y. Z. A Detective Story. By A. K. GAZER.
- 51 The Secret Police. By JOHN LANG.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK & CO., Salisbury Square, E.C.  
NEW YORK: 10, Bond Street.





